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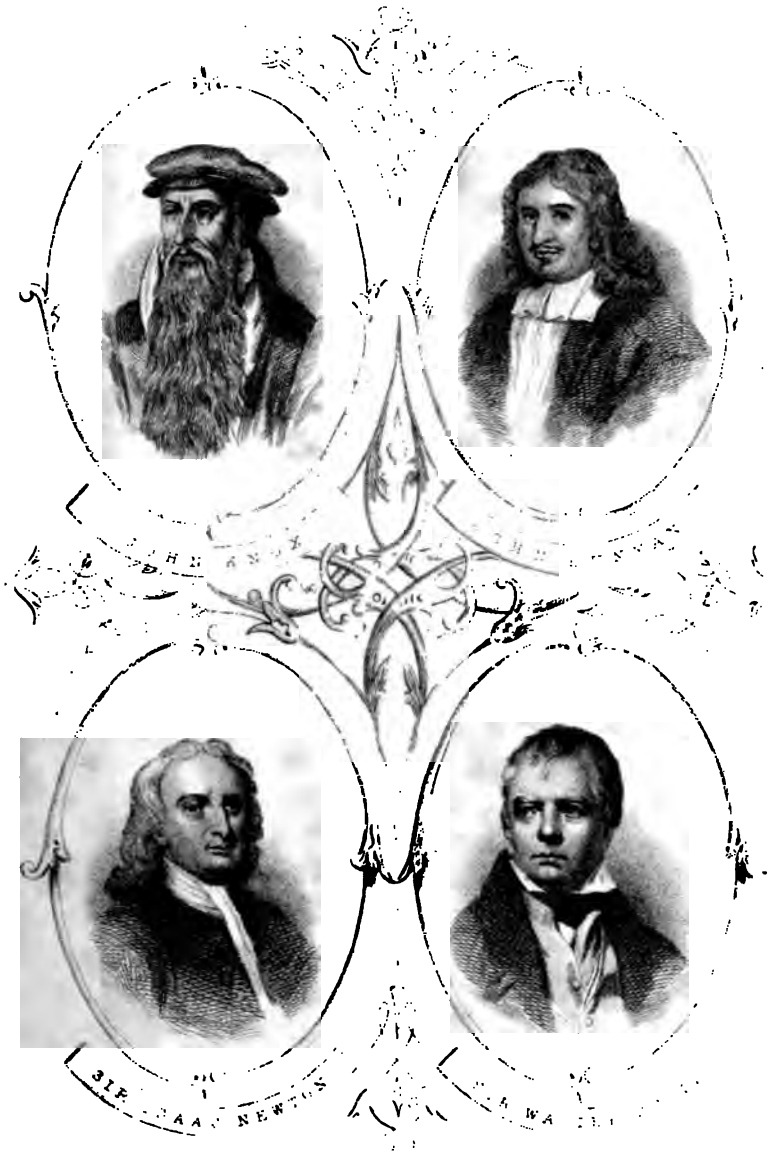




THE GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT MEN.

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The Great Triumphs of Great Men.



BIBLIOTHE

WILLIAM P. NIMMO

LONDON, 14, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND,

AND EDINBURGH.



THE

GREAT TRIUMPHS

OF

GREAT MEN.

EDITED BY

JAMES MASON.

'Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days.'

—MILTON.

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PREFACE.

To read about the doings of eminent men is very profitable—it being understood, of course, that we read with intelligence, and make our reading influence our lives. Great examples always produce an invigorating effect. One makes poor progress taking himself as his model: it is when he measures himself by those who have risen to position and influence that he perceives his own defects, and is stirred up to exertion.

In the following pages we have given brief notices of the great triumphs of the great men of our nation. It is an illustrious catalogue, of which we have reason to be proud. As we turn from triumph to triumph, we observe what a wealth of power Britain possesses in the genius and industry of her sons; and when we see such glorious deeds in the past, we are encouraged to entertain the brightest anticipations regarding the future.

It is not in a few fields that the great men of our country have won their laurels, and, in consequence, this book has variety enough. One may read in it of matters very widely apart: of the invention of the stocking-frame, and the victory of Waterloo; of the writing of the *Faerie Queene*, and the philanthropic labours of John Howard; of the wonderful eloquence of Whitefield, and the discoveries of Dr. Livingstone. The great triumphs which it contains are arranged under separate chapters, according to the line of life in which they were achieved; and the contents of the chapters are arranged chronologically, a method which presents several marked advantages. The sources from which our

work has been compiled have been very numerous; too numerous, in fact, to particularize. Our chief care has been to unite interest with accuracy, and in that we hope to have met with such success as to win the approbation of the reader.

The great lesson of the book is one that has been often taught before: that to the resolute mind nothing is impossible. A generous ambition to rise in the world is what every one should cherish; and that we shall succeed if we only labour perseveringly is pretty certain. 'The longer I live,' says an eminent writer, 'the more I am convinced that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is *energy, invincible determination*—a purpose once fixed, and then ***death or victory***. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.'

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CHAPTER I.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT MONARCHS.

'A sovereign's great example forms a people.'—MALLET.

ALFRED THE GREAT — CANUTE — WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR — RICHARD CŒUR DE LION—ROBERT BRUCE—EDWARD III.—HENRY V.

We begin with a sovereign who is well worthy of admiration, whether we regard him as a warrior, as a reformer of laws, or as a promoter of learning. His character seems to have approached as near perfection as was possible in a rude age.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred the Great, not many years after he ascended the throne, was to all appearance deserted by fortune, and left alone to struggle against adversity. In 877, the Danes came in such numbers into Wiltshire, that the Saxons, giving themselves up to despair, could not make head against them. Many fled out of the kingdom, not a few submitted, and the rest retired, every man to the place where he could be best concealed. In this distress, Alfred, conceiving himself no longer a king, laid aside all marks of royalty, and took shelter in the house of one who kept his cattle. While he remained in this retreat, the adventure of the burned cakes happened, of which every one has heard.

Alfred afterwards retired to the isle of Athelney, in Somersetshire, where he built a fort for the security of himself, his family, and the few faithful servants who repaired thither to him. When he had been about a year in this retreat, having been informed that some of his subjects had routed a

great army of the Danes, killed their chiefs, and taken their magic standard, he issued his letters, giving notice where he was, and inviting his nobility to come and consult with him. Before they came to a final decision, Alfred, putting on the habit of a harper, went into the enemy's camp, where, without suspicion, he was everywhere admitted, and had the honour to play before their princes. Having thereby acquired an exact knowledge of their situation, he returned in great secrecy to his nobility, whom he ordered to their respective homes, there to draw together each man as great a force as he could; and upon a day appointed, there was to be a general rendezvous at the great wood called Selwood, in Wiltshire.

This affair was transacted so secretly and expeditiously, that in a little time, the king, at the head of an army, approached the Danes. Before they had the least intelligence of his design, Alfred, taking advantage of the surprise and terror they were in, fell upon them, and totally defeated them at Æthendan, now Eddington. Those who escaped fled to a neighbouring castle, where they were soon besieged and obliged to surrender at discretion. Alfred granted them better terms than they could have expected; he agreed to give up the whole kingdom of the East Angles to such as would embrace the Christian religion, on condition that they should oblige the rest of their countrymen to quit the island, and, as much as it was in their power, prevent the landing of any more foreigners. For the performance thereof he took hostages; and when, in pursuance of the treaty, Guthrun, the Danish captain, came with thirty of his chief officers to be baptized, Alfred answered for him at the font, and gave him the name of Athelstan.

In 884, a fresh number of Danes landed in Kent, and laid siege to Rochester; but the king coming to the relief of that city, they were obliged to abandon their design. Alfred's success was now complete, chiefly owing to his fleet, an advantage of his own creating. Having secured the sea-coasts, he fortified the rest of the kingdom with castles and walled towns; and besieged and recovered from the Danes the city of London, which he resolved to repair and keep as a frontier.

Sea affairs, geography, and the discovery of unknown countries, or rather the description of countries then little known, obtained by means of bold navigators, occupied much of the time of King Alfred, and formed one of his favourite subjects for literary composition. But while thus engaged in drawing knowledge from the distant corners of the earth, he did not neglect home affairs. He taught the people how to build better

houses; laboured to increase their comforts; established schools; founded or rebuilt many towns; and having learnt the importance of fortifications during his wars with the Danes, fortified them as well as he could. He caused a survey to be made of the coast and navigable rivers, and ordered castles to be erected at those places which were most accessible to the landing of the enemy. Fifty strong towers and castles rose in different parts of the country; but the number would have been threefold, had Alfred not been thwarted by the indolence, ignorance, and carelessness of his nobles and people.

He revised the laws of the Anglo-Saxons, being aided and sanctioned therein by his 'Witenagemot,' or Parliament; and established so excellent a system of police, that, towards the end of his reign, it was generally asserted that one might have hung golden bracelets and jewels on the public highways and cross-roads, and no man would have dared to touch them for fear of the law. Towards arbitrary, unjust, or corrupt administrators of the law he was inexorable; and if we can give credit to an old writer, he ordered the execution of no fewer than forty-four judges and magistrates of this stamp in the course of one year. Those who were careless he reprimanded and suspended, commanding them to qualify themselves for the proper discharge of their office before they ventured to grasp its honours and emoluments. He heard all appeals with patience; and in cases of importance, revised all the law proceedings with the utmost care. His manifold labours in the court, the camp, the field, the hall of justice, the study, must have been prodigious; and our admiration of this wonderful man is increased by the well-established fact that all these exertions were made in spite of the depressing influence of physical pain and constant bad health.

KING CANUTE THE GREAT.

King Canute the Great became sole and undisputed sovereign of England in 1016. It is seldom that a rule obtained as his was, by force, and commenced in the most despotic manner, is moderated by experience, and becomes without any outward pressure humane and equitable. But this rare phenomenon is discernible in the case of Canute, and it is to be attributed to an improving change in his personal character. Increasing years witnessed a harsh disposition softened, and a rugged temper freed from much of its asperity, although the barbaric element came occasionally into play, and was never completely overcome.

It is said that, after a visit which he paid to Rome, Canute was milder and more just than he had been before. He reigned four or five years

longer, and these appear to have been years of tranquillity and happiness for England. No power from beyond sea could touch our coasts or dispute the sovereignty of the ocean with his fleets, and the turbulent and marauding Scots, Cumbrians, and Welsh were chastised and kept in awe by his English militia. Malcolm, the Scottish king, is said to have become his liegeman, or to have acknowledged his supremacy. The 'Basileus,' or Emperor of the Anglo-Saxons, for this was the title which Canute took to himself in the latter part of his reign, could thus boast that the English, the Scotch, the Welsh, the Danes, the Swedes, and the Norwegians were his subjects: he was called the 'King of Six Nations.' Throughout Europe he was looked upon as the greatest of modern sovereigns. Conrad, the emperor, who claimed to be the representative of the imperial Cæsars, and supreme head of the Christianized and holy Roman empire, might make a show of prouder titles; but in extent of real dominions, in wealth and power, Conrad was as nothing compared with Canute, the descendant of the pirates of Denmark.

The ability, the energy, the industry which could keep such vast and distant countries together, and bring so many barbarous, warlike, and cruel people within the pale of Christendom, must have been altogether extraordinary. The disseverance which followed his death is a proof that the union depended on the personal character and genius for government of Canute the Great.

In England he had the rare art and happiness to make a conquered people forget that they had been conquered, and that he was a conqueror and an alien. When the first cruel excesses were over, and when his throne was established in peace, the Anglo-Saxons appear to have ceased to regard him as a foreigner. The chronicles scarcely ever allude to his foreign birth; with them he is *rex noster*—'our king,' 'our king, just and good,' 'our pious king,' etc.

It was after Canute's return from Rome, and when he was in the plenitude of his power, that the following well-known incident is related of him and his flattering courtiers. One day, disgusted with their extravagant adulations, he determined to read these courtiers a practical lesson. He caused his golden throne to be placed on the sea-shore as the tide was rolling in with its resistless might, and putting his jewelled crown upon his head, and seating himself upon the throne, he addressed the ocean, and said, 'Ocean! the land on which I sit is mine, and thou art a part of my dominion; therefore rise not, but obey my commands, nor presume to wet the edge of my royal robe.'

He sat for some time silent,

with his eye fixed on the broad water, as if expecting obedience; but the sea rolled on in its immutable course; succeeding waves broke nearer and nearer to his feet, the spray flew in his face, and at length the skirts of his garment were wetted and his limbs were bathed by the waves. Then, rising and turning to his flatterers, Canute said, 'Confess now how frivolous and vain is the might of an earthly king, compared to that great Power who rules the elements, and says unto the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!"' The monkish chroniclers conclude their narrative by saying that he forthwith took off his crown, and depositing it in the Cathedral of Winchester, never wore it again.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

William the Conqueror was related to Edward the Confessor, king of England, and long waited anxiously for the time when the death of that childless sovereign would give him the opportunity of becoming monarch of this country. Edward died on the 5th of January 1066, and the Saxon Harold was chosen by the English to succeed him. But William speedily asserted his claim. Besides his relationship to the late king, he had been nominated, or pretended that he had been nominated, by the dying Edward as his successor; and he had in the preceding year taken advantage of the temporary presence of his rival in Normandy to make Harold, partly by force and partly by fraud, swear to help him in obtaining the crown of England.

As soon as King Edward was dead, William demanded the execution of this promise; and on Harold's refusal, prepared to assert his rights by the sword. He assembled, for the invasion of England, a host, which Mackintosh has rightly termed 'the most remarkable armament which the western nations had witnessed.'

When gathering together his vassals, previously to hoisting sail, he was agreeably surprised by the arrival of his fair consort, Matilda, in a noble and well-built vessel, constructed at her own expense, and of which she made him an unexpected and welcome present. Besides its grand proportions, it was decorated in a style of princely splendour, equalled only by its power of sailing. Upon its prow it bore the effigy of their second son, William, his face directed towards England, with a trumpet at his mouth, and holding a bow with the arrow drawn to the head. Upon its approach, acclamations which rent the air burst from the combined fleet; and scarcely had the duchess greeted her loving lord, than, as if auspicious of victory, a breeze sprang up, and the duke, leading the way in his gallant vessel, ordered his blood-red flag to be hoisted

throughout the whole armament.

So great was the speed of the *Mira*, that she quite outstripped the rest of the fleet. At dawn, not a vessel was to be seen, and William, ordering the crew to slacken sail, bade the master ascend the topmast and report the distance of the squadron left behind.

'What is it you see?' inquired the duke.

'Nothing yet but sea and sky.'

'Look out sharply! What see you now?'

'I can see a few small specks afar off.' And in a little time he added, 'I can now see a forest of tall masts under a heavy press of sail.'

Rejoined by his fleet, William proceeded without further obstacle, and arrived next day in the Bay of Pevensey, on the Sussex coast, September 28, 1066. So great was his impatience to effect a landing unopposed, that, advancing first among the archers, he leaped on shore. His foot slipped as he touched the land; he fell; but with the same presence of mind displayed by the great Julius, he grasped the earth with both hands, crying with a loud voice, 'By the splendour of the earth, I have seized England with both my hands!'[1]

[1] It is recorded of Julius Cæsar, that on alighting from ship-board in Africa, his foot slipped and he fell in the same manner. He also averted the omen, and turned it to good account by exclaiming, 'Africa, I hold thee fast!'

and springing up with a joyous countenance, thus addressed himself to the earls and knights who followed him: 'You know, my lords, that without challenge no good prize can be made, and that which I have seized I will, with your help, maintain; for, in that case, God has surely appointed me to conquer. He who shall impugn it, or say nay, let him do battle with me.'

A Norman knight seeing the duke's idea to turn the accident into a happy omen and re-inspire the troops, who exclaimed that it was an evil sign, ran to a cottage near at hand, and taking some of the thatch, exclaimed, 'See, sire! I give you seisin of this land, with promise that ere a month you shall be lord over it.'

'I accept it,' was the duke's reply; 'and may God aid the right!'

Further to refresh the spirits of his army, and remove any sinister impressions, the duke ordered ample rations to be served out after the landing was effected; and having pitched his tent upon the beach, sat down with his lords and knights to eat his dinner and drink success to their arrival in England.

Harold, who was then in the north, flew to London on hearing of the landing of the Norman troops. He sent spies to ascertain the strength of the foe. William, it is said, caused these men to be led through his camp and then dismissed. As the Normans shaved the upper lip,

contrary to the English custom, the spies told Harold that they looked like an army of priests. He laughed, and said they would find these priests right valiant soldiers.

After some fruitless negotiations, the two armies took up position at a place anciently named Senlac, now called Battle from the event, eight miles on the London side of Hastings.

It was the laudable custom of that age for the warriors to employ themselves in devotional exercises the night previous to a battle, and to hear mass and receive the sacrament in the morning. With this the Normans complied, while the English, we are told, passed the night in feasting and revelry.

At dawn on the 15th of October, Harold drew up his troops on the declivity of a hill in one compact solid mass, their rear being protected by an extensive wood. Each man was covered by his shield, and grasped a battle-axe, the ancient English weapon. The king and all his nobles and other horsemen dismounted and took their station with the rest. In the centre waved the royal banner, containing the figure of a fighting warrior woven in gold, and adorned with precious stones; beneath it stood Harold and his brothers Gurth and Leofwin.

On an opposite eminence, the duke marshalled his troops in three lines, the first of archers, the second of heavy infantry, the third of his numerous cavalry in five squadrons. The papal banner was raised in their front by Tonstaine the Fair. William bore suspended from his neck the relics on which Harold had sworn.

The Normans raised their war-cry of 'God help us!' and advanced; the English responded by shouts of 'Holy rood! God's rood!' A Norman knight, it is said, named Taillefer, preceded the army mounted on a stately horse, tossing his sword up in the air with one hand and catching it with the other, and singing aloud the deeds of the hero Roland. He slew two English warriors, but fell by the hand of a third. The Normans ascended the hill: their archers, having discharged their arrows, fell back on the infantry; but neither could make any impression on the English phalanx. The cavalry then charged; the battle-axe hewed them down; the Norman left wing, horse and foot, turned and fled; the opposite English broke from the mass and pursued. A report was spread that the duke had fallen, but William took off his helmet and rode along the line. A body of cavalry got in the rear of the English who had pursued; the fugitives turned, and the English were cut to pieces. Again the Normans assailed the English phalanx, but firm and unmoved it withstood the shock.

William then had recourse to stratagem; a part of his horse feigned flight; the English again

broke and pursued; a deep ditch, concealed by vegetation, lay in the way; pursuers and pursued fell into it pell-mell; and the English were destroyed as before.

The same stratagem was tried with the same success in another part of the line. Still the main body of the English stood unbroken around their king; but William had directed his archers to shoot upwards, that their arrows might fall down on their enemies; and by one of these Harold was wounded in the eye. His brothers had already fallen.

Twenty Norman knights rushed to seize the royal banners. Harold was slain; the English broke and fled. It was now night, but the Normans pursued them by the light of the moon; and the fugitives turning on them where the place was full of ditches, took a severe vengeance for their defeat.

Thus was this memorable battle terminated. The victors lost in it a fourth of their number; the loss of the vanquished, like their original number, is unknown.

William caused a spot near where Harold had fallen to be cleared, and pitched his tent there, in which he and his barons supped that night. He afterwards founded an abbey on the spot, named Battle, in which prayers were to be continually offered for the souls of those who had fallen.

Though Harold's mother offered its weight in gold for her son's body, William refused to give it up. He caused it to be buried on the sea-shore, saying, 'He guarded the coast when living, let him still guard it now that he is dead.' He seems, however, to have afterwards relented, and the remains of Harold finally reposed at the Abbey of Waltham, which he had founded.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

There are few more romantic lives among those of the sovereigns of this country than the life of Richard Cœur de Lion. The chief of his exploits were performed in the course of the crusade in Palestine, entered upon in consequence of the progress in arms of the renowned Saladin. At the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, Richard took a leading part in the operations, and became very popular among the knights. The fortress surrendered, notwithstanding the efforts of Saladin to raise the siege, on the 17th of July 1191. Soon afterwards, Philip Augustus of France, disgusted with the supremacy of the English king, who far outshone him in feats of arms, departed for his own dominions.

Richard now marched from St. Jean d'Acre at the head of 100,000 men, and defeated Saladin in a general engagement on the road towards Ascalon. This victory put the crusaders in possession of the principal towns along the sea-coast, and fur-

nished such a basis of operations as enabled Richard to press forward to the capture of Jerusalem.

But disaffection appeared among the Christian forces; the enterprise was abandoned; a truce was concluded with Saladin; and Richard embarked for Europe, 9th October 1192.

His fame was spread far and wide by the songs of troubadours and the reports of pilgrims. He never hesitated, it was said, to rush single-handed into the midst of the enemy; and such deeds are recorded of him as would be incredible, if they were not well attested by eye-witnesses.

The incidents attending his death are well known. He had invested the castle of Chaluz in 1199, and was shot in the shoulder with an arrow. An unskilful surgeon endeavoured to extract the weapon, and mangled the wound in such a manner, that a gangrene ensued. The castle being taken, and the king perceiving he should not live, ordered Bertram de Gourdon, who had shot the arrow, to be brought into his presence. 'What harm did I ever do thee,' said the king, 'that thou shouldst kill me?' Bertram replied with great magnanimity and courage, 'You killed with your own hand my father and two of my brothers, and you likewise designed to have killed me. You may satiate your revenge. I should cheerfully suffer all the torments that can be inflicted, were I sure of having delivered the world of a tyrant who has filled it with blood and carnage.' This bold and spirited answer struck Richard with remorse. He ordered the prisoner to be presented with a hundred shillings, and set at liberty; but Maccardec, one of the king's friends, like a true ruffian, ordered him to be flayed alive.

ROBERT BRUCE.

Amongst the early successes of Robert Bruce, the famous Scottish hero, was the following:—

In 1306, having taken shelter in the Isle of Arran, he sent a person in his confidence into Carrick, to learn how his vassals in that territory stood affected to the cause of their ancient lord. He enjoined the messenger, if he saw that the dispositions of the people were favourable, to make a signal, on a day appointed, by lighting a fire on an eminence above the castle of Turnberry. The messenger found the English in possession of Carrick; Percy with a numerous garrison at Turnberry; the country dispirited and in thraldom; none to espouse the party of Bruce, and many whose inclinations were hostile.

From the first dawn of the day appointed for the signal, Bruce stood with his eyes fixed on the coast of Carrick; noon had already passed, when he perceived a fire on the eminence above Turnberry; he flew to the boat, and hastened over;

night surprised him and his associates while they were yet on the sea. Conducting themselves by the fire, they reached the shore. The messenger met them, and reported that there was no hope of aid. 'Traitor!' cried Bruce, 'why did you make the signal?' 'I made no signal,' cried he; 'but observing a fire on the eminence, I feared that it might deceive you, and hastened hither to warn you from the coast.'

Bruce hesitated, amidst the dangers that encompassed him, not knowing what to avoid or what he had to encounter. At length, obeying the dictates of valour and despair, he resolved to persevere in his enterprise. He attacked the English, carelessly cantoned in the neighbourhood of Turnberry, put them to the sword, and pillaged their quarters. Percy, from the castle, heard the uproar, yet durst not issue forth against an unknown enemy. Bruce, with his followers, not exceeding three hundred in number, remained for some days near Turnberry; but succour having arrived from the neighbouring garrisons, he was obliged to seek shelter in the mountainous parts of Carrick.

There is an incident in Bruce's career often quoted as an illustration of the reward which most surely accompanies persevering effort. Having been out one day reconnoitring the enemy, Bruce lay at night in a barn belonging to a loyal cottager. In the morning, still reclining his head on the pillow of straw, he beheld a spider climbing up a beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, but immediately made a second essay to ascend. This attracted the notice of the hero, who, with regret, saw the spider fall a second time from the same eminence. It made a third unsuccessful attempt. Not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, the monarch twelve times beheld the insect baffled in its aim; but the thirteenth essay was crowned with success: it gained the summit of the barn, when the king, starting from his couch, exclaimed, 'This despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I shall follow its example. Have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemy's superior force? On one fight more hangs the independence of my country.' In a few days his anticipations were fully realized, by the glorious result to Scotland of the battle of Bannockburn.

That we may understand this great conflict, it is necessary that we should in some measure form an idea of the situation and peculiarities of the field on which it was fought.

Stirling Castle stands on a trap rock rising out of a basin, and one does not pass far from it before beginning to ascend. To the south, and partly to the east and west, the ascent is on the Campsie Fells, a chain of hills neither very lofty nor very

precipitous, but affording ground capable of being made very defensible. Here the Scots army were to meet the enemy; indeed, nowhere else could they do so; and Bruce occupied himself in fortifying the position.

To the right it was well protected by the brawling rivulet, the Bannock Burn, which gave its name to the contest. Had the Scots only had to choose the strongest post and meet an attack, it would have been a simple affair; but there was a tract of flat ground through which an army might pass to the gate of Stirling Castle, and that must be seen to. This tract was therefore honeycombed with pits, and the pits were covered with branches strewn with the common growth of the neighbourhood. This was done, not with the childish expectation of catching the English troops in a trap, but to destroy the ground for cavalry purposes.

The battle has been thus described by Scotland's latest and most able historian, Mr. John Hill Burton:—

'On the 23d of June 1314, the two armies were visible to each other. If the Scots had, as it was said, between thirty and forty thousand men, it was a great force for the country at that time to furnish. Looking at the urgency of the measures taken to draw out the feudal array of England, to the presence of the Welsh and Irish, and to a large body of Gascons and other foreigners, it is easy to believe that the army carried into Scotland might be, as it was said to be, a hundred thousand in all. The efficient force was, however, in the mounted men, and these were supposed to be about equal in number to the whole Scottish army. This great host was apparelled with unusual magnificence. Had it been assembled for some object of courtly display, it would have been a memorable exhibition of feudal splendour. The countless banners of all colours and devices, and the burnished steel coats of the many thousand horsemen glittering in the summer sun, left impressions of awe and admiration which passed on from generation to generation.

'There are efforts, not always successful, to describe the exact division and disposal of the Scots army. It seems more important to keep in view the general tactics on which its leader was prepared with confidence to meet so unequal a force. It was the same that Wallace had practically taught, and it had just recently helped the Flemings to their victory of Courtrai. Its leading feature was the receiving charges of cavalry by clumps—square or circular—of spearmen; and simple as it was, it was revolutionizing the military creed of Europe by sapping the universal faith in the invincibility of mounted men-at-arms by any other kind of troops. Bruce had a small body of mounted men, but he was not to waste

them in any attempt to cope with the English cavalry; they were reserved for any special service or emergency.

'For the hopes of Scotland, the great point was that the compact clumps of spearmen should be attacked upon their own ground. But there was a serious danger to be met beforehand. Holding the approaches to the castle of Stirling from the east was far more difficult than holding the ground of the main army. If any body, however small, of the English army could force this passage, and could reach the castle gate or the sloping parts of the rock, the primary object of the invasion would be accomplished. The castle would be relieved, and the English army, no longer bound to attack the Scots on their own strong ground, could go where it pleased; and, in fact, this movement, so dangerous to the Scots, had been wellnigh accomplished.

'It was the duty of King Robert's nephew, Randolph, with a party told off for the purpose, to guard the passage. The king observed that a party of eight hundred horse under Clifford were making a circuit, evidently with the purpose of reaching the passage, and that no preparations were made to receive them. He pointed this out to Randolph, with a severe rebuke for his negligence. Burning to redeem his honour, he ran on with a body of spearmen, who planted themselves in the way of the English horsemen, forming a clump with spears pointing forth all over it like the prickles of a hedgehog. The horse attacked them furiously in front without breaking them, then wheeled round and round them, vainly assailing them from all points. From a distance, the little party seemed doomed, and Douglas hastened with his followers to their rescue; but as he approached, the aspect was more cheering. It was not so certain that they were to be beaten, and chivalry forbade him to give unnecessary aid. The assailants had suffered heavy loss. Sir Will d'Eyncourt, an illustrious English knight, was counted among the dead; and the horsemen, breaking up into confusion, had to retreat to the main army.

'This was followed by a short and memorable passage at arms. King Robert was riding along the front of his line on a small horse or hackney, conspicuous by a little gold circlet round his head, to mark his rank. An English knight, Henry de Bohun, rode forward into the space between the two armies, after the fashion of a challenger to one of the single combats which at that time gave liveliness to the intervals between the serious business of battle. Bruce accepted the challenge. He, warding off his enemy's charge, and wheeling round, cleft his skull with a small battle-axe, the handle of which went to pieces.

'His followers blamed him

for so rashly risking the safety of the army in his own, and he had nothing to say in his defence. Yet it was not so flagrant as it might be, if the like were done in our days. One so thoroughly trained to personal warfare as Bruce, must have known the extent of his own resources, and might be able to calculate on the next to certainty of killing his man, and on the inspiring influence of such an act.

'We can easily believe what is said of this incident shooting a feeling of despondency and apprehension through the English host. It was nothing in itself, but it was an evil portent.'

At daybreak on the 24th of June, the Scottish army gathered round an eminence, on which Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffray, celebrated mass, and harangued his hearers on the duty of fighting for the liberty of their country. At the close of his discourse they answered with a loud shout, and the Abbot, barefoot, and with a crucifix in his hand, marched before them to the field of battle. As soon as they were formed, he again addressed them; and as he prayed, they all fell upon their knees. 'They kneel,' exclaimed some of the English; 'they beg for mercy.' 'Do not deceive yourselves,' said Ingelram de Umfraville; 'they beg for mercy, but it is only from God.'

'Shortly afterwards, the English army advanced to the charge. There was a preparatory movement very perilous to the Scots. The English army contained a large body of archers, whose motions on foot and in their lines were not impeded by the difficulties of the ground. A detachment of these wheeled round and took up a position where they could rake the compact clumps of Scots spearmen. This was a kind of force becoming every year more formidable. It was destined to be the strongest arm of the English army, and on many memorable occasions it inflicted heavy punishment on the Scots. It is difficult to realize the power and precision with which the masters of the art could send a cloth-yard shaft. They could pick out one by one the chinks and joints in the finest suit of Milan mail. To spearmen on foot, it was hopeless to contend with them—only cavalry could drive them off. Here, then, was a use for Bruce's small reserve of cavalry. It charged the archers and dispersed them, and now the clumps of spearmen had to resist the onset of the English cavalry.

'These soon found how judiciously the ground had been prepared for them. They were parcelled out in ten battles or battalions, but there was not room to move these separately on the narrow ground available for cavalry, and the whole seemed to their enemy thrown into one unorganized mass, or "scheltum," as they called it. The spearmen stood against the charge of the horsemen firm as a

rock. It was one of the formidable features in their method of resistance, that a great proportion of the wounds fell to the poor horses, who rushed hither and thither in their agony, or, as Barbour has it, the horses "that were sticked rushed and reeled right rudely."

'In the front, anything like combined movement or even ordinary discipline was speedily gone. There they were, a mass of brave men, well mounted for battle; and many desperate but useless onsets they made as single combatants on their compact enemy.

'Confusion was getting worse and worse, and only one result could be. It is said to have been hastened by the appearance of a set of camp followers on the sky-line of a neighbouring hill, who were mistaken for a fresh army of the Scots. The end was rout, confused and hopeless. The pitted field added to the disasters; for though they avoided it in their advance, many horsemen were pressed into it in their retreat, and floundered among the pitfalls. Through all the history of her great wars before and since, never did England suffer a humiliation deep enough to approach even comparison with this.

'Besides the inferiority of the victorious army, Bannockburn is exceptional among battles by the utter helplessness of the defeated. There seems to have been no rallying point anywhere. There was enough of material to have made two or three armies capable, in strong positions, of making a troublesome stand, and at all events, of making good terms. But none of the parts of that mighty host could keep together, and the very chaos among the multitudes around seems to have perplexed the orderly army of the Scots. The foot soldiers of the English army seem simply to have dispersed at all points, and the little said of them is painfully suggestive of the poor wanderers having to face the two alternatives—starvation in the wilds, or death at the hands of the peasantry.

'The cavalry fled right out towards England: why men with English manhood should have done so is a mystery. It was like the Scripture saying, that the wicked flee when no man pursueth; for the little band of Scots mounted men were far too small for pursuit, and could not be let loose by any prudent commander among the vast mass of cavalry breaking away.

'To the Lothian peasant, the mighty king of England galloping past like a criminal fleeing from justice must have been a sight not to be presently forgotten. The king reached Dunbar, a fortress still in his own hands, and took shipping for Berwick.

'The camp apparel left behind by the fugitives made a booty so extensive and so costly as to astonish its captors. And still more valuable than the in-

animate merchandise was the living spoil—the crowd of noble captives who had to be ransomed. In this very lucrative kind of booty, Bannockburn was peculiarly rich.

'Among the prisoners was one whose story furnished the Scots with a merry jest to grace their triumph. He was a certain Carmelite friar, named Baston; and it was said of him, whether truly or not, that he had been taken to see the battle in order that he might be the better able to perform a certain function assigned to him, which was the celebration of the English king as he returned victorious,—an expectation which Bower characterizes as proud presumption and presumptuous pride. He was told that, as the price of his ransom, he must celebrate the triumphs of the real victors, and that without ambiguity. The result is preserved, and whatever other merits it may have, shows a laboriously earnest effort to accomplish his task to the satisfaction of his instructors.'

EDWARD III.

The memorable battle of Cressy — Edward III.'s great victory over the French—is thus described by Mr. Thomas Keightley in his *History of England*:—

'The date of the fray was the 26th August 1346. The number of the French army is variously given at from sixty to one hundred and twenty thousand men.

'The combat of men was preceded by that of the elements. A partial eclipse had dimmed the sun; flights of birds flew screaming over the two armies, precursive of a storm, and soon the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, and the rain descended in torrents. At five in the afternoon the sky cleared, and the sun shone bright in the eyes of the French. The Genoese then gave three shouts, levelled their ponderous cross-bows, and discharged their bolts. The English archers received the discharge in silence; then drawing their long-bows from their cases, they showered their cloth-yard arrows thick as snow upon the Genoese, who, as they required time to recharge their bows, fell into disorder. The Count of Alençon, calling them cowards, ordered his knights to cut them down. This but increased the confusion; many of the knights were unhorsed by the English archers, and the Welshmen ran forward and despatched them with knives.

'When clear of the Genoese, the cavalry pressed on. The Black Prince, Edward's son, and the men-at-arms were nearly surrounded when the second line advanced; a knight was sent to Edward, who viewed the fight from the summit of a windmill, praying him to send more aid. "Is my son slain or wounded?" said he. "No," replied the envoy. "Then," said he, "tell Warwick he shall have no aid. Let the boy win his

spurs. He and they who have him in charge shall earn the whole glory of the day."

'This reply gave fresh vigour to the English; the Count of Alençon was slain, and his troops routed; the king of France then advanced to the relief, but the showers of arrows fearfully thinned his ranks; his friends in vain urged him to retire; at length, when it was growing dark, John of Hainault laid hold of his bridle, and forced him to quit the field. They fled to Amiens, but the fight was still kept up in various parts, till terminated by the increasing darkness. When the prince approached, Edward sprang to meet him. "Fair son," cried he, as he clasped him to his bosom, "continue your career. You have acted nobly, and shown yourself worthy of me and the crown."'

After the battle of Cressy, Edward laid siege to Calais. After many long months, famine compelled the defenders to think about treating with him. The governor from the walls proposed to Sir Walter Manny, who was at hand, to surrender, on condition of their lives and liberties being secured. The king, however, would accept of nothing short of unconditional surrender; at length he agreed to be content with the lives of six of the principal burgesses.

The people met in the market to hear these terms. Who were to offer themselves as sacrifices for their fellow-citizens? There was a moment of perplexity. It was ended by Eustace de St. Pierre, one of the leading citizens, stepping forward and offering his life for his townsmen; another and another then appeared, and the number was soon completed.

When Sir Walter Manny returned to the camp of the victorious Edward, with that mirror to patriots, Eustace de St. Pierre, and his fellow-hostages, the monarch inquired, 'Are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?' 'They are,' answered Manny, 'not only the principal men of Calais, but the principal men of France, if virtue has any share in nobility.' 'Were they delivered peaceably?' inquired Edward; 'was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?' 'None in the least, sire. The people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty; but they are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands.' Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Manny; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. 'Experience,' said he, 'has ever shown that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity at times is indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission. Go,' he cried to an officer, 'lead these men to execution.'

At this instant, a sound of

movement, and then, so badly had the ground been chosen, they got into some newly ploughed corn-fields, where their horses sank almost to their saddle-girths, stuck fast, or rolled over with their riders.

Seeing that the vanguard was thoroughly disordered, the English archers left their stakes, which they did not use again, and slinging their bows behind them, rushed into the thickest of the *mêlée*, with their bill-hooks and hatchets. There, they themselves being almost without clothing, and many of them both bare-footed and bare-headed, the English archers laid about them with their bare sinewy arms, and hit fearful knocks against the steel-clad knights of France.

The constable and many of the most illustrious of the French knights were presently killed by these despised plebeians, who, without any assistance from the chivalry of England, dispersed the whole body.

Then the second division opened to receive the sad remnants of the first,—a movement attended wtth fresh disorder. At this moment, Duke Anthony of Brabant, who had just arrived on the field, but who, in his impatient haste, had left his reinforcements behind him, headed a fresh charge of horse. He was instantly slain by the English, who kept advancing and destroying all who opposed them. The second division of the French, however, closed up, and kept its ground, though the weight of their armour made them sink knee-deep in the mire.

Henry now brought up his men-at-arms, and calling in his brave English bowmen, formed them again into good order. These lightly equipped troops found little inconvenience from the nature of the soil: they had the free use of their limbs; they were as fresh as when they first came into the battle. They gave another loud huzza as the king led them on to a fresh charge.

It was now that the real battle took place, and that Henry's life was repeatedly put in the greatest peril. His brother, the Duke of Clarence, was wounded and knocked down, and would have been killed or made prisoner, if Henry had not placed himself by his side and beaten off the assailants. Soon after, a band of eighteen knights, bearing the banner of the Lord of Croy, who had bound themselves with an oath to take or kill the king of England, made a furious charge upon him. One of these knights struck the king with his mace or battle-axe, and the blow was so violent, that Henry staggered and fell on his knees; but his brave men instantly closed round him, and killed every one of the eighteen knights.

The Duke of Alençon then forced his way to the English royal standard. With a blow

of his battle-axe he beat the Duke of York to the ground; and when Henry stood forth to defend his relative, he hit the king over the head, and knocked off part of the gold crown which he wore on his helmet. But this was the last blow that Alençon ever struck; the English closed upon him, and seeing his danger, he cried out to the king, 'I surrender to you—I am the Duke of Alençon.' Henry held out his hand. It was too late—the duke was slain.

His fall finished the battle, for his followers fled in dismay; and the third division of the French army, which had never drawn sword, and which was in itself more than double the number of the whole English force, fell back and galloped from the field.

Up to this point, the English had not embarrassed themselves with prisoners, but now they took them in heaps.

An immense number were thus secured, when Henry heard a terrible noise in his rear, where the priests of his army were sitting on horseback among the baggage, and he soon saw a hostile force drawn up in that direction. At the same time, the retreating third division of the French seemed to rally and raise their banners afresh. But it was a false alarm. The body in the rear were only some five or six hundred peasants who had entered Maisoncelles and had fallen upon the baggage in the hope of obtaining plunder and driving off some of the English horses; and what appeared a rallying in front was only a momentary halt, for the third division was presently galloping off the field harder than ever.

As soon as Henry discovered the mistake, he gave orders to stop the carnage and look after the wounded. Then, attended by his principal barons, he rode over the field, and sent out heralds as usual, to examine the coats of arms of the knights and princes who had fallen.

So much for monarchs. With all their brilliant display in the world, we may leave them with the old reflection, that the head that wears a crown lies with little ease.

In the closet of the Caliph Abdalrahman, the following confession was found after his decease:—'I have now reigned fifty years in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honour, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation, I have numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot; they amount to *fourteen*. Oh, man! place not thy confidence in this present world.'

CHAPTER II.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT MILITARY COMMANDERS.

'If Europe is ever to be ruined, it will be by its warriors.'
MONTESQUIEU.

WILLIAM WALLACE—EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE—EARL OF WARWICK—THOMAS HOWARD EARL OF SURREY—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY—DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH—ROBERT CLIVE—GENERAL WOLFE—GENERAL ELLIOT—SIR JOHN MOORE—DUKE OF WELLINGTON—MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA—SIR CHARLES NAPIER—SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE quotation at the head of this chapter would not hold good were all warriors like the first to be spoken about.

Never perhaps was the fame of any man more cherished, and more deservedly so, by a people, than that of William Wallace is by the Scottish nation. His exploits have been for ages the darling theme of all ranks of the people; and in those parts of the country where his adventures chiefly lay, there is scarcely a lofty rock, high fall of water, lonely cave, or other remarkable object in nature, which is not connected with a name dear to every romantic, youthful, and patriotic mind. The recorded feats in the life of Wallace rank him not only among the first patriots of his nation, but among the first of all who have deserved that honourable appellation. He made his appearance in the theatre of active life at a most interesting period. A disputed succession to the Scottish crown had been submitted to the decision of Edward the First of England. The office of umpire gave the English king a fatal ascendancy over the Scottish nobles, and especially over the competitors for the crown. Baliol was preferred on condition that he would acknowledge the dependence of Scotland upon the English crown; but at last, under the mortification of repeated insults, he resigned

andard of freedom first unrled by William Wallace, the oungest son of a private gentleian, Wallace of Elderslie. To reat bodily strength and acvity, and a courage which deghted in danger, he united n inventiveness in enterprise, fertility of resources, and a enerous gallantry of manners, ell calculated to gain him an uthority over the rude and unisciplined multitude who anwered his patriotic call.

In May 1292, Wallace began o invest the English quarters, nd soon made his numbers ormidable. The first person f note who joined him was Sir Villiam Douglas. With their nited forces, these two allies ttempted to surprise Ormesby, ne English Justiciary, while olding a court at Scone; but precipitate flight disappointed iem of their expected prey. fter this, the patriotic band oved over the whole

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the crown altogether into the hands of Edward on the 3d of July 1296.

All Scotland was now overrun by an English army, and the government placed in the hand of English deputies, who made it odious to the people by their exactions and oppressions. At this critical moment was the standard of freedom first unfurled by William Wallace, the youngest son of a private gentleman, Wallace of Elderslie. To great bodily strength and activity, and a courage which delighted in danger, he united an inventiveness in enterprise, a fertility of resources, and a generous gallantry of manners, well calculated to gain him an authority over the rude and undisciplined multitude who answered his patriotic call.

In May 1292, Wallace began to invest the English quarters, and soon made his numbers formidable. The first person of note who joined him was Sir William Douglas. With their united forces, these two allies attempted to surprise Ormesby, the English Justiciary, while holding a court at Scone; but a precipitate flight disappointed them of their expected prey. After this, the patriotic band roved over the whole country, assaulted castles, and slew the English wherever they met with them.

Several men of the highest rank now joined the standard of freedom, among others, Robert the Steward of Scotland, and his brother Sir Alexander de Lindsay, Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell, Sir Richard Lauder, and Wishart, Bishop of of Glasgow. But, unfortunately, they brought more splendour than real spirit to the cause. Wallace, though the master-spirit of the whole enterprise, was of too humble a rank among the gentlemen of Scotland to be readily acknowledged by them as their chief; and where merit like his was not recognised as the best title to supreme command, it is easy to conceive that the conflict of pretensions must have been endless. All the leaders claimed to be independent of each other; and to nothing, even of the most obvious advantage; could their common consent be obtained.

While the Scottish army, thus enfeebled by dissension, lay posted near Irvine, a chosen and numerous body of forces, which had been sent from England by Edward, approached to give them battle. All the nobles and barons who had joined the party of Wallace, Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell alone excepted, consented to treat with the English, and for themselves and their adherents made submission to Edward.

Wallace and Moray refused to have any concern with the ignoble capitulation, and collecting together a few faithful companions of their fortunes, retired indignantly towards the north. Under the conduct of these two able leaders, the patriotic band

soon recruited its numbers, and when the English advanced to Stirling, was prepared to dispute with them the passage of the Forth.

The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they should lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

'Go back to Warrenne,' said Wallace, 'and tell him we value not the pardon of the king of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on: we defy them to their very beards.'

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. Their leader, Sir Richard Lundin, a Scottish knight, who had gone over to the enemy at Irvine, hesitated, for he was a skilful soldier, and he saw that, to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow wooden bridge, so that those who should get over first might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham the treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight and put an end to the war at once, and Lundin gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van or foremost division of the army; for in those military days even clergymen wore armour and fought in battle. That took place which Sir Richard Lundin had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge without offering any opposition; but when about one-half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged those who had crossed with his whole strength, slew a great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The remainder of the English army who were left on the southern bank of the river fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them.

Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle; and the Scots detested him so much, that they flayed the skin from his dead body, and kept pieces of it in memory of the vengeance they had taken upon the English treasurer.

The remains of Surrey's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat; and the Scots taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter them-

selves, and took most of them by force or stratagem.

Scotland was thus once more free; but in consequence of bad seasons and the disorders of war, it suffered severely from famine. With the view of procuring sustenance to his remaining followers, Wallace marched his army into the north of England; and for upwards of three weeks, the whole of that wide tract of country from Cockermouth and Carlisle to the gates of Newcastle, was wasted with all the fury of revenge, licence, and rapacity.

Wallace now assumed the title of 'Guardian of Scotland, in name of King John (Baliol), and by the consent of the Scottish nation.' That he was virtually so there can be no doubt; and we ought therefore to be the less scrupulous in inquiring as to the forms which attended his investiture with this high dignity. With the aid and countenance of only one of all the Scottish barons, the lamented Andrew Moray, and supported by the lower orders of Scottish people alone, he had freed his country from English thraldom, and restored it to its ancient independence. A service so great and unexampled gave him a claim to the appellation of Scotland's Guardian, which wanted neither form nor solemnity to make it as well founded as any title that ever existed.

The barons who had stood aloof during the struggle for liberty, now began, as before, to intermeddle with the fruits of the conquest so gloriously achieved. Of Wallace they speedily evinced the utmost jealousy. His elevation wounded their pride; his great services were an unceasing reproach to their inactivity in the public cause. Strife and division were again introduced into the Scottish camp, at a time when, more than ever, unanimity was necessary to the establishment of the national independence. Edward had again invaded Scotland with a powerful army, and Wallace had a second time to risk a general battle for Scottish freedom. In the neighbourhood of Falkirk the hostile armies met. Wallace had now around him a Cumming, a Stewart, a Graham, a Macduff, and other names of equal note in Scottish chieftainship; but feebler, through the jealousy and distrust of so many rivals, than when alone with the gallant Moray he led his countrymen to battle. Victory had deserted his plume: the Scots were defeated with great slaughter; and though for some time after they kept up the war in detached parties, they were no longer able to muster an army in the field. Edward, with his victorious troops, swept the whole country from the Tweed to the Northern Ocean; and there was scarcely any place of importance but owned his sway.

Yet, amid this wreck of the national liberties, Wallace despaired not. He had lived a

freeman; and a freeman he resolved to die. All his endeavours to rouse his countrymen were, however, in vain. The season of resistance was, for the present, past. Wallace perceived that there remained no more hope, and sought out a place of concealment, where, eluding the vengeance of Edward, he might silently lament over his fallen country. Nothing now remained in Scotland unconquered except the castle of Stirling, which was at length compelled to surrender. But Wallace still lived; and while he existed, though without forces, and without an ostensible place of residence, his countrymen were not absolutely without hope, nor Edward without fear. Every exertion was made to discover his retreat; and at length he was betrayed into the hands of the English. He was brought to Westminster, and arraigned there as a traitor to Edward, and as having burnt villages, stormed castles, and slaughtered many subjects of England. 'I never was a traitor,' exclaimed Wallace indignantly. 'What injury I could do to Edward, the enemy of my liege sovereign and of my country, I have done, and I glory in it.' Sentence of death was pronounced against him, and immediately executed, with that studied rigour in the circumstances of the punishment which, while seeking to make impressions of terror, excites pity. His head was placed on a pinnacle at London, and his mangled limbs were distributed over the land. Thus cruelly perished a man whom Edward could never subdue, and whose only crime was an invincible attachment to freedom and independence. Who would not fight to the bitter end for such a noble purpose?

'Those ills that mortal men endure
So long are capable of cure,
As they of freedom may be sure;
But that denied, a grief, though small,
Shakes the whole roof, or ruins all.'

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

Our next warrior is Edward the Black Prince, a famous name in the French wars of England. He was the eldest son of Edward III., of whose great triumph on the field of Cressy we have already spoken in connection with the great deeds of famous monarchs.

It is enough for the present to say that the Black Prince was born in 1330, and that in 1345 he accompanied his father in his expedition to France, and displayed unusual heroism when engaged with the enemy. We pass over eleven years, and come to the year 1356.

On the 19th of September, in that year, the battle of Poitiers, the second great battle fought by the English on French soil in pursuit of their chimerical claim to the crown of that country, was won by the Black Prince. Like the battle of Cressy, it was a victory in the face of an overwhelming supe-

riority in numbers. Whilst the army of the French king mustered 60,000 horse alone, besides foot soldiers, the whole force of Edward, horse and foot together, did not exceed 10,000 men.

The engagement was not sought by the Black Prince, but was forced upon him, in consequence of his having come unexpectedly on the rear of the French army in the neighbourhood of Poitiers, to which town he had advanced in the course of a devastating expedition from Guienne, without being aware of the proximity of the French monarch. Finding that the whole of the surrounding country swarmed with the enemy, and that his retreat was effectually cut off, his first feeling seems to have been one of consternation. 'God help us!' he exclaimed, and then he courageously added: 'We must consider how we can best fight them.' A strong position amid hedges and vineyards was taken up by him; and as night was then approaching, the English troops prepared themselves for repose in expectation of the morrow's battle.

In the morning, the French monarch, King John, marshalled his forces for the combat; but just as the engagement was about to commence, Cardinal Talleyrand, the Pope's legate, arrived at the French camp, and obtained a reluctant permission to employ his offices as mediator to prevent bloodshed. The whole of that day—it happened to be a Sunday—was spent by him in trotting between the two armies; but he could effect no satisfactory arrangement. The English leader made a very liberal offer to John: he proposed to return all the towns and castles which he had taken in the course of his campaign, to surrender unransomed all his prisoners, and to bind himself by oath to refrain for seven years from bearing arms against the king of France. But the latter, confiding in his superiority of numbers, insisted on the Black Prince and a hundred of his best knights surrendering themselves prisoners, a proposition which Edward and his army indignantly rejected.

Next morning at early dawn the trumpets sounded for battle, and even then the indefatigable cardinal made another attempt to stay hostilities; but when he rode over to the French camp for that purpose, he was cavalierly told to go about his business, and bring no more treaties or pacifications, or it would be the worse for himself. Thus repulsed, the worthy prelate made his way to the English army, and told the Black Prince that he must do his best, as it was impossible to make the French king modify his demands. 'Then God defend the right!' replied Edward, and prepared at once for action.

The attack was commenced by the French. A body of their cavalry came charging down a

narrow lane with the view of dislodging the English from their position; but they encountered such a galling fire from the archers who were posted behind the hedges, that they turned and fled in dismay.

It was now Edward's turn to assail, and 600 of his bowmen suddenly appeared on the flank and rear of John's second division, which was thrown into irretrievable confusion by the discharge of arrows. The English knights, with the prince at their head, next charged across the open plain upon the main body of the French army. A division of cavalry, under the constable of France, for a time stood firm, but ere long was broken and dispersed, their leader and most of his knights being slain. A body of reserve, under the Duke of Orleans, fled shamefully without striking a blow.

King John did his best to turn the fortune of the day. Accompanied by his youngest son, Philip, a boy of sixteen, who fought by his side, he led up on foot a division of troops to the encounter. After having received two wounds in the face and been thrown to the ground, he rose, and for a time defended himself manfully with his battle-axe against the crowd of assailants by whom he was surrounded. The brave monarch would certainly have been slain had not a French knight, named Sir Denis, who had been banished for killing a man in a fray, and in consequence joined the English service, burst through the press of combatants, and exclaimed to John in French, 'Sire, surrender!'

The king, who now felt that his position was desperate, replied, 'To whom shall I surrender? Where is my cousin the Prince of Wales?'

'He is not here,' answered Sir Denis; 'but surrender to me, and I will conduct you to him.'

'But who are you?' rejoined the king.

'Denis de Morbecque,' was the reply, 'a knight of Artois; but I serve the king of England, because I cannot belong to France, having forfeited all I had there.'

'I surrender to you,' said John, extending his right-hand glove. But this submission was almost too late to save his life, for the English were disputing with Sir Denis and the Gascons the honour of his capture, and the French king was in the utmost danger from their violence. At last Earl Warwick and Lord Cobham came up, and with every demonstration of respect, conducted John and his son Philip to the Black Prince, who received them with the utmost courtesy. He invited them to supper, waited himself at table on John, as his superior in age and rank, praised his valour, and endeavoured by every means in his power to diminish the humiliation of the royal captive.

The day after the victory of

Poitiers, the Black Prince set out on his march to Bordeaux, which he reached without encountering any resistance. He remained during the ensuing winter in that city, concluded a truce with the dauphin Charles, John's eldest son, and in the spring of 1357 crossed over to England with the king and Prince Philip as trophies of his prowess. A magnificent entry was made into London, John being mounted on a cream-coloured charger, whilst the Prince of Wales rode by his side on a little black palfrey as his page.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father: his end came in 1376.

EARL OF WARWICK.

The Earl of Warwick, commonly called the *king-maker*, from the facility with which he created and deposed monarchs during the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, lived in a style of magnificence and hospitality of which no period perhaps furnishes a more brilliant example. No less than 30,000 persons are said to have lived daily at his board, in the different manors and castles which he possessed; and the military, allured by his hospitality as well as his bravery, were strongly attached to his interests.

Many passages might be selected from a life so full of interest: perhaps as characteristic a one as any was the short success with which he contrived to trouble the middle of the reign of Edward IV. King Henry VI. was shut up in the Tower, and Warwick engaged, with the assistance of the king of France and of the Lancastrians, to replace him upon the throne.

His plans were formed in the summer of 1470. Edward received timely warning of the impending storm; but rendered over-confident by recent successes, he made no preparation to resist it. Indeed, with singular incaution, he suffered himself to be decoyed north of the Trent, under a false pretext, thus leaving the south entirely open to an inroad. The fleet of Warwick and Clarence crossed the Channel, and a landing was effected on the 13th September, without opposition, at Portsmouth and Dartmouth.

The men of Kent rose in arms, for Warwick's name had lost none of its old influence; and from every quarter people hastened to his standard with such eagerness, that he soon found himself at the head of 60,000 men.

As London and the southern counties seemed safe, Warwick proclaimed Henry, and set out to encounter Edward without delay. He turned his face towards Nottingham. It appeared certain that a great battle would be fought near that place. This, however, was rendered impossible by the rapid defection of Edward's adherents. The king

fled hastily to Lynn, in Norfolk, and embarked for Holland, while his queen, Elizabeth, took refuge in the sanctuary at Westminister.

Warwick was once more a king-maker. He and Clarence made their triumphal entry into London on the 6th of October. Warwick proceeded to the Tower, and brought forth King Henry, who had now been in durance vile for five long years. The royal procession which attended the poor king to Westminster must have presented a strange contrast to that by which he had been led into the Tower. Then Warwick had ridden beside him, and had led him round the pillory, crying, 'Treason! Treason! Behold the Traitor!' Now he proclaimed him lawful king, and conducted him with great pomp through the streets of the metropolis, with the crown upon his head, attended by his prelates, nobles, and great officers to St. Paul's, where solemn thanksgiving was offered up for his restoration.

Warwick fell at the battle of Barnet, in 1471, when, owing to the mistake of one part of his army falling upon the other during a fog, he was defeated by Edward the Fourth. In former battles, Warwick had always fought on horseback, that he might at once ride along the line and perceive the particulars of the action; but on this occasion he determined to fight on foot, that his soldiers might see that he was resolved to share with them the dangers of the day. It was this gallant resolution which was the great cause of his defeat; for could he have been personally present in those places where directions and assistance were wanted, the accident would, in all probability, not have happened. After having exerted himself as an officer and a hero in fruitless attempts to turn the tide of fortune in his favour, he rushed into the hottest part of the battle, and fell covered with wounds. His brother, Montacute, in endeavouring to save him, met with a similar fate.

THOMAS HOWARD EARL OF SURREY.

Thomas Howard Earl of Surrey, and third Duke of Norfolk, will long be remembered as the victor of Flodden, an event which has thus been described:—

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hills, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the range of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, wound between the armies.

On the morning of the 9th of September 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and turning eastward, crossed the Till with his van and artillery at Twisel Bridge, nigh where the river joins the Tweed, the

rear-guard column passing about a mile higher by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with natural obstacles. We know not if we are to impute James' forbearance to want of military skill or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie puts in his mouth, that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field, and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

When the English army, by their skilful counter-march, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight, and setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighbouring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. There the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, according to the old poem of 'Flodden Field'—

'The English lines stretched east and west,
And southward were their faces set;
The Scottish northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met.'

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the knight marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person, the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacres, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve.

When the smoke which the wind had driven between the two armies had somewhat dispersed, the English perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence. The Earls of Huntly and Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund Howard's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacres advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and

their leader is branded by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntly, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said by the English historians to have left the field after the first charge.

Meanwhile the admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed.

On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers.

The king and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scots, pursued his career of victory, and arrived at the right flank and in the rear of James' division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field.

The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field in disorder before dawn. They lost perhaps from eight to ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarcely a Scottish family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden, and there was no province in Scotland, for many long years, where the battle was mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note. There were slain of the Scots, the king, twelve earls, seventeen lords and earls' eldest sons, the Archbishop of St. Andrews and other three dignified clergymen, besides a great number of gentlemen.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

There are few brighter names in England's roll of honour than that of Sir Philip Sidney. We shall meet with him again as an author: here we would make chief and honourable mention of him in his warlike capacity. In 1586 he obtained the command of the cavalry in the auxiliary army which Leicester

led to the Netherlands against the Spaniards.

In the battle of Zutphen, fought in the cause of liberty against the tyrant Philip of Spain, he displayed the most undaunted and enterprising courage. He had two horses killed under him, and whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He had to walk about a mile and a half to the camp, and being faint with loss of blood, and parched with thirst, he called for a drink, which was instantly brought him; but as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked to it with wistful eyes. The gallant and generous hero took the bottle from his mouth without drinking, and delivering it to the soldier, said, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' Sixteen days afterwards, the virtuous Sidney breathed his last, in the thirty-second year of his age.

He was buried in old St. Paul's, deeply regretted by his countrymen of every rank. A general mourning was observed for him, an honour then without precedent in England.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The greatest general England produced before the Duke of Wellington was undoubtedly John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough. He was born in 1650; and we may as well mention here, in case we forget to do it elsewhere, that he died in 1722.

At the siege of Nimeguen, Marlborough, then a very young man, attracted the notice of the celebrated Turenne, who from that period spoke of him by the familiar title of 'the handsome Englishman,' and shortly afterwards put his spirit to the test. A lieutenant-colonel having scandalously abandoned, without resistance, a station which he was enjoined to defend to the last extremity, Turenne exclaimed, 'I will bet a supper and a dozen of claret that my handsome Englishman will recover the post with half the number of men that the officer commanded who has lost it.' The wager was instantly accepted, and the event justified the confidence of the general; for Captain Churchill, after a short but desperate resistance, expelled the enemy, and maintained the post.

His greatest battle was that of Blenheim, in which he defeated the French under Marshall Tallard, on the 13th of August 1704. By the French it is called the field of Hochstadt, and the Germans call it Plentheim. Voltaire, speaking of it, says, 'The conquerors had about 5000 killed and 8000 wounded, the greater part being on the side of Prince Eugene. The French army was almost entirely destroyed: of 60,000 men so long vic-

torious, there never assembled more than 12,000 effective. About 12,000 killed, 14,000 prisoners, all the cannon, a prodigious number of colours and standards, all the tents and equipages, the general of the army and 1200 officers of mark, in the power of the conqueror, signalized that day! The fugitives dispersed in all directions: more than a hundred leagues of country were lost in less than one month. The whole of Bavaria, falling under the yoke of the emperor, experienced all the rigour of the irritated Austrian government, and all the rapacity and barbarity of a victorious soldiery. The elector, flying for refuge to Brussels, met on the road his brother, the elector of Cologne, driven, like himself, out of his state. They embraced in a flood of tears. Astonishment and consternation seized the court of Versailles, so long accustomed to prosperity. The news of the defeat arrived there in the midst of the rejoicings for the birth of a great-grandson of Louis XIV. Nobody dared to inform the king of so cruel a truth. Madame de Maintenon was obliged to tell his Majesty *that he was no longer invincible.*' Thus at a single blow Marlborough destroyed the proud army of France, which was to have seized upon Vienna, destroyed the empire, and placed all Germany under the feet of Louis.

It appeared from every circumstance of the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough antecedent to the glorious battle of Blenheim, that he was resolved either to conquer or die on the field; and a short time before the action commenced, he devoted himself with great solemnity to the almighty Lord and Ruler of Hosts, in the presence of his chaplain, and received the sacrament. When the battle was concluded, his Grace observed that he believed he had prayed more that day than all the chaplains in the army.

Napoleon had the very highest opinion of Marlborough, whom he always spoke of as one of the first captains of any age or country. His career was indeed astonishing, and may well have excited the admiration of his immortal successor. He never besieged a town which he did not take, and he never fought a battle which he did not gain. He was never superior, and generally inferior, to his opponents. At the head of a mixed army of six nations, he communicated a united spirit to the whole mass, and rendered them invincible.

ROBERT CLIVE.

It was in a very different sphere from that of Marlborough that Robert Clive displayed his military genius. It is related of this successful general and able politician, that when a boy he was uncommonly active, but extremely unlucky. An exception

to his juvenile bad luck was long remembered at Drayton, where he went to school, and plagued the town's-people not a little with his playful extravagances. One day they were much alarmed at seeing young Clive climb up the spire of the turret, and seat himself with great composure astride the weathercock. After displaying a few antic tricks, to show his courage and dexterity, he came down with as much agility as he had ascended, and without encountering the slightest accident.

All who beheld the boy were filled with wonder at his perilous daring, though it does not appear to have occurred to anybody as being what it certainly was—a strong omen of his aspiring genius and future rise in life. He was regarded, indeed, as a very arch youth, but of too unsteady a temperament to promise success in any course of life which should depend on his own perseverance. It was this consideration probably that induced his father to get him recommended, on his leaving school, to the directors of the East India Company, in whose service he went in the capacity of a writer to India. It appears that there also he was considered as a person but indifferently qualified to get forward by his own abilities. How much he subsequently belied all these anticipations every one knows.

The battle of Plassey, Clive's greatest victory, may be said to have decided that the English should be masters of India. It was fought on the 5th of February 1757. The engagement has been described by the graphic pen of Lord Macaulay, and to it we are indebted for the following lively description:—

Surajah Dowlah, Clive's opponent, assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob and carry over his division to Clive. But as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overcame his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar: the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off from Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagement, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return.

On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit during a few hours

shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up, when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed; and at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango-trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep: he heard through the whole night the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odds and for what a prize he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke,—the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise, the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings of the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay.

Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows, and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns under the direction of a few French auxiliaries were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were 15,000, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic.

The force which Clive had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only 3000 men. But of these nearly a thousand were English, and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English dis-

cipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the thirty-ninth regiment, which still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis.*

The battle commenced with a cannonade, in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Discord began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors had suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and the order decided his fate.

Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiery were ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives.

In an hour, the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to re-assemble. Only 500 of the vanquished were slain; but their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near 60,000 men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

'Clive,' says Lord Macaulay, 'committed many faults. But his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his temptations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honourable place in the estimation of posterity.

'From his first visit to India dates the renown of the English arms in the East. Till he appeared, his countrymen were despised as mere pedlars, while the French were revered as a people formed for victory and command. His courage and capacity dissolved the charm. With the defence of Arcot commences that long series of Oriental triumphs which closes with the fall of Ghizni.

'Nor must we forget that he was only twenty-five years old when he approved himself ripe for military command. This is a rare if not a singular distinction. It is true that Alexander, Condé, and Charles the Twelfth won great battles at a still earlier age; but those princes were surrounded by veteran generals of distinguished skill, to whose suggestions must be attributed the victories of Granicus, of

Rocroi, and of Narva. Clive, an inexperienced youth, had yet more experience than any of those who served under him. He had to form himself, to form his officers, and to form his army. The only man, as far as we recollect, who at an equally early age gave equal proof of talents for war, was Napoleon Bonaparte.'

GENERAL JAMES WOLFE.

General James Wolfe was born at Westerham, in Kent, in the year 1726. His father was a general, and young Wolfe entered the army at a very early age.

The fame which General Wolfe acquired at the siege of Louisburg, the surrender of which was principally owing to his bravery and skill, pointed him out to Mr. Pitt as the most proper to command the army destined to attack Quebec, although he was not more than thirty-three years of age.

Quebec was the capital of the French dominions in North America. It was well fortified, situated in the midst of a country hostile to the English, and defended by an army of 20,000 men, regulars and militia, besides a considerable number of Indians.

The troops intended for this expedition consisted of ten battalions, making together about seven thousand men. Such was the force sent to oppose three times their own number, defended by fortifications, in a country altogether unknown, and in a season of the year very unfavourable for military operations. But this little army was always sanguine of success; for it was commanded by General Wolfe, who had attached the troops so much to his person, and inspired them with such resolution and steadiness in the execution of their duty, that nothing seemed too difficult to accomplish.

On the 13th of September 1759, the grand attack on Quebec was made. General Wolfe landed his army on the northern shore of the river St. Lawrence. The difficulty of ascending the hill was so great, that the soldiers, not being able to go two abreast, were obliged to pull themselves up by the stumps and boughs of trees that covered the declivity.

The French commenced the battle with a brisk fire of musketry. Wolfe ordered his men to reserve their fire till they were within forty yards of the enemy. They then attacked with great fury, and the French gave way.

In the commencement of the battle, General Wolfe was wounded in the wrist by a musket-ball: he wrapped his handkerchief round it, and continued to give his orders with his usual calmness and perspicuity. Towards the end of the engagement he received another wound in the breast, which obliged him to retire behind

the rear rank. Here he laid himself down on the ground. Soon after, a shout was heard, and one of the officers near him exclaimed, 'See how they run!'

The dying hero asked with some emotion, 'Who run?'

'The enemy,' replied the officer; 'they give way everywhere.'

The general then said, 'Pray, do one of you run to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment with all speed down to Charles River, to cut off the retreat of the fugitives from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I shall die happy.'

He then turned on his side, and immediately expired.

It is a circumstance not generally known, but believed by the army which served under General Wolfe, that his death-wound was not received by the common chance of war, but given by a deserter from his own regiment. The cause of this treacherous act is said to have been as follows:—The general perceived one of the sergeants of his regiment strike a man under arms (an act against which he had given particular orders), and knowing the man to be a good soldier, reprimanded the aggressor with some warmth, and threatened to reduce him to the ranks. This so far incensed the sergeant, that he took the first opportunity of deserting to the enemy, where he premeditated the means of destroying the general, which he effected by being placed in the enemy's left wing, which was directly opposed to the right of the British line, where Wolfe commanded in person, and where he was marked out by the miscreant, who was provided with a rifle piece, and unfortunately effected his diabolical purpose.

After the defeat of the French army, the deserters were all removed to Crown Point, which being afterwards suddenly invested and taken by the British army, the whole of the garrison fell into the hands of the captors. The sergeant was hanged for desertion; but before the execution of his sentence, he confessed the facts above recited.

Another account of Wolfe's death is slightly different from that given above. It states that when he received his death-wound, his principal care was that he should not be seen to fall. 'Support me,' said he to such as were near him; 'let not my brave soldiers see me drop. The day is ours; oh, keep it!' and with these words he expired.

A curious story is told of the circumstances attending Wolfe's appointment to the command of the expedition against Quebec.

On the day before his embarkation, Pitt, desirous of giving his last verbal instructions, invited him to dinner at Hayes. The only other guest was Lord Temple. As the evening advanced, Wolfe, heated perhaps by his own aspiring thoughts and the unwonted society of statesmen, broke forth in a strain of gasconade and bravado. He drew his sword, and rapped the

table with it; he flourished it round the room, and he talked of the mighty things which that sword was to achieve. The two ministers sat aghast at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and spirit; and when at last Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt seemed for the moment shaken in the right opinion which his deliberate judgment had formed of the young officer. He lifted up his eyes and arms, and exclaimed to Lord Temple: 'Good God! that I should have entrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands!' It seems that Wolfe had partaken most sparingly of wine, so his conduct could not have been the effect of any excess. The incident affords a striking proof how much a fault of manner may obscure and disparage high excellence of mind. It confirms Wolfe's own avowal, that he was not seen to advantage in the common occurrences of life, and shows how shyness may, at intervals, rush as it were for refuge into the opposite extreme. And it should also lead us to view such defects of manner with indulgence, as proving that they may co-exist with the highest ability and the purest virtue.

A pleasanter story to tell is the following:—The father of a friend of Samuel Lover, a Mr. Robinson, was engaged at the storming of Quebec, and the night before the memorable action, was in command of a ship's boat immediately following that of the general, whom he listened to reciting a poem with a peculiar force of utterance. On his desiring his sailors to pull nearer, he discovered the verses to be Gray's *Elegy*, and on the general concluding it, heard him observe, 'I would rather be known to posterity as the author of those lines, than possess the honour, great as it would be, of beating the French to-morrow.'

GENERAL ELLIOT.

General Elliot's great exploit was the defence of Gibraltar against the forces of Spain in 1781-2. Rightly to understand this notable deed, we must be permitted to retrace our steps well-nigh a century, and see how the fortress came into our hands.

The very name of Gibraltar revives in the bosom of every Briton the spark of military ardour. It is justly considered as the brightest jewel of the British crown, which no boon, however splendid and valuable, could induce the nation ingloriously to barter. The importance of this fortress, which is considered by Europe as the key to the Mediterranean, does not seem to have been duly estimated by the Spaniards until they lost it: not even by the English, who became masters of it more through accident than design. Sir George Rooke had, in the year 1704, been sent into the Mediterranean with a strong

fleet, to assist Charles, Archduke of Austria, but was so limited by instructions as to be unable to effect any enterprise of importance. Unwilling to return to England with a powerful squadron without having achieved something, he called a council of war, and it was determined to attack Gibraltar.

On the 21st of July 1704 the fleet reached the bay, and 1800 men, English and Dutch, commanded by the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, were immediately landed on the isthmus. On the 23d, the ships commenced a brisk cannonade on the new mole, which in five or six hours drove the enemy from their guns in every quarter, but more completely from the new mole head. Captain Whitaker, with the armed boats, was ordered to possess himself of that post; but Captains Hicks and Jumper, who lay with their ships nearest the mole, eager to share in every part of the glory, pushed ashore in their barges before the other ships could come up. On their landing, the Spaniards sprung a mine upon them, which blew up the fortifications, killed two lieutenants and forty men, and wounded sixty. The assailants, however, kept possession of the work, and being joined by Captain Whitaker, boldly advanced, and took a small bastion halfway betwixt the mole and the town. The Marquis de Salines, who was governor, being again summoned, thought proper to surrender, and the British colours for the first time waved over the rock of Gibraltar.

No sooner were the Spaniards acquainted with the loss of this important fortress, than they made every effort to regain it. Foiled in several attempts, they formed the extravagant and desperate scheme of surprising the garrison, although a British admiral was then before the town. On the 31st of October, 500 volunteers took an oath never to return till they had planted the Spanish flag on the battlements of Gibraltar. This forlorn hope was conducted by a goatherd to the south side of the rock, near the Cave guard. They mounted the rock, and during the first night lodged themselves unperceived in St. Michael's cave. On the succeeding night they scaled Charles the Fifth's wall, and surprised and massacred the guard at Middle Hill. By the assistance of ropes and ladders, they got up several hundreds of the party appointed to support them; but being by this operation discovered, a strong detachment of grenadiers marched up from the town, and attacked them with such spirit, that 160 of them were killed or forced over the precipice, and a colonel and thirty officers, with the remainder, taken prisoners.

Since that period, several attacks have been made on Gibraltar with no better success; but the greatest of all was the memorable siege already alluded

to of 1781-2, when France and Spain brought before it the most tremendous force ever employed in any modern siege. General Elliot, whose name has been immortalized and identified with the event, was at this time governor of Gibraltar, with a garrison of nearly 6000 men. The Spanish army, consisting of 14,000, was encamped within a mile and a half of the gates, and had constructed the most extensive works. These General Elliot determined if possible to destroy; and accordingly, on the night of the 27th of November, a sortie was made from the garrison; the enemy were surprised, and their works set on fire and blown up. All this was effected in less than two hours, and with the loss of one man only, who, being the first to mount a battery, encountered the Spanish captain of artillery, whom he wounded; but being wounded also, he could not be got off before the flames had reached him. The works thus destroyed had cost the Spaniards the enormous sum of thirteen millions of large piastres, equal to three millions sterling.

The Spanish monarch, mortified at the disgrace brought on his arms, and the great loss that he had sustained by this sortie, publicly declared his determination to have Gibraltar at all events, cost what it would. It was now determined to make the grand attack by sea and land which had been so long projected; and the command of this mighty enterprise was given to the Duke de Crillon. From the arrival of this commander, the most active preparations were made in constructing batteries, which, however, were frequently destroyed by the garrison. The whole force of the allied crowns seemed to have been concentrated in this spot; and such a naval and military spectacle is scarcely to be equalled in the annals of war. Their naval force consisted of forty-four large ships of the line, three inferior two-deckers, ten battering ships, five bomb-ketches, a great number of gun and mortar boats, a large floating battery, many armed vessels, and nearly 300 boats. The land batteries were furnished with 246 pieces of cannon, mortars, and howitzers; and the combined army now amounted to 40,000.

On the 13th of September the grand attack was made by sea, and met by the garrison by a brisk fire of red-hot balls. After a few hours, the admiral's ship was observed to smoke, and eight more of the ships took fire in succession. Several of the battering ships exploded in the course of the following day: the remaining eight ships also blew up with terrible explosions. Brigadier Curtis, with his squadron of gunboats, exerted himself most gallantly in the cause of humanity, and saved upwards of 300 persons from the ships which were on fire, who must otherwise inevitably have

perished. Lord Howe afterwards arrived with a fleet, and reinforced the garrison. The Spaniards, after the failure of their grand attack, kept up a petty warfare until February 1782, when the news of preliminaries of a general peace having been signed at Paris terminated hostilities.

A few particulars of the siege are worth giving:—

By the heavy bombardment, the town was almost totally laid in ruins, and the greater part of the effects belonging to the inhabitants were destroyed; but the loss of life was much less than could have been expected; and many instances are related of very extraordinary escapes from the destructive power of the bombshells, which it seems difficult to account for. A corporal had the muzzle of his firelock closed, and the barrel twisted like a French horn, by a shell, without any injury to his person. A shell happened to fall into a tent where two soldiers were asleep, without waking them by its fall; a sergeant in an adjacent tent heard it, and ran nearly forty yards to a place of safety, when he recollected the situation of his comrades. Thinking the shell had fallen blind, he returned and awakened them; both immediately rose, but continued by the place debating on the narrow escape they had had, when the shell exploded, and forced them with great violence against a garden wall.

On New Year's day 1782, an officer of artillery observed a shell falling towards the place where he stood, and got behind a traverse for protection. This he had scarcely done, when the shell fell into the traverse, and instantly entangled him in the rubbish. One of the guard, named Martin, observing his distress, generously risked his own life in defence of his officer, and ran to extricate him: finding his own efforts ineffectual, he called for assistance, when another of the guard joining him, they relieved the officer from his situation, and almost the same instant the shell burst, and the traverse was levelled to the ground. Martin was afterwards promoted and rewarded by the governor, who told him at the same time that he should equally have noticed him for attending to a comrade. A shell happening to fall into the room where Ensign Mackenzie, of the 73d regiment, was sitting, carried away part of his chair, and fell into the room below, where it burst, lifting him and the chair into the air from the floor without further injury.

Two boys belonging to the Artificers' Company were endowed with such wonderful strength of vision, that they could see the shot of the enemy in the air almost as soon as it came from the mouth of the gun, and were therefore constantly placed upon some part of the works, to give notice to the soldiers of the approaching danger.

During the time of the hottest

fire, however, the men were so habituated to the fall of shells and shot around them, that they contracted an insensibility of danger, and almost required to be cautioned by their officers to avoid the explosion of a shell when lying with the fuse burning at their feet. In consequence of this inattention, they frequently neglected the advice of the boys; and their neglect was productive of fatal effects. An instance of this happened in the Princess Amelia's battery, where a shot thus disregarded came through one of the capped embrasures, carried off one of the legs from each of three soldiers, and wounded a fourth in both. In other cases, in which the persons themselves have observed the shot or shells coming towards them, they have been fascinated by its appearance, and unable to move from the spot, as small birds are said to be by the rattlesnake. 'This sudden arrest of the faculties,' says Captain Drinkwater, the able historian of this memorable siege, 'was nothing uncommon; several instances occurred to my own observation, where men totally free have had their senses so engaged by a shell in its descent, that though sensible of their danger, even so far as to cry for assistance, they had been immovably fixed to the place. But what is more remarkable, these men have so instantaneously recovered themselves on its fall to the ground, as to remove to a place of safety before the shell burst.' In this manner Lieutenant Lome of the 12th regiment was fascinated by a shot which he saw coming, but had not the power to remove from the place before it fell upon him and took off his leg.

During this siege, provisions became very dear, partly owing to the avarice of some of the inhabitants, who hoarded up and concealed a quantity of articles in order to procure an advanced price. This so enraged some of the soldiers, that they broke into several of the houses, and committed all sorts of dissipation, waste, and extravagance, even going so far as to roast a pig by a fire made of cinnamon.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

A hero's greatest triumph sometimes may be his own glorious death; and such was the case with Sir John Moore. This estimable warrior had been sent to Spain, to co-operate with the patriots there and in Portugal against the French invaders of the Peninsula. He found that the whole of the vast opposing force was gathering round him, to overwhelm the small band under his leadership.

A rapid retreat to the northern coast of Spain was the only chance of saving the English troops from destruction or surrender. This retreat was effected in the midst of the severe winter of 1808–9, through the rugged country of Galicia; and it is

carrying some hundreds of bags filled with hay, which they threw into the ditch to lessen its depth. Major-General M'Kinnon's first descended opposite the great breach, at which moment hundreds of shells and various combustibles, which had been arranged along the foot of the rubbish, prematurely exploded, and exhausted themselves before the troops arrived within the sphere of their action. The men gallantly ascended the breach against an equally gallant resistance; and it was not until after a sharp struggle that the bayonets of the assailants prevailed, and gained them a footing on the summit of the rampart. There, behind an interior retrenchment, the garrison redoubled their defensive efforts; but nothing could long resist the ardour of the attacking columns, and the French gave way at the very moment that the lesser breach was forced; then, being attacked on both flanks, they took refuge in the town, where they were pursued from house to house, till all the survivors were made prisoners.

On the return of Napoleon from Elba in March 1815, the Duke of Wellington was appointed to the command of the united army of British, Hanoverians, and Belgians, 70,000 strong, formed in the Netherlands, to resist the anticipated attacks of the French emperor. At Waterloo the two forces met.

When, after the victory of Aumale, in which Henry the Fourth of France was wounded, he called his generals round his bed to learn what had occurred subsequently to his leaving the field, no two could agree as to the course of the very events in which they had been actors; and the king, struck with the difficulty of ascertaining facts so evident and recent, exclaimed, 'Voilà ce que c'est l'histoire!' Another striking instance of the same kind was afforded by the memorable battle of Waterloo. If there is any fact on which one might expect the unanimity of witnesses, it would be the precise hour in which the action commenced. It must have been notorious to every man in both armies, and there could exist no motive on either side for misrepresentation; besides, at Waterloo, where the whole of each army was visible, there could be no possibility, one should have thought, of mistake; and yet nothing can be more various and discordant than the statements on this point with regard to the battle of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington and Blucher say that the battle commenced about ten; General Alava, who never quitted the Duke's side during the early part of the action, says half-past eleven. Drouet and Bonaparte concur in stating twelve, and Ney dates the commencement at one. The difference must be between preliminary skirmishing and the serious attack; and at such times, men are more likely

to speak at random than from observation.

During the action, the Duke of Wellington was everywhere: always where the struggle was most arduous, in the hottest fire, and front of the danger; he was seen, as Waller says of Lord Falkland—

> 'Exposing his all-knowing breast
> Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest.'

Never were his exertions more needful: sometimes he was rallying broken infantry, sometimes placing himself at the head of formed squares. No man, indeed, ever had more confidence in his troops, or did more justice to them. 'When other generals,' he said, 'commit an error, their army is lost by it, and they are sure to be beaten: when I get into a scrape, my army gets me out of it.' The men on their part amply returned the confidence which they so well deserved. 'Bless thy eyes!' said a soldier in Spain, when Lord Wellington passed by him for the first time after he had returned from Cadiz to the army, —'Bless thy eyes! I had rather see thee come back than see 10,000 men come to help us.' On the day of Waterloo, both men and leaders were put to the proof: none of their former fields of glory, many as they had seen together, had been so stubbornly contested or so dearly won.

The great object of Bonaparte, his only hope, his sure means of success, was to overpower the English before the Prussians could arrive in any force: he therefore made a perpetual repetition of attacks with horse and foot, supported by the whole of his artillery. It was one of those great efforts by which he had more than once before decided the fate of a campaign. Under cover of as tremendous a cannonade as ever was witnessed upon a field of battle, he formed his cavalry into masses, brought up the whole of the *élite* of his guards with his reserves, and made an attack on the British centre, which, if it had been possible to quell the spirit of a British army, would have proved successful. Our cavalry was driven to the rear of our infantry; our advanced artillery was taken. Every battalion was instantly in squares; and though the French cavalry repeatedly charged, not a square was broken. More than once did Wellington throw himself into one of these squares, and await the result of a charge, in full reliance on the steadiness of the men, and ready to stand or fall with them.

When the Prussians at last made their appearance, and were passing our left columns in their advance, they cheered them with that exultation which the determination and sure hope of conquering inspired, and all their bands played 'God save the King.' Wellington perceiving their movements, and seeing the confusion of the enemy, took that great and decisive

step which crowned his glory and saved Europe. He advanced with the greatest celerity the whole line of his infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery; he put himself at the head of the Foot Guards, and spoke a few words to them, which were answered by a general huzza; and then leading them on himself, the attack was made at all points, and in every point with the most perfect success. *Sauve pui peut* was now the cry in Bonaparte's army. A total rout could not be more fully acknowledged than it is by his own account:—'A complete panic,' he says, 'spread at once through the whole field of battle; the men threw themselves in the greatest disorder on the line of communication; soldiers, cannoniers, caissons, all pressed to this point; the Old Guard, which was in reserve, was infected, and was itself hurried along. In an instant the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers, of all arms, were mixed pell-mell, and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps.'

The line of the retreat, says General Gueisenau, resembled the sea-shore after some great shipwreck; it was covered with cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wreck of every kind. Those of the enemy who were foremost in flight, and did not expect to be so promptly pursued, attempted to repose for a time; presently the Prussians were upon them, and thus they were driven from more than nine bivouacs. In some villages they seemed to recover courage when beholding only their own numbers, and made a show of maintaining themselves; but when they heard the beating of the Prussian drums, or the sound of the Prussian trumpet, their panic returned, and they renewed their flight, or ran into the houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners. Eight hundred of their bodies were found lying where 'they had suffered themselves (it is a German who speaks) to be cut down like cattle.' General Duhême, who commanded the rear-guard, fell in this place. A black hussar of the Duke of Brunswick's corps sacrificed him to his master's memory. 'The duke fell yesterday,' said the Brunswicker, 'and thou shalt bite the dust;' and so saying, he cut him down.

So confident was Bonaparte of success, that messengers were actually despatched from the field to announce it. On the day of the battle, it was telegraphed to Boulogne that the emperor had gained a most complete victory over the united British and Prussian armies, commanded by Wellington and Blucher. A bulletin extraordinary was published at Lisle, stating that the emperor himself, setting the example in the war, had fired the first carbine, and had a horse killed under him; that his astonishing victories of the 15th, 16th, and 17th June

were exceeded by that of the 18th, in which he had taken 30,000 prisoners. One account announced his entrance into Brussels; and another said that the cannons were roaring from the ramparts of the French fortresses to celebrate that event. Bonaparte had indeed invited Marshal Ney to sup with him that night at Brussels; and at six in the evening, he is said to have remarked to him that they should yet arrive there in good time to keep their engagement. His proclamations to the Belgians upon his victory were printed, and dated from the Palace of Laeken. He had, in short, prepared everything for victory, nothing for defeat.

It has been justly remarked, that the feeling which this battle produced in England will never be forgotten. Accustomed as we were at that time to victory, upon the land as well as upon the seas, since the star of Wellington had risen; confident as we were in our general and our army; even they who were most assured of success, and of speedy success, dreamt not of success so signal, so sudden, so decisive. The glory of all former fields seemed to fade before that of Waterloo. At Cressy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, the ease with which victory had been obtained appeared to detract from the merit of the conquerors: there the multitude of the enemy had been delivered into our hands by their own insolence and presumption. Blenheim had been less stubborn in its conflict, less momentous in its consequences; and all the previous actions of the great commander, from Vimeira or from Eastern Assaye to Toulouse, now seemed mere preludes to this last and greatest of his triumphs. Heavy as was the weight of private sorrow which it brought with it, severe as was the public loss in the fall of Picton and Ponsonby, and of so many others, the flower of the British youth, the pride and promise of the British army, still the nation was spared that grief which, on a former occasion, had abated the joy of the multitude, and made thoughtful spirits almost regret the victory of Trafalgar. The duke's aides-de-camp, men endeared to him by their long services in the career of glory, and by their personal devotion to him, fell killed or wounded, one after another. Of those who accompanied him during this 'agony of his fame,' his old friend the Spanish general Alava was the only one who was untouched, either in his person or his horse.

During the scene of tumult and carnage which the battle of Waterloo presented at every moment and in every place, the Duke of Wellington exposed his person with a freedom which made all around him tremble for that life on which it was obvious that the fate of the battle depended. There was

scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence, and the officers by his directions.

At a moment when the duke was very far advanced, observing the enemy's movements, one of his aides-de-camp ventured to hint that he was exposing himself too much. The duke answered with noble simplicity, 'I know I am; but I must die, or see what they are doing.'

While he stood in the centre of the high road in front of Mont St. Jean, several guns were levelled against him, distinguished as he was by his suite, and the movements of the officers who were passing to and fro with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree near him, when he observed, 'That's good practice; I think they fire better than in Spain.'

Riding up to the 95th, when in front of the line, and even there expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, 'Stand fast, 95th: we must not be beat. What will they say in England?' On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest men had fallen, and the event of the action seemed doubtful even to those who remained, he said, with the coolness of a spectator, 'Never mind; we'll win the battle yet.' To another regiment, then closely engaged, he used a common sporting expression, 'Hard pounding this, gentleman: let's see who will pound longest.'

One general officer found himself under the necessity of stating to the duke that his brigade was reduced to one-third of its number, and that those who remained were so exhausted with fatigue, that a temporary relief of however short duration seemed a measure of necessity.

'Tell him,' said the duke, 'what he proposes is impossible. He, I, and every Englishman in the field must die on the spot we now occupy.'

'It is enough,' returned the general; 'I and every man under my command are determined to share the common fate.'

Wellington's feelings after the battle he thus described in a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, to whom he had the painful task of communicating a brother's death:—

'I cannot,' said he, 'express to you the regret and sorrow with which I contemplate the losses the country and the service have sustained; none more severe than that of General Sir William Gordon. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot imagine that it is any to you. But I trust the result has been so decisive, that little doubt will remain that our exertions will be rewarded by the attainment of our first object. Then it is that the glory of the actions in which our friends have fallen may be some consolation.'

Wellington spoke from his

heart. The victory had been too severely purchased to bring with it any of that exhilaration with which victory is usually accompanied. The friends with whom he had so often rejoiced after victory had fallen by his side; and during the greatest part of the ensuing day he was in tears.

A few anecdotes of this famous victory are here set down, in memory of the brave heroes who assisted their illustrious general to win the day:—

Amid the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Even officers of rank and distinction, whom the usual habits of modern war render rather the directors than the actual agents of slaughter, were in this desperate action seen fighting hand to hand like common soldiers. 'You are uncommonly savage to-day,' said an officer to his friend, a young man of rank, who was arming himself with a third sabre, after two had been broken in his grasp. 'What would you have me do?' answered the other, by nature one of the most gentle and humane of men. 'We are here to kill the French; and he is the best man to-day who can kill most of them,' and he again threw himself into the midst of the combat.

Sir John Ely requested permission to lead the charge of the heavy brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and the Scots Greys. The effect was tremendous. Sir John was at one time surrounded by several of the cuirassiers; but being a tall and uncommonly powerful man, completely master of his horse and sword, he cut his way out, leaving several of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds which indicated the strength of the arm which inflicted them.

A corporal in the Horse Guards, of the name of Shaw, who had distinguished himself as a pugilist, was fighting seven or eight hours, dealing destruction on all around him. At one time he was attacked by six of the French Imperial Guard, four of whom he killed, but was at last slain himself by the remaining two.

In the afternoon of this dreadful day, the 92d regiment, which was reduced to about two hundred men, charged a column of the enemy which came down on them of from two to three thousand strong. They penetrated into the centre of the column with the bayonet, and the instant they pierced it, the Scots Greys dashed forward to their support, when they cheered each other, and cried, 'Scotland for ever!' Every man of the enemy was either killed or taken prisoner, after which the Scots Greys charged through the enemy's second line, and took their eagles.

A division of the enemy having been repulsed with the

loss of their eagles, Lieutenant Deares of the 28th, hurried away by his enthusiasm, accompanied the cavalry in the pursuit on foot, attacking, sword in hand, every Frenchman that came in his way. He had already cut down two and wounded three others, when, being overpowered by a body of infantry and taken prisoner, he was stripped of all his clothes except his shirt and trousers, in which state he joined his regiment during the night.

Amidst the fury of the conflict, some traces occurred of military indifference which deserve to be recorded. The Life Guards coming up in the rear of the 95th, which distinguished regiment acted as sharpshooters in front of the line, sustaining and repelling a most formidable onset of the French, called out to them, as if it had been on parade in the park, 'Bravo, 95th! do you *lather* them, and we'll *shave* them.'

A Life Guardsman, who from being bald was known among his comrades by the appellation of the 'Marquis of Granby,' had his horse shot under him, and lost his helmet; but he immediately rose, and though on foot, attacked a cuirassier, whom he killed, mounted his horse, and rode forward, his comrades cheering him, 'Well done, Marquis of Granby!'

While Colonel Ponsonby lay bleeding from seven severe wounds, a private soldier of the 40th regiment came up to him late in the evening, whom he entreated to remain with him till the morning. The man begged leave to look for a sword, adding, 'And then, your honour, I'll engage the devil himself won't come near you.' He soon picked up a French sabre, and then sat quietly down by the colonel until daylight, when he had him conveyed to a place of comfort and security.

Among the officers immediately attendant on the Duke of Wellington was the late Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine, youngest son of Lord Erskine. He had his left arm carried off by a cannon-ball, and lost two fingers of his right hand. When the cannon-shot had thrown him from his horse, and as he lay bleeding upon the ground in this mangled condition, the Prussian musketry and trumpets being heard at a distance, he seized his hat with his remaining shattered arm, and waving it around him, cheered his companions in the midst of the dying and the dead.

MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA.

Next to the Duke of Wellington, the success of the battle of Waterloo was perhaps more indebted to the 'first cavalry officer in the world,' as the gallant Marquis of Anglesea was called, than to any other of the numerous warriors who so gloriously distinguished themselves on that eventful day. 'He displayed,' says an eye-witness of his lordship's conduct

in the field on this occasion, 'consummate valour in the sight of his admiring men. As it was the greatest object at the moment to kindle the spirit of our troops, what could more effectually do this than the display of gallantry and dash of their superior? This was the more important, as it is also a certain fact, that not having as yet made an essay on the cuirassiers, they entertained the idea that all attack upon them was ineffectual.'

Twice had the marquis, then Earl of Uxbridge, led the Guards to the charge, cheering them with the rallying cry of 'Now for the honour of the household troops,' when three heavy masses of the enemy's infantry advanced, supported by artillery and a numerous body of cuirassiers. This formidable body drove in the Belgians, leaving the Highland Brigade to receive the shock. At this critical moment the Earl of Uxbridge galloped up to the second heavy brigade (Ponsonby's), when the three regiments were wheeled up in the most masterly style, presenting a beautiful front of about thirteen hundred men. As his lordship rode down the line, he was received by a general shout and cheer from the brigade. Then placing himself at their head, he made the most rapid and destructive charge ever witnessed. The division they attacked consisted of upwards of 9000 men, under Count d'Erlon. Of these, 3000 were made prisoners, and the rest killed, with the exception of about 1000 men, who formed themselves under cover of the cuirassiers.

His lordship afterwards led the 'household troops' in several brilliant attacks, cutting in pieces whole battalions of the Old Guard, into whose masses they penetrated, when, after having successfully got through this arduous day, he received a wound in the knee by almost the last shot that was fired. The wound was such, that it was found necessary to amputate the leg.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

The most important epoch in Sir Charles James Napier's life began in 1842, when, at the age of sixty, he was appointed as major-general to the command of the Indian army within the Bombay Presidency. This resulted in the conquest of Scinde against terrible odds. His destruction of a fortification called Emaum Ghur in 1843 was characterized by the Duke of Wellington as one of the most remarkable military feats he had ever heard of. The fearful battle of Meanee followed, a conflict of which we shall give here a brief account :—

On the night of the 16th of February, Sir Charles Napier was in the neighbourhood of the enemy, and in the morning he meant to launch his little army against the opposing host. 'My troops,' he wrote just before

lying down to sleep, 'are in high spirits; so am I. Not to be anxious about attacking such immensely superior numbers is impossible; but it is a delightful anxiety.' The Duke of Wellington was accustomed to say that the stumbling of a horse in a charge of cavalry might lose a battle; and mindful of these chances, Sir Charles Napier wrote—'I am as sure of victory as a man who knows that victory is an accident can be.' When Scinde was subdued, he records, with retrospective modesty, that with long experience and some study he had made himself a third-rate general; but when he was grappling with present danger, instead of reviewing the deeds he had done, his sagacity told him that he was master of the situation; and his confidence was an unconscious tribute to his genius. Upon one thing he was thoroughly resolved — it should be 'Do or die.' 'Beaten, I could not show my face, unless the fault was with the troops.'

The native Scindians had been conquered about sixty years before by the Beloochees, a fierce and hardy race of Persian origin, with some admixture of Arab blood. These were the warriors who to the number of 35,000 were now drawn up at Meanee in battle array. Their centre was posted in the deep and dry bed of the Fullaillee River, its high bank sloping away to the plain in face of them, and affording them a protecting rampart. In advance of this front, and at right angles to it, were placed the wings, which rested upon dense woods. Thus the ranks of the enemy formed three sides of a parallelogram, the long side being their front, and their wings the ends. The nature of the ground rendered it impossible to turn either flank, and into this box Sir Charles Napier had to carry a force which, including officers, did not exceed 2000 men, of whom only 400 were Europeans. Before he entered into it, he made a masterly disposition to protect his baggage and his rear. The baggage of an Indian army he described as an 'awful affair.' He was thought to have done wonders in reducing his, by the extent of his personal influence, to smaller dimensions than ever known before; yet, in addition to troops, horses, and bullocks, his camels, amounting to 1500, extended, if marched in a single line, four miles and a quarter. The enemy, with their immensely superior numbers, could readily detach a force to make a prize of this confused defenceless mass. Wherefore Sir Charles Napier gathered his stores into a circle, caused the camels to kneel round it with their heads towards the centre, and stationed four hundred fighting men between their necks to keep the living redoubt. Placed at the back of his line, the baggage became at once its own security, and a rear-guard to the troops.

'He advanced to the battle,'

says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, 'and with that quickness of perception which is the prerogative of great commanders, he put one of the hostile wings out of action on his way. A wall nine or ten feet high ran in front of it, with only a single opening, and from this the enemy intended to pour out upon his flank and rear as he pushed forward to engage the centre. Riding under a heavy fire to reconnoitre, he remarked that the wall had no loopholes through which the enemy could shoot, nor a scaffolding behind it to enable them to fire over the top. In an instant he converted the rampart which was meant for their defence into their prison. He stationed eighty grenadiers in the narrow entrance. The brave fellows kept the doorway, and the whole left wing of the Beloochees, consisting of 6000 men, were placed *hors de combat*. Their right wing was held in check by another detachment of grenadiers, and the general proceeded with the remainder of his infantry to fight the battle in front.

'As his line drew near to the bank, his voice was heard high above the fire commanding them to charge. On went the 22d with the rapid run of eager courage; but when they arrived at the edge of the river-bed, they looked, paused, and staggered back. The rising ground which led up to the stream had hid the Beloochees from their sight, and now for the first time they caught a view of the countless masses extending as far as the eye could reach. Amazed at the spectacle, they instinctively recoiled; but the general cheering them on, they recovered their courage, and closed in deadly conflict with their foe. "Guarding their heads with their large black shields," says Sir William Napier, in that brilliant style which seems to have been inspired by battles, and is instinct with their fire, "the Beloochees shook their sharp swords, beaming in the sun; their shouts rolled like a peal of thunder, as with frantic gestures they rushed forwards, and full against the front of the 22d dashed with demoniac strength and ferocity. But with shouts as loud, and shrieks as fierce as theirs, and hearts as big and arms as strong, the soldiers met them with that queen of weapons—the musket, and sent their foremost masses rolling back in blood."'

It would be a long story were we to describe all the brilliant actions and the fearful slaughter of the day. At last the Beloochees began to quail, and the British observing a wavering in the hostile ranks, rushed forward with a shout, and with musketry and bayonet completed the discomfiture. The carnage was fearful. The volleys from our line and the discharges from our artillery told terribly upon such dense masses, and no quarter was given or received. Such butchery, indeed, the general, with all his Peninsular experience,

had never seen before. Our own loss in killed and wounded was 270; that of the Beloochees was computed to be 6000.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

'Scarcely had Sir Colin Campbell begun to rest after the excitement of the Crimean War,' says an eminent writer, 'when a still more important event summoned him into the field. This was the terrible Indian mutiny of 1857, by which the loss of our empire in the East was regarded as all but certain. The natives had risen in open rebellion; the Sepoys, whom we had trained to war, had risen against their instructors; and while General Anson, the commander of the British forces in the East, had sunk and died under difficulties too great for him to surmount, our Indian generals, with their armies reduced to companies, were everywhere making head against the universal tide, and attempting with scanty means to suppress, or at least to hold in check, the overwhelming masses of the insurgents.

'In this difficulty, all eyes at home were turned upon Sir Colin Campbell; it was felt that he and he alone was adequate for such a crisis; and the satisfaction was universal that hailed his appointment by our Government to be commander-in-chief of the British armies in India. He readily responded to the new call of duty, and in less than twenty-four hours after his appointment he had left London on his way to the East. Travelling by express, he was in time for the Indian mail at Marseilles, and arrived at Calcutta on the 29th August, only thirty-one days after he had left London; so that he was the first to bring the tidings of his own appointment.

'The great interest of the Indian war had now concentrated at Lucknow. The rebels had obtained possession of that most important city, whilst a mere handful of British soldiers, with a crowd of civilians, women, and children, had taken refuge within the Residency. This building was closely invested by the rebels, and would have been reduced by them but for the opportune arrival of General Havelock, who, after a series of victories almost without a parallel in Indian warfare, had broken through Lucknow and entered the Residency. This diversion, however, instead of raising the siege, was only sufficient to strengthen the all but overpowered garrison, and protract the resistance of the Residency, under the able generalship of Outram and Havelock. Meanwhile they were cheered by the news of Sir Colin's arrival in India, and the prospect of his coming to their relief.

'Sir Colin Campbell, however, could not set out on his critical enterprise before the arrival of reinforcements from England. It was not till the 12th of No-

vember that he started. His undertaking was one that demanded consummate judgment; for a single false step or disaster in the attempt would have fearfully imperilled the loss of our Indian army, and our hold on India. He began his march from Cawnpore, where he had concentrated his forces, and advanced upon the Alumbagh, an isolated building with grounds and enclosures about three miles from the Residency, to the south-east of Lucknow, which Havelock had captured and garrisoned in his approach to the city. He reached the Alumbagh in the evening, after a sharp attack of the rebels upon his vanguard, in which they were routed with the loss of their guns.

'Sir Colin Campbell now resolved on making a detour to the right, crossing the canal on the east side of Lucknow, and reaching the Residency by a deflection round the north-east corner of the city. His plan was the perfection of caution; and it was executed in all its parts with courage and daring. He commenced his route for the Residency on the 14th of November, and advanced upon Dilkoosha. Soon they met with a heavy fire and desperate resistance from the rebels; but they defeated them, and surmounted the first difficulty in their path. The next feat that had to be accomplished was the assailing and carrying of the Secunderbagh, a plantation, surrounded by a high wall of strong masonry, a hundred and twenty feet square, occupied by the rebels in strong force, and loopholed all round. This was done; and the desperate nature of the enemy's resistance may be gathered from the fact that more than 2000 of their slain were found within the walls. After the storming of the Secunderbagh, it was necessary to carry the Shah Nujjeef, a domed mosque, which the enemy had converted into a strong fortress. "The storming of the Secunderbagh and the Shah Nujjeef," says Campbell in his order of the day, "has never been surpassed in daring, and the success of it was most brilliant and complete."

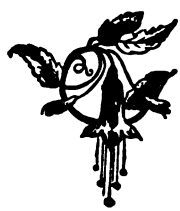
'No further obstacle interposed between the besieged garrison and their countrymen coming to their aid, except a mess-house of considerable size, defended by a ditch and a loopholed mud wall; and this was attacked and stormed on the following day, after an hour of desperate conflict. And now the communication between the victorious army and the Residency was so complete, that Outram and Havelock came out to welcome Sir Colin before the mess-house was carried. It was a proud moment to the latter when he saw the relief of the garrison accomplished, after so long a period of agonizing suspense and so many desperate conflicts.'

Let us conclude this chapter

with an ode written by the poet Collins in 1746 :—

'How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

'By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung!
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.'



CHAPTER III.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT ADMIRALS.

'I love the sailor—his eventful life—
His generous spirit—his contempt of danger.'—COTTON.

SIR ANDREW WOOD — SIR FRANCIS DRAKE — SIR WALTER RALEIGH — ADMIRAL BLAKE—SIR GEORGE ROOKE—ADMIRAL RODNEY—LORD HAWKE—EARL HOWE—ADMIRAL DUNCAN—LORD NELSON.

OUR first example of the warrior on land was a Scotchman—Sir William Wallace. The noble history of the northern division of our island also furnishes the first example of the naval hero. He was the famous

SIR ANDREW WOOD.

Sir Andrew Wood received a grant of Largo from James III. in 1483, which was confirmed by James IV. in 1488 and 1497. He was early celebrated for his courage and naval skill. When the council of James IV. wished to punish Wood, who had been strongly attached to the unfortunate prince James III., they applied to the shipmasters of Leith to seize him and his vessels. But they declined the hazardous service, informing the council that no ten ships of Scotland would dare to assault his two vessels, such was his strength in men and artillery, and such his maritime and military skill.

The barrenness of naval transactions in Scottish history renders the deeds of Wood not a little singular and interesting; for which reason, the minute relation of Lindsay will be followed here :—

'Five English vessels had entered the Forth and despoiled some mercantile ships belonging to Scotland and her allies. James IV. and his council, irritated by the indignity, eagerly desired vengeance, but could not prevail upon any masters of ships to proceed against the enemy,

till they applied to Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, whom they incited by large offers of men and artillery, of royal favours and rewards.

'Being furnished with an ample provision of men, cannon, and arms, Wood proceeded with his two ships, the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel*, against the English, who were also not deficient in artillery; and finding them opposite to Dunbar, an obstinate and sanguinary conflict ensued. Wood's extreme courage and naval skill at length procured him the victory. The five English vessels were taken and brought to Leith, and the commander presented to the king and council. The spirit and conduct of Wood were recompensed by honourable rewards, by the favour of James and the nobles, and also by the loud voice of public fame.

'Henry VII., concerned at the unusual disgrace of the English flag inflicted by a power unknown in the annals of the sea, offered a large yearly sum to any commander who should capture Wood. But the skill, valour, and fortune of the Scottish leader were now so celebrated, that fear repressed avarice. At length Stephen Bull, an English officer, engaged to seize Wood dead or alive, and was provided with three stout ships, completely equipped for war. Bull passing to the Forth, anchored behind the Isle of May, where he awaited the return of Wood, who had escorted some merchant vessels to Flanders, expecting that peace was established in England. The English captain seized some fishing boats, and retained the mariners, that by their information he might not mistake his object.

'On a summer morn, a little after dawn, one of the English shipmasters descried two vessels coming under sail by St. Abb's Head. The prisoners were ordered to the tops, that they might declare whether these vessels were Wood's or not; and upon their hesitation, freedom being offered in case this was the expected prey, they announced the Scottish admiral. Bull, with the exultation of English courage, ordered the preparations for battle; and after distributing wine, commanded all to their stations.

'Wood advanced, unconscious of foes, till he perceived the three ships under sail and attired for combat. He instantly prepared, and addressed his men in the plain and boisterous phrase of the sea: "There, my lads, are the foes who expect to convey us in bonds to the English king; but by your courage and the help of God they shall fail. Set yourselves in order, every man to his station; charge, gunners; let the cross-bows be ready; have the lime-pots and fire-balls to the tops; two-handed swords to the fore-rooms. Be stout, be diligent, for your own sakes, and for the honour of this realm." Wine was then dealt round, and the



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Great Triumphs, p. 71.

ships resounded with acclamations. The sun, now above the horizon, shone full upon the English vessels, and displayed their magnitude and force to the eyes of the Scots with a dazzling and enlarged appearance.

'Wood skilfully attained the windward of the foe, and engaged in a close combat, which continued undecided from morning till night, while crowds of spectators assembling on the coast of Fife, expressed by their gestures and voice their alternate hopes and fears. During the night, the combatants lay by to refresh and refit. At the dawn of day, the trumpets again summoned them to arms. The battle continued so obstinate, that the neglected vessels drove before an ebb-tide and south wind, till they were opposite the mouth of the river Tay. At length the valour and seamanship of Wood prevailed: the three English ships were captured and brought to Dundee, where the wounded were properly tended.

'Wood presented Bull to the Scottish monarch, and was rewarded as such eminent services merited. James gave a specimen of his future regal spirit, by bestowing gifts upon the English commander and his people, and sending them and their ships as a present to their sovereign, whom he at the same time informed that Scotland could also boast of warlike sons, both by sea and land; and therefore desired that the English king would no more insult the Scottish seas, else a different fate should await the intruders.'

The year of Admiral Wood's death is uncertain.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Drake, when a young midshipman, on the eve of an engagement, was observed to shake and tremble very much; and being asked the cause, he replied, 'My flesh trembles at the anticipation of the many and great dangers into which my resolute and undaunted heart will lead me.'

This great seaman, the greatest of the naval worthies of the reign of Elizabeth, was born in Devonshire in 1546. He early took to the sea, and whilst a lad, was apprenticed to the master of a coasting bark, which sometimes made voyages to Holland and France.

At a later period he joined Sir John Hawkins in an adventure to the Spanish main, which proved calamitous at the time, but which must have done much in qualifying Drake for his subsequent achievements. The little squadron which Hawkins and Drake commanded was treacherously attacked by a Spanish fleet in the port of St. Juan de Ulloa, and four out of the six English ships were destroyed. Drake returned to England with the loss of all his property, but with the gain of

valuable experience, and with an increase of that keen antipathy to the Spaniards which marked him through life.

In 1572, Drake succeeded in fitting out three small vessels, and sailed to the Spanish main on a voyage of reprisal. He took and plundered the town of Nombre de Dios, captured about a hundred little vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, and made an expedition inland, where, ascending a mountain in Darien, he caught sight of the Pacific, and became inflamed with a desire to sail into that sea and plunder the Spanish settlements there.[1]

In March 1573 he captured a convoy of mules laden with gold and silver, and in October reached England with his booty.

In 1585, Drake attacked and burnt the collected shipping in Cadiz harbour, and thereby delayed for a year the sailing of the Spanish Armada against England; and when, in 1588, Spain sent her huge fleet against our shores, Sir Francis Drake was the noblest and the sagest among that bright band of naval heroes who baffled and beat the haughty Spaniards, and who forced the shattered remnants of their so-called Invincible Armada to flee in disaster and disgrace round the North of Britain and Ireland back to the harbours of the Peninsula, which they had quitted in such confidence of vindictive success.

Admiral Drake died on board his own ship off Porto Bello, on the 28th of January 1596.

'Sir Francis Drake,' says an old writer, 'lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it.' As his epitaph puts it—

'Where Drake first found, there last he lost his name;
And for a tomb left nothing but his fame.
His body's buried under some great wave;
The sea, that was his glory, is his grave:
Of whom an epitaph none can truly make;
For who can say—*Here lies Sir Francis Drake?*'

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Fuller, in his *Worthies*, gives the following account of Sir Walter Raleigh's first rise in life:—

'This Captain Raleigh,' he says, 'coming out of Ireland into the English court in good habit (his clothes being then a considerable part of his estate), found the Queen walking, till, meeting with a dirty place, she seemed to scruple going over it. Presently Raleigh cast and spread his new plush coat on the ground, whereupon the Queen trod gently, rewarding him afterwards with many suits for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth.

'An advantageous admittance into the first notice of a prince

[1] For Drake's circumnavigation of the globe, 1577-1580, see our chapter on the Great Triumphs of Great Travellers and Explorers.

is more than half a degree of preferment. When Sir Walter found some hopes of the Queen's favour reflecting on him, he wrote on a glass window obvious to the Queen's eye—

'"Fain would I climb, but fear I to fall."

'Her Majesty, either espying or being showed it, did underwrite—

'"If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all."

'How great a person in that court this knight did afterwards prove to be is scarcely unknown to any.'

'Sir Walter Raleigh—the soldier,' says Macaulay, 'the sailor, the scholar, the courtier, the orator, the poet, the historian, the philosopher, whom we picture to ourselves sometimes reviewing the Queen's guard, sometimes giving chase to a Spanish galleon, then answering the chiefs of the country party in the House of Commons, then again murmuring one of his sweet love songs too near the ears of her Highness' maids of honour, and soon after poring over the *Talmud* or collating Polybius with Livy.'

Let us venture on a description of his person. His eyes were large and intelligent; his nose somewhat long, yet not out of proportion; his lips delicately curved, with a fair moustache on the upper lip, and a beard of moderate growth, handsomely rounded under the chin beneath. His complexion was somewhat browned, as if by exposure to foreign climates or hard service in the wars. His stature was six feet full, with limbs elegantly yet strongly moulded.

He was one of the most trusty and most trustworthy of the naval heroes of England who defended her in 1588 against the Spanish Armada; but space fails us to enlarge here on his exploits in connection with that great triumph.

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

The life of a British sailor may be said to be a life of enterprise. This character, however, belongs more particularly to some of our admirals, by whose noble daring the most gallant exploits have been achieved, and the naval glory of Britain exalted to the highest pitch. Among those who, at an early period of our naval history, contributed much to this end, none was more distinguished than ADMIRAL BLAKE, who, although embracing the profession of a sailor late in life, made the English feared and respected in every quarter of the globe.

Blake's first naval adventure was driving the remains of the revolted fleet, under Prince Rupert, from the coast of Ireland, and then following it into the Mediterranean. On his return from this service in February 1651, he captured a French man-of-war of forty guns. Blake first hailed the French captain to come on board his ship; which being complied with, he

asked him if he was willing to resign his sword. The Frenchman replied that he was not, upon which Blake generously told him to return to his own ship and fight as long as he was able. The captain took him at his word, made dispositions for action, and after fighting very bravely for two hours, struck. He then repaired a second time on board Blake's ship, and presented his sword to the victorious admiral.

In 1656, Blake having received intelligence that the Plate fleet had put into the harbour of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, he immediately proceeded thither, and on his arrival discovered six galleons, with other vessels, lying in the port, before which a boom was moored. The port itself was well fortified, being defended by a strong castle, well supplied with artillery, and seven forts united by a line of communication, well manned with musketeers. The Spanish governor thought the place so secure, and his own dispositions so excellently made, that when the master of a Dutch ship desired leave to sail, because he was apprehensive that Blake would attack the ships, the Spaniard answered with great confidence, 'Get you gone if you please, and let Blake come if he dare.' Blake reconnoitred the position of the enemy, and seeing the impracticability of bringing off the vessels, resolved to attempt to destroy them. Commodore Stayner was entrusted to lead this bold and desperate attack. With a small squadron he forced his passage into the bay, while some other ships kept up a distant cannonade on the castle and fort; and the wind blowing fresh into the bay, he was soon supported by Blake and the rest of the fleet. The Spaniards made a brave resistance; but all their efforts were unavailing; and they had the misfortune to see their whole fleet destroyed.

Admiral Blake, when a captain, was sent with a small squadron to the West Indies, on a secret expedition against the Spanish settlements. It happened in an engagement that one of the ships blew up, which damped the spirits of the crew; but Blake, who was not to be subdued by one unsuccessful occurrence, called out to his men, 'Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up; and now let's see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation!' This well-timed harangue raised their spirits immediately, and in less than an hour he set his antagonist on fire. 'There, my lads,' said he; 'I knew we should have our revenge soon.'

There is one circumstance of Blake's life which perhaps redounds more to his own glory than even his burning the Spanish ships in a well-fortified port, though he was the first seaman that ever attempted it. In that action, his brother, Captain Benjamin Blake, for whom he

had a very tender affection, was guilty of some misconduct, for which he was immediately, by sentence of Admiral Blake, removed from his ship, and the command of it given to another.

SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

When the brave Sir George Rooke was making his will, some friends who were present expressed their surprise that he had not more to leave. 'Why,' said the worthy man, 'I do not leave much; but what I do leave was honestly acquired, for it never cost a sailor a tear, nor my country a farthing.'

This famous British admiral was born near Canterbury, in 1650, and was first employed as commodore on the accession of William III. in 1689. In 1692 he was Vice-Admiral of the Blue, and greatly distinguished himself at the battle of La Hogue, on which occasion he was knighted. He was also then appointed Vice-Admiral of the Red, and received a pension of £1000 a year. In 1702 he destroyed the French and Spanish fleets in Vigo Bay, and in July 1704 assisted at the capture of Gibraltar.

SIR GEORGE RODNEY.

The victory gained by Admiral Rodney over the French fleet in the West Indies, on the 12th of April 1782, was a brilliant affair. It is also remarkable for the service which it rendered to England at a critical time. The English military force had been baffled in America; France, Spain, and Holland were assailing her in the weakness to which her contest with the colonies had reduced her; the very coasts of Britain were insulted by the cruisers of her many enemies. There was before her, at the best, a humiliating peace. Rodney's victory came to hold up her drooping head, and enable her to come respectably out of the war.

The French fleet, consisting of thirty vessels, under Count de Grasse, was placed at Martinique. It designed to make a junction with the Spanish fleet, that the two might fall with full force on Jamaica. It became of the first importance for the British fleet under Sir George Rodney to prevent this junction. With a somewhat greater number of vessels, but less aggregate weight of metal, he followed the French for three or four days, fighting a partial and inconclusive action on the 9th of April, finally bringing it to a general action on the morning of the 12th, in a basin of water bounded by the islands of Guadaloupe, Dominique, Saintes, and Marigalante.

The battle began at seven in the morning, and consisted throughout the day of a close hand-to-hand fight, in which the English ships poured destruction upon the largely-manned vessels of the enemy. A little after noon, the English admiral

made a movement of a novel character; with four vessels he broke through the enemy's line near the centre, and doubled back upon it, thus assailing it on both sides, and throwing all into confusion. The French admiral's vessel, the *Ville de Paris*, was a superb one of 110 guns, a present from the French capital to Louis xv. at the close of the preceding war. An English 74, the *Canada*, grappled with it, and in a two hours' combat reduced it nearly to a wreck. It finally surrendered to Sir Samuel Hood, commander of the English van, when only two men besides the admiral were left unhurt. The whole affair was a series of hand-to-hand conflicts, in which the English displayed all their characteristic audacity and perseverance.

When evening came on with the abruptness peculiar to the tropical regions, the French obtained some advantage from it, as it permitted some of their vessels to escape. Seven, however, remained in the hands of the victors. The killed and wounded on the French side reached the astonishing number of 9000, while that of the English was under 1000. Rodney also had the glory of carrying the French commander as his prisoner to London.

The English nation, on receiving intelligence of this great victory, broke out into a tumult of joy which had scarcely had a precedent since the acquittal of the seven bishops. Rodney, who previously had been in rather depressed personal circumstances, was made a peer, and pensioned.

In connection with his pecuniary position, a curious anecdote is told. When he resided in France to avoid his creditors, his distress became a subject of public notoriety. It had long been suspected by M. de Sartine, the Minister of Police, who was no stranger to his merits; he accordingly communicated his ideas to the Duc de Biron, and persuaded him to make the admiral an offer of the command of the French fleet in the West Indies, and also to proffer a very liberal supply of money, to enable him to discharge his pecuniary embarrassments.

In order to accomplish this infamous design with greater ease, the duke immediately sent a very civil invitation to Sir George to spend some weeks at his house, which he accepted. One morning, during a walk in the gardens, the duke, with great caution and politeness, sounded the admiral on the subject; but so far was the ingenuous mind of Sir George from suspecting what so strange a conversation could lead to, that he at length imagined the duke must be deranged, and in consequence began to regard him with pity. The duke mistaking Sir George's conduct, came at once to the point, and openly declared to him, 'that as the king, his royal master, intended the West Indies should become the theatre of

the present war, he was commissioned to make the most unbounded offers to Sir George if he would quit the English service and accept the command of a French squadron.'

The brave admiral, with great temper, though much agitated, instantly replied, 'My distresses, sir, it is true, have driven me from the bosom of my country; but no temptation whatever can estrange me from her service. Had this offer been a voluntary one of your own, I should have deemed it an insult; but I am glad to learn it proceeds from a source that *can do no wrong*.'

The Duc de Biron, struck with the patriotic virtue of the British tar, from that time became his sincere friend, and enabled Sir George to return to his native country, where he solicited and obtained an important command.

Lord Rodney was born in 1718, and died in 1792.

LORD HAWKE.

It is recorded of the gallant admiral Lord Hawke, that when he parted with his father on first going to sea, the latter exhorted him to behave well, adding that 'he hoped to live to see him a captain.' 'A captain!' replied the boy. 'Sir, if I did not think I should come to be an admiral, I would not go at all.'

In 1759, Hawke, then Sir Edward, attacked the French fleet under Admiral Conflans, at the mouth of the Vilaine, *in Quiberon Bay*. The situation was extremely perilous: it was as late in the year as the 20th of November; the bay abounded in rocks and shoals; and the sea was running high.

Scorning all danger, Hawke attacked the French fleet close under their own shores, took two men-of-war, sank four more, including the admiral's ship, the *Soleil Royal*, and caused the rest more or less damaged to take shelter up the river. Two of the British ships were stranded during the night, but their crews and stores were saved.

For this brilliant action, which crippled the French navy for the rest of the war, Hawke received the thanks of Parliament, and from the king a pension of £1500 a year for his own and his son's life, and in the next reign was raised to the peerage.

EARL HOWE.

Earl Howe, when not more than eighteen years of age, was lieutenant of a sloop of war. An English merchantman had been captured at the Dutch settlement of Eustatia by a French privateer, under the guns and protection of the governor. Lieutenant Howe, at his own earnest request, was sent with orders to claim her for the owners. This demand not being complied with, he desired leave to go with the boats and attempt cutting her *out of the* harbour. The cap-

tain represented the danger of so adventurous a step, and added that he had not sufficient interest to support him in England, on a representation of the breach of neutrality. The lieutenant then requested that he would quit the ship for a short time, and leave the command to him. This being done, the gallant lieutenant went with the boats, cut out the vessel, and restored it to the proprietors.

In 1775, Lord Hawke gave the following seamanlike testimony to the merit of Lord Howe, in the House of Lords: —'I advised his Majesty,' said he, 'to make the promotion (to be Vice-Admiral of the Blue). I have tried my Lord Howe on important occasions; *he never asked me how he was to execute any service, but always went and performed it.*'

In 1788, Howe was made an earl. At the commencement of the war against France in 1793, he took the command of the western Channel fleet at the king's earnest and personal request. In the next year, he succeeded in bringing the main French republican fleet to action, and gained the great victory of THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

In Earl Howe's engagement with the French fleet, on the 1st of June 1794, the *Marlborough*, by intrepidly breaking the enemy's line, became totally dismasted, and in that situation dropped with her stern on the bows of a French eighty-four, whose bowsprit came over the *Marlborough's* poop. The Frenchmen were preparing to board, though with evident reluctance, when an English sailor, of the name of Appleford, to be beforehand with them, mounted their bowsprit, and with his cutlass boldly leaped upon their forecastle, which he not only took possession of, but forced his adversaries to fly for safety into the waist of the ship. A French officer observing the uncommon behaviour of the British tar, rushed from the quarter-deck to reproach so many of his men for running away from one; and to convince them of his own honour, instantly commenced an attack upon Appleford, who, however, was fortunate enough to conquer him. His situation by this time becoming extremely dangerous, he thought it best to effect his retreat, as he was not at that time assisted on the spot by any of his countrymen. With this intention, he again mounted the bowsprit, and by courageously springing from it, reached the poop-deck of his own ship, at the moment when the vessels were drifting from each other.

During the confusion of the battle, the *Marlborough* was taken by several English ships for a Frenchman, more particularly so as the whole of her colours had been shot away but one white ensign, which was then hoisted. This circumstance occasioned much destruction from the fire of those ships which fell into the mistake. At

length the solitary ensign was also shot away; and by this circumstance, the honour of old England for a moment appeared to suffer. From the impossibility of replacing the colours, it seemed as if the ship had struck to the French,—an idea which operated so strongly on the mind of Appleford, that he loudly exclaimed, 'The English colours shall never be dous'd where I am!' Then casting his eyes round the deck, he perceived the dead body of a marine, who had been shot through the head. He instantly stripped off his red coat, stuck it on a boarding-pike, and exalted it in the air, swearing that the Englishmen would not desert their colours, and that when all the red coats were gone they would hoist blue jackets. The singularity of such conduct infused fresh spirit into the hardy sons of Neptune, and they bravely fought till the glorious moment when the terrific struggle ended in victory.

Admiral Lord Howe, when a captain, was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation that the ship was on fire near the magazine. 'If that be the case,' said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, 'we shall soon know it.' The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returning, exclaimed, 'You need not, sir, be afraid; the fire is extinguished.' 'Afraid!' exclaimed Howe; 'what do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life.' And looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, 'Pray, how does a man feel when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks!'

LORD DUNCAN.

In the battle of Camperdown, when Admiral Lord Duncan gained so important a victory over the Dutch fleet, there were several women on board the *Venerable*, the English admiral's flag-ship. Among these, a sailor's wife was shot by the side of her husband, whom she was assisting at his gun. Another young woman had the lanthorn bottle shot from her hand while she was holding it for the surgeon to dress the wounds of her father; and perceiving him look terrified, she ran to him and cried, 'If you have not received any more hurt, never mind the lanthorn. I am safe and sound, thank God; but how are you? O father, how are you?'

The description of the general bravery of the crew in this brilliant action can only be surpassed in its effects by the account of the desolation of the victor as well as the vanquished ships after the battle was gained. The Dutch vessels were a wreck of human nature and human art. The vessels fore and aft, from the stern to the stem, were clogged with carcases; the

scuppers were running with blood in such torrents, that the foot of caution itself could not move without some sanguinary mark; and finally, multitudes of beings in the pride of their days, and who never met, scarcely in the same hemisphere, till the moment of battle, were now covered with wounds, and so defaced and disfigured, that the surviving mariner was unable even to distinguish his messmate, the father his son, or the child his father.

After the capture of the fleet, as the Dutch admiral was ascending the side of the *Venerable*, to do homage to the British conqueror, a sailor who had been on the watch some time, no sooner saw De Winter mounting the vessel, than he eagerly thrust his head from an open port-hole, and exclaimed, 'Mynheer admiral, we have been long on the look-out for you, and I am glad to see you with all my heart. You will be kindly received on the quarter-deck, I am positive; so you ought to be, for you fought us like a dragon, and knocked us about with your balls like nine-pins, for which I hope you will first let me shake your honour's hand.' De Winter presented his hand, and the blunt English sailor received it respectfully.

Lord Duncan's reception of his venerable captive was an interesting sight. He stood ready on the quarter-deck to offer him the embrace of a *generous* victor, fully sensible of the bravery of the vanquished. De Winter was much affected; and with deep emotion, exclaimed, 'Oh, admiral! you see before you the only Dutch naval commander ever taken alive; but why should I droop? a thousand open mouths of my ship, and of yours also, bear witness and will speak for me. They will certify that I did not quit my vessel till she was a wreck.'

Admiral Duncan's address to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions previous to the engagement with Admiral De Winter had been both laconic and humorous: 'Gentlemen, you see a severe *Winter* approaching: I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire.'

Dr. Duncan, the chaplain to Lord Duncan, relates the following anecdote of Covey, a marine, who lost both his legs on board the *Venerable*, his lordship's flag-ship at the battle of Camperdown: 'You are not,' says the doctor, 'to imagine that I was circumscribed to the narrow bounds of my clerical office; in the day of blood I was on triple duty, alternately acting as a sailor, chaplain, and surgeon's assistant, when the battle might be truly said to bleed in every vein. I was now called to minister to the recoverable, now to the irrecoverable. A marine of the name of Covey was brought down to the surgery deprived of both his legs; and it was necessary some hours after to amputate still higher.

"I suppose," says Covey, "those scissors will finish the business of the bullet, Master Mate?" "Indeed, my brave fellow," cried the surgeon, "there is some fear of it." "Well, never mind," said Covey; "I've lost my legs, to be sure, and mayhap may lose my life; but we beat the Dutch, my boy, we have beat the Dutch: this blessed day my legs have been shot off, so I'll have another cheer for it—huzza! huzza!"' Covey recovered, and was cook of one of the ships in ordinary at Portsmouth, where he died in 1805.

The *Delft*, one of the Dutch ships taken at the battle of Camperdown, was in so shattered a state, that after the greatest exertions for five days to keep her from sinking, all hope of saving her was given up. The English prize officer called aside Mr. Hieberg, who had been first lieutenant of the *Delft*, and who remained on board along with a number of the sick and wounded prisoners, who were not in a condition to be removed, and represented that it was impossible to save all; that he intended at a certain signal to throw himself with his men into the long-boat; and he invited Hieberg to avail himself of the opportunity to effect his escape. 'What!' exclaimed Hieberg; 'and leave these unfortunate men (pointing to his wounded countrymen, whom it had been necessary to bring on deck, as the hold was already *full of* water)? No, no! go, and leave us to perish together.' The English officer, affected by the generosity of Hieberg's answer, replied, 'God bless you, my brave fellow: here is my hand. I give you my word, I will stay with you.' He then caused his own men to leave the ship, and remained himself behind to assist the Dutch. The *Russel* soon sent her boats to their succour, which brought off as many as could leap on board them. The boats lost no time in making a second voyage with equal success. The *Delft* was now cleared of all but Hieberg and the English officer, with three subaltern Dutch officers, and about thirty seamen, most of them so ill from their wounds as to be unable to move. While still cherishing the hope that the boats would come a third time to their assistance, the fatal moment arrived, and on a sudden the *Delft* went down. The English officer sprang into the sea, and swam to his own ship; but the unfortunate Hieberg perished, the victim of his courage and humanity.

Admiral Duncan was a citizen of Edinburgh. In honour of the victory of Camperdown, the capital of Scotland was splendidly illuminated on the 16th of October 1797. The word 'Camperdown' became a fashionable word in Edinburgh; and it was so generally used, that common salt was actually cried through the streets—

'Wha'll buy Camperdown salt?'

HORATIO NELSON.

If ever there was a man who had a just title to the denomination of hero, it was Horatio Nelson. We mention him by the name in which he may be said to have 'put on immortality.' Most truly was it once said, in apology for directing a letter simply to *Horatio Nelson, Genoa*—SIR, THERE IS BUT ONE HORATIO NELSON IN THE WORLD!

The whole life of this extraordinary man was one continued blaze of heroic enterprise: he was ever panting after deeds of surpassing daring. He was never at ease but in the midst of the battle and the tempest; he seemed to have no joy but in the mightiest of dangers; he made a sort of child's play of probabilities; and with a giant's strength, wrestled with impossibility itself.

From the despatches and letters of Nelson which are extant, a perfect text work for the philosophy of enterprise might be formed. The many noble impulses and aspiring resolves in which they abound—all so pure, so patriotic, so worthy of the dignity of our nature—present lessons which no commentary could exhaust nor lapse of time depreciate.

'Oh! how I long,' said he in a letter to his wife, while yet only a captain in that navy which he was destined to lead to so many unrivalled triumphs, 'to be an admiral, and in the command of an English fleet! I should soon either do much or be ruined. Mine is not a disposition for tame measures.'

In the partial engagement to which Admiral Hotham brought the French fleet in April 1793, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship as soon as the firing grew slack in the van, and the *Ça Ira* and *Censeur* had struck, when he proposed to the admiral to leave his two crippled ships, the two prizes, and four frigates to themselves, and to *pursue the enemy*. The admiral, however, much cooler than his captain, observed, 'We must be contented; we have done very well.' 'Now,' says Nelson in a letter, in which this interview is related, 'had we taken ten sail and allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been *possible* to have got at her, I could never have called it—*well done.*'

The English fleet under Sir John Jervis engaged and beat the much superior fleet of Spain, off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February 1797. Nelson, then Captain Nelson, in his ship the *Captain*, managed to disable several of the enemy's vessels, and received the surrender of the *San Josef*. A few days after the action, Nelson bethought himself of a proper place to which to send the captured sword of the Spanish commander, and determined on sending it to the chief town of his native county. It was forwarded to the Mayor of Nor-

wich, accompanied by a letter, which is here transcribed:—'*Irresistible*, off Lisbon, Feb. 26th, 1797.—SIR,—Having the good fortune on the most glorious 14th February to become possessed of the sword of the Spanish rear-admiral Don Xavier Francesco Wintheysen, in the way set forth in the paper transmitted herewith, and being born in the county of Norfolk, I beg leave to present the sword to the city of Norwich, in order to its being preserved as a memento of this event, and of my affection for my native county.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, Horatio Nelson.'

The following account of Nelson's great victory of the Nile is that given by Southey, in his admirable biography of our naval hero:—

The French fleet arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July 1798, and Brueys not being able to enter the port, which time and neglect had ruined, moored the ships in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle.

The advantage in numbers, ships, guns, and men was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, carrying 1196 guns and 11,230 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line, and one fifty-gun ship, carrying 1012 guns and 8068 men. The English ships were all seventy-fours; the French had three eighty-gun ships and one three-decker of 120 guns.

When Nelson saw the position of the French he laid his plans which were to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships as far as he was able, one on the outer bow and another on the outer quarter of each of the enemy's. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport, 'If we succeed what will the world say?' 'There is no *if* in the case,' replied the admiral; 'that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question.'

As the squadron advanced, they were assailed by a shower of shot and shell from the batteries on the island, and the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line, within half gun-shot distance, full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence; the men on board every ship were employed aloft in furling the sails, and below in tending the braces and making ready for anchoring.

A French brig was instructed to decoy the English, by manœuvring so as to tempt them towards a shoal lying off the island of Beguieres; but Nelson either knew the danger or suspected some deceit, and the lure was unsuccessful. Captain Foley led the way in the *Goliath*, outsailing the *Zealous*, which

for some minutes disputed this post of honour with him. He had long conceived that, if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, because the French guns on that side were not likely to be manned, nor even ready for action. Intending, therefore, to fix himself on the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, he kept as near to the edge of the bank as the depth of water would permit; but his anchor hung, and having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the *Conquérant*, before it was cleared, then anchored by the stern, and in ten minutes shot away her masts. Hood, in the *Zealous*, perceiving this, took the station which the *Goliath* intended to have occupied, and totally disabled the *Guerrier* in twelve minutes. The third ship which doubled the enemy's van was the *Orion*, Sir J. Saumarez; and several others, following its example, took up their positions. The sun was now nearly down.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the *Vanguard* was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half pistol-shot of their third ship, the *Spartiate*. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of the rigging lest they should be shot away—that they should be struck no British admiral considers as a possibility. He veered half a cable, and instantly opened a tremendous fire, under cover of which the other four ships of his division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*, sailed on ahead of the admiral.

In a few minutes every man stationed at the first six guns in the forepart of the *Vanguard's* deck was killed or wounded: these guns were three times cleared.

Captain Louis, in the *Minotaur*, anchored next ahead, and took off the fire of the *Aquilon*, the fourth in the enemy's line. The *Bellerophon*, Captain Darby, passed ahead, and dropped her stern anchor on the starboard bow of the *Orient*, seventh in the line, Brueys' own ship, of 120 guns, whose difference in force was in proportion of more than seven to three, and whose weight of ball from the lower deck alone exceeded that from the whole broadside of the *Bellerophon*. Captain Peyton, in the *Defence*, took his station ahead of the *Minotaur*, and engaged the *Franklin*, the sixth in the line, by which judicious movement the British line remained unbroken. The *Majestic*, Captain Westcott, then took part in the engagement. The action had commenced at half-past six; about seven the evening closed, and there was no other light than that from the fire of the contending fleets.

Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, then foremost of the remaining ships, was two leagues astern.

He came on sounding as the others had done. As he advanced, the increasing darkness increased the difficulty of the navigation, and suddenly, after having found eleven fathoms water, before the lead could be hove again, he was fast aground: nor could all his exertions, joined to those of the *Leander* and the *Mutiné* brig, which came to his assistance, get him off in time to bear a part in the action. His ship, however, served as a beacon to the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which would else, from the course they were holding, have gone considerably further on the reef, and must inevitably have been lost.

These ships entered the bay and took their stations in the darkness, in a manner still spoken of with admiration by all who remember it. Captain Hallowell, in the *Swiftsure*, as she was bearing down, fell in with what seemed to be a strange sail. Nelson had directed his ships to hoist four lights horizontally at the mizen peak as soon as it became dark, and this vessel had no such distinction. Hallowell, however, with great judgment, ordered his men not to fire. 'If she was an enemy,' he said, 'she was in too disabled a state to escape; but from her sails being loose, and the way in which her head was, it was probable she might be an English ship.' It was the *Bellerophon*, overpowered by the large *Orient*. Her lights had gone overboard, nearly two hundred of her crew were killed or wounded, all her masts and cables had been shot away, and she was drifting out of the line towards the lee side of the bay. Her station at this important time was occupied by the *Swiftsure*, which opened a steady fire on the quarter of the *Franklin* and the bows of the French admiral.

The first two ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action; and the others in that time suffered so severely, that victory was already certain. The third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half-past eight.

Meanwhile Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langrage shot. Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal. Nelson himself thought so: a large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over the eye; and the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon, in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amid its horrors, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. 'No,' said Nelson; 'I will take my turn with my brave fellows'

Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound was mortal, and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired in battle and in victory, he called the chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson; he then sent for Captain Louis on board, from the *Minotaur*, that he might thank him personally for the great assistance he had rendered to the *Vanguard;* and ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy from the brig to the command of his own ship, Captain Berry having to go home with the news of the victory.

When the surgeon came in due time to examine the wound (for it was in vain to entreat him to let it be examined sooner), the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his life was in no danger.

The surgeon requested and, as far as he could, ordered him to remain quiet. But Nelson could not rest: he called for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded, and was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the admiral, that he was unable to write. The chaplain was sent for; but before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. He was now left alone, when suddenly a cry was heard on deck that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion, he found his way up unassisted and unnoticed, and to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys was dead. The flames soon mastered his ship, and about ten o'clock the ship blew up, with a shock which was felt to the bottom of every vessel. About seventy of her crew were saved by the English boats.

The firing, immediately on this tremendous explosion, ceased on both sides, and a short and awful silence reigned. Soon it recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, and continued till about three. At daybreak the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Généreuse*, the two rears of the enemy, were the only French ships of the line which had their colours flying: they cut their cables in the forenoon, not having been engaged, and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. The *Zealous* pur-

sued; but as there was no other ship in a condition to support Captain Hood, he was recalled. It was generally believed by the officers, that if Nelson had not been wounded, not one of these ships could have escaped, the four certainly could not, if the *Culloden* had got into action; and if the frigates belonging to the squadron had been present, not one of the enemy's fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. These four vessels, however, were all that escaped; and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. 'Victory,' said Nelson, 'is not a name strong enough for such a scene.' He called it a conquest.

Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken, and two burnt. Of the two frigates, one was sunk; another, the *Artemise*, was burnt in a villanous manner by her captain, M. Estandlet, who, having fired a broadside at the *Theseus*, struck his colours, then set fire to his ship, and escaped with most of his crew to shore. The British loss in killed and wounded amounted to 895. Westcott was the only captain who fell: 3105 of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by Cartel, and 5225 perished.

Thus ended this eventful battle, which exalted the name of Nelson to a level at least with that of the celebrated conqueror, whose surprising success at the head of the French armies had then begun to draw the attention of the civilised world.

After the battle of the Nile, a private gentleman caused a medal to be struck in honour of the action, and at his own expense gave it to every man in the victorious fleet. Some of these men, common sailors, were known, after many years, when dying upon a distant station, to make it their last request that this medal should be sent home to their friends.

And so ends the naval part of our book.

'When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang the strain:
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.'

CHAPTER IV.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT STATESMEN AND ORATORS.

'Our country's welfare is our first concern,
And who promotes that best, best proves his duty.'—HAVARD.

JOHN HAMPDEN — OLIVER CROMWELL — ANDREW MARVELL — EARL OF CHATHAM — EDMUND BURKE — HENRY GRATTAN — CHARLES JAMES FOX — RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN — WILLIAM PITT — GEORGE CANNING—LORD BROUGHAM.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

THE name of Hampden is dear to every English patriot: his love of country was untainted by selfishness; his resistance to authority unstained by crime; he pleaded and remonstrated against the encroachments of power, until pleading and remonstrance were disregarded; and he only resorted to arms when the liberties of his country were so endangered as to render it criminal to remain any longer passive.

John Hampden was descended from one of the most ancient families in Buckinghamshire. When he had attained his thirtieth year, he was chosen to represent his native county in Parliament, an event which roused to exertion those principles of virtue and patriotism which seemed latent in his character. He was consulted by the leading members of Parliament in all the important points of opposition. It was Hampden's peculiar talent to act powerfully when he seemed most disengaged. He made no public figure, however, till 1636, when he became universally known by a solemn trial at the King's Bench, on his refusing to pay the ship-money. He carried himself, as Clarendon tells us, through this whole suit with such singular temper and modesty, that he obtained more credit and advantage by losing it than the king did service by

gaining it. The infamous judgment given by the judges on his cause only roused the nation to a more serious attention to the conduct and views of the court, and encouraged those men of genius and abilities who laid the grounds for the succeeding revolution to concert measures how to improve, to an effectual height, the growing discontent. From this time Hampden soon grew to be one of the most popular men of the nation, and a leading member of the Long Parliament.

'The memorable crisis which gave birth to the civil war,' Lord Macaulay observes, 'called forth Parliamentary abilities such as England had never before seen. Among the most distinguished members of the House of Commons were Falkland, Hyde, Digby, young Harry Vane, Oliver St. John, Denzil Hollis, Nathaniel Fiennes. But two men exercised a paramount influence over the Legislature and the country—Pym and Hampden; and by the universal consent of friends and enemies, the first place belonged to Hampden.'

On occasions which required set speeches, Pym generally took the lead. Hampden very seldom rose till late in a debate. His speaking was of that kind which has, in every age, been held in the highest estimation by English Parliaments—ready, weighty, perspicuous, and condensed. His perception of the feeling of the House was exquisite, his temper unalterably placid, his manner eminently courteous and gentlemanlike. 'Even with those,' says Clarendon, 'who were able to preserve themselves from his infusions, and who discerned those opinions to be fixed in him with which they could not comply, he always left the character of an ingenuous and conscientious person.' His talents for business were as remarkable as his talents for debate. 'He was,' says Clarendon, 'of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of facts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle and sharp.'

Yet it was rather to his moral than to his intellectual qualities that he was indebted for the vast influence which he possessed. 'When this Parliament began'—we again quote Clarendon—'the eyes of all men were fixed upon him as their *pater patriæ*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And I am persuaded his power and interest at that time were greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time; for his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections were so publicly guided, that no corrupt or private ends could bias them. . . . He was indeed a very wise man, and of great parts, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute

faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew.'

Clarendon's portrait of Hampden, though marked with those partial lines which distinguished the hand of this historian, is the testimony of an enemy to virtues possessed only by the foremost rank of men. All the talents and virtues which render private life useful, amiable, and respectable, were united in Hampden, in the highest degree, with those excellences which guide the jarring opinions of popular counsels to determine points; and, whilst he penetrated into the most secret designs of other men, he never discovered more of his own inclinations than was necessary to the purpose in hand. In debate he was so much a master, that, joining the art of Socrates with the graces of Cicero, he fixed his own opinion under the modest guise of desiring to improve by that of others, and contrary to the nature of disputes, left a pleasing impression, which prejudiced his antagonist in his favour, even when he had not convinced or altered his judgment. His behaviour was so generally uniform, and unaffectedly affable, and his conversation so enlivened by his vivacity, so seasoned by his knowledge and understanding, and so well applied to the genius, humour, and prejudices of those he conversed with, that his talents, to gain popularity, were absolute. With qualities of this high nature, he possessed in council penetration and discernment, with a sagacity on which no one could impose, an industry and vigilance which were indefatigable with the entire command of his passions and affections,—an advantage which gave him a decided superiority over less regulated minds. Whilst there were any hopes that the administration of the country could be corrected without the entire overthrow of the constitution, Hampden chose, before other preferment, the superintendence of the prince's mind, aiming to correct the source from whence the happiness or misfortunes of the empire, if the government continued monarchical, must flow: but the aversion which the king discovered to those regulations which were necessary to secure the freedom of the constitution from any future attempt of the Crown, with the schemes he had entered on to punish the authors of reformation and rescind his concessions, determined the conduct of Hampden. Convinced that Charles' affections and understanding were too corrupt to be trusted with power in any degree, he sought the abolition of monarchy as the only cure to national grievances, warmly opposing all overtures for treaties as dangerous snares, or any other expedient than conquest for accommodation.

This virtuous patriot was shot in the shoulder by a brace of bullets on Chalgrove Field in the year 1642, and after linger-



OLIVER CROMWELL.

Great Triumphs, p. 91.

ing six days, expired in great pain. The king, on hearing of Hampden being wounded, though he was then in arms against him, immediately sent his own physician to attend him, and expressed his consciousness of his integrity, and the regret he felt at his severe wound.

In such respect is the memory of Hampden held by his grateful countrymen, that when one of his descendants was once deficient in an amount of public money, he was exonerated from the debt due to Government by an Act of Parliament, particularly expressing that it was for the services which his illustrious ancestor had rendered to the country that this mark of favour was shown to him.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Carlyle, speaking of Oliver Cromwell, says, 'I have asked myself if anywhere in modern European history, or even ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean world's affairs with a heart more filled by the idea of the Highest? Bathed in the eternal splendours —it is so he walks our dim earth: this man is one of few.'

Oliver Cromwell first distinguished himself in the House of Commons in 1639, when Charles the First made an ill-judged attack on the Earl of Bedford, respecting the drainage of the fens. Cromwell spoke and acted with such superior ability and effect on this occasion, that he received the appellation of 'Lord of the Fens,' and Hampden from that time pronounced him one that would 'sit well at the mark.'

In the Long Parliament Cromwell represented the county of Cambridge, and was a member of one of the forty committees into which the House was at that time divided and subdivided. Of his personal appearance, and the respect which his talents inspired in the house, Sir Philip Warwick, a royalist contemporary, gives the following curious description:—

'The first time,' writes Sir Philip, 'I ever took notice of him was in the beginning of the Parliament held in November 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman (for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes). I came into the House one morning, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar: his hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable; and *his eloquence full of fervour*, for the

subject-matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had dispersed libels against the queen for her dancing, and such like innocent and courtly sports; and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the council table unto that height, that one would have believed the very Government itself had been in great danger by it. I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council; *for he was very much hearkened unto.* And yet I lived to see this very gentleman, whom, out of no ill-will to him, I thus describe, by multiplied good successes, and by real, though usurped, power (having had a better tailor, and more converse among good company) in my own eye, when for six weeks together I was a prisoner in his sergeant's hands, and daily waited at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment, and comely presence.'

The dissolution of the Rump Parliament in 1653 was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of Cromwell's power during all the Commonwealth time. After it he was master of the three kingdoms for about five and a half years.

The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate on a Bill for increasing the members of the House, which it was thought would have passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House clad in plain black clothes and grey worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place. For some time he listened to this interesting debate on the Bill, beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him. Whereupon the general sat still for about a quarter of an hour longer.

But now the question being put, that this Bill do pass, he beckoned again to Harrison, says, 'This is the time; I must do it!' so rose up, put off his hat, and spake. 'At the first,' says Carlyle, 'and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament, for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults, rising higher and higher in a very aggravated style indeed.

'An honourable member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, rises to order, as we phrase it: says, "It is a strange language this: unusual within the walls of a Parliament this; and from a trusted servant too! and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one"—"Come, come!" exclaimed my Lord General in a very high key; "we have had enough of this,"—and, in fact, my Lord General, now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "I will put an end to your prating," and steps forth into the floor of the House, and clapping on his hat, and occasionally stamping the floor with

his feet, begins a discourse which no man can report.

'He says — Heavens! he is heard saying: "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer! You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. You shall now give place to better men. Call them in," adds he briefly to Harrison, in word of command, and some twenty or thirty grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snaphances: grimly prompt for orders: and stand in some attitude of carrying arms there. Veteran men, men of might, and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions: and their feet are swift as the roe upon the mountains:—not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!

'"You call yourselves a Parliament," continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration. "You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards,"—and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottles. "Some of you are"—and he glares into Harry Martin and the poor Sir Peter who rose to order, lewd livers both—"living in open contempt of God's commandments, following your own greedy appetites and the devil's commandments. Corrupt, unjust persons"—and here I think he glared at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not,—"corrupt, unjust persons, scandalous to the profession of the gospel. How can you be a Parliament for God's people? Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!"

'The House is of course all on its feet—uncertain almost whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred mace itself, said, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!" and gave it to a musketeer. And now—"Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares he will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand," on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished: flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved. "It's you that have forced me to this," exclaims my Lord General. "I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work." At their going out, some say the Lord General said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, that *he* might have prevented this, but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty. "Oh,

Sir Harry Vane, thou with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hairsplittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!"

'All being gone out, the door of the house was locked, and the key, with the mace, was carried away by Colonel Otley:—and it is all over, and the unspeakable catastrophe has come and remains.'

ANDREW MARVELL.

The virtuous patriot Andrew Marvell represented his native town of Kingston-upon-Hull for a period of twenty years, and was one of the last members of Parliament who received pay from his constituents, the sum being four shillings a day! Although he frequently attacked King Charles II. in his satires, yet the king was very fond of his conversation, and tried every means to win him over to his side, but in vain. His inflexible integrity of principle was proof against all temptations, either of his own distresses (and he was often reduced to great poverty) or of the large offers made him by the court, which was earnest in endeavouring to gain a man of his talents and character to their side.

The king having had Marvell at the palace one night, when he was most cordially and splendidly entertained, sent the Lord Treasurer Danby the next morning to find out his lodgings, which were then up two pair of stairs, in one of the little courts in the Strand. Here he was busily engaged in writing, when the Treasurer abruptly opened the door upon him. Surprised at seeing such an unexpected visitor, he told his lordship he had, he believed, mistaken his way. 'Not now I have found Mr. Marvell,' replied the Lord Danby. He then assured him he was expressly sent from the king, and his message was to know what his Majesty could do to serve him? 'It is not in his Majesty's power to serve me, my lord,' answered Mr. Marvell jocularly; but the Lord Treasurer making a serious affair of it, he told him that he full well knew the nature of courts, having been in many, and that whoever is distinguished by the favour of the prince is always expected to vote in his interest. Lord Danby told him that his Majesty, from the just sense he had of his merit alone, desired to know whether there was any place at court he could be pleased with. Mr. Marvell replied, with the utmost steadiness, that he could not with honour accept the offer, since, if he did, he must either be ungrateful to the king in voting against him, or false to his country in giving in to the measures of the court. The only favour which he begged therefore of his Majesty was, that he would esteem him as dutiful a subject as any he had, and acting more truly in his proper interest while thus he refused

his offers than he could possibly do should he accept them. The Lord Treasurer finding his solicitations to be quite fruitless, and that no arguments could prevail on him to accept any post under the Government, told him the king had ordered him a thousand pounds, which my lord hoped he would receive till he could think what further to ask of his Majesty. But Mr. Marvell continued equally inflexible to this temptation, and rejected the money with the same stedfastness of mind with which he had refused the proffer of a place, though he was at that instant so straitened for want of cash, that he was obliged, as soon as Lord Danby took his leave, to send to a friend to borrow a guinea, so far did the love of public good overrule all sense of private interest in his honest heart.

The character of Marvell as a senator is rather distinguished for integrity than talents. Mr. Marvell, during the time he was in Parliament, considered it as a bounden duty to transmit an account of all the proceedings in the House of Commons to his constituents; and he frequently asked advice of them. After the prorogation of Parliament in 1675, he thus demands instructions from those whom he represented:—

'I desire,' says he, 'that you will consider whether there be anything that particularly relates to the state of your town, and I shall strive to promote it to the best of my duty; and in the more general concerns of the nation, shall maintain the same incorrupt mind and clear conscience, far from faction or any self ends, which, by the grace of God, I have hitherto preserved.'

Mr. Marvell was so attentive to his political communications, that each letter contained a minute narrative of Parliamentary business. Such was his diligence, too, that he says 'he sits down to write at six in the evening, though he had not eat since the day before at noon; and that it had become habitual to him to write to them every post during the sitting of Parliament.'

Mr. Marvell was, as we have said, one of the last members of Parliament that received wages from his constituents; and he is said to have been the only one ever buried at their expense, the corporation of Hull voting £50 for that purpose.

He seldom spoke in Parliament, but had great influence without doors upon the members of both Houses. Prince Rupert particularly paid great regard to his counsels; so much so, that whenever he voted according to the opinion of Marvell, which he often did, it was a saying of the opposite party, 'The Prince had been with his tutor.'

WILLIAM PITT EARL OF CHATHAM.

William Pitt Earl of Chatham was born in 1708. He entered Parliament in 1736, and was not

long before he distinguished himself there.

In the Parliamentary session of 1740, Sir Charles Wager brought in a Bill for the encouragement of seamen and speedier manning the royal navy, which was strongly opposed by Mr. Pitt. His speech on this occasion produced an answer from Mr. H. Walpole, who in the course of it said, 'Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the honourable gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments.' Mr. Walpole added some expressions such as vehemence of gesture, theatrical emotion, etc., which he applied to Mr. Pitt's manner of speaking. As soon as he sat down, Mr. Pitt rose, and made the following admirable reply:—

'The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

'Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach I will not assume the province of determining. But surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from rebukes.

'Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

'But youth is not my only crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture or a dissimulation of one's real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinion and language of other men.

'In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may perhaps have some ambition, yet, to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor

very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall on such occasions, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment—age which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

'But with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public delinquency. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggression, and drag the offenders to justice, whatever may protect them in their villany, and whoever may partake of their plunder.'

With the second ministry of Lord Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, a splendid era began, which raised England at once, as if by magic, from the brink of ruin and degradation. The genius of one man completely informed and penetrated the mind of a whole nation. From the instant Mr. Pitt took the reins, the panic which had paralyzed every effort disappeared. Instead of mourning over former disgrace and dreading future defeats, the nation assumed in a moment the air of confidence, and awaited with impatience the tidings of victory.

The mastery Pitt obtained over the House of Commons was extraordinary, and of it some striking examples have been given. One of the first steps taken by him was, to grant a large subsidy to Frederick the Great of Prussia, for carrying on the war against the Empress of Austria. This was connected with a total change which had already taken place in the continental policy of George II., and was intended to rescue Hanover from the hands of the French. Still there were many who had a traditional regard for the Empress of Austria, in whose defence England had expended more than £10,000,000. The grant was therefore strenuously opposed in the House, and Mr. Pitt was taunted with a desertion of his principles. In reply he defended himself, and maintained the necessity of the grant with infinite dexterity. 'It was,' says Horace Walpole, 'the most artful speech he ever made. He provoked, called for, defied objections; promised enormous expense; demanded never to

be tried by events.' By degrees he completely subdued the House, until a murmur of applause broke forth from every quarter. Seizing the favourable moment, he drew back with the utmost dignity, and placing himself in an attitude of defiance, exclaimed in his loudest tone, 'Is there an Austrian among you? Let him come forward and reveal himself!' The effect was irresistible. 'Universal silence,' says Walpole, 'left him arbiter of his own terms.'

At another time, Pitt had ended a speech, and was retiring from the House with a slow step; for he was severely afflicted with the gout. Silence reigned till the door was opened to let him pass into the lobby. A member then started up, and said, 'Mr. Speaker, I rise to reply to the right honourable gentleman.' Pitt, who had caught the words, turned back, and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down. He then returned towards his seat, repeating, as he hobbled along, the lines of Virgil, in which the poet, conducting Æneas through the shades below, describes the terror which his presence inspired among the ghosts of the Greeks who had fought at Troy:—

The Grecian chief, and Agamemnon's host,
When they beheld the man with shining arms
Amid those shades, trembled with sudden fear:
Part turned their backs in flight, as when they sought
Their ships. Part raised
A feeble outcry; but the sound commenced
Died on their gasping lips.

When he reached his place, he exclaimed, 'Now let me hear what the honourable gentleman has to say to me!' One who was present, being asked whether the House was not convulsed with laughter at the ludicrous situation of the poor orator and the aptness of the lines, replied, 'No, sir, we were all too much awed to laugh.'

Lord Chatham's greatest effort was a speech which he delivered in the House of Lords on the 18th of November 1777, on a motion for an address to the Throne. Though sinking at the time under the weight of years and disease, the great orator seems animated by all the fire of youth. It would indeed be difficult to find in the whole range of Parliamentary history a more splendid blaze of genius, at once rapid, vigorous, and sublime. We may with profit extract a passage or two from this celebrated oration; and we shall begin with Lord Chatham's opinion on the conquest of America:—

'The desperate state of our arms abroad,' he says, 'is well known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honour the English troops. I know their virtues and their valour. I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You can-

not, I venture to say it,—you cannot conquer America. Your armies last year effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general (Lord Amherst), now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America.

'My lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in these campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the suffering, perhaps total loss, of the northern force,[1] the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign potentate; your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would lay down my arms—never—never—never!'

In the course of the debate, Lord Suffolk undertook to defend the employment of the Indians in the war. He contended that, besides its policy and necessity, the measure was also allowable on principle; for that 'it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that God and nature put into our hands.'

Here Lord Chatham rose again. 'I am astonished! shocked!' he said, 'to hear such principles confessed — to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country,—principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

'These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our Church—I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the

[1] General Burgoyne's army.

bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry[1] which adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion—the Protestant religion—of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us—to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth infidel savages — against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war! Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty: we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

'My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.'

Much of the success of Lord Chatham, it has been remarked, was owing, in part, to his extraordinary personal advantages. Few men have ever received from the hand of nature so many of the outward qualifications of the orator. In his best days, before he was crippled by the gout, his figure was tall and erect; his attitude imposing; his gestures energetic even to vehemence, yet tempered with dignity and grace. Such was the power of his eye, that he very often cowed down an antagonist in the midst of his speech, and threw him into utter confusion by a single glance of scorn or contempt. When-

[1] The tapestry of the House of Lords represented the English fleet led by the ships of the Lord Admiral Effingham Howard (ancestor to Suffolk) to engage the Spanish Armada.

ever he rose to speak, his countenance glowed with animation, and was lighted up with all the varied emotions of the soul, so that Cowper describes him, in one of his bursts of patriotic feeling—

> 'With all his country beaming in his face.'

It was his character as a man, however, which gave him his surprising ascendency over his countrymen. All hearts were fascinated by his lofty bearing, his generous sentiment, his comprehensive policy, his grand conceptions of the height to which England might be raised as the arbiter of Europe, and his preference of her honour before all inferior material interests. 'Every one felt,' says a contemporary, 'that the man was infinitely greater than the orator.' Even the cool-headed Franklin became enthusiastic when speaking of him. 'I have sometimes,' said he, 'seen eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; but in him I have seen them united in the highest possible degree.'

Lord Chatham's disinterested services on behalf of his country did not go unrewarded. In 1744, the Duchess of Marlborough died, and left him a legacy of £10,000 on account of his merit in the noble defence of the laws of England, and in preventing the ruin of the country; and twenty years after he received a still more ample testimony of the same kind from Sir William Pynsent, who bequeathed him an estate of £2500 a year, together with £30,000 in ready money.

Some anecdotes of Chatham's eloquence are well worth repeating:—

When he made his *début* in the House of Commons, he was, as every one knows, a cornet in the army. A country gentleman, who had been struck with his eloquence, told Sir Robert Walpole that he thought it would be to his interest to make young Pitt a captain. 'My dear sir,' said Sir Robert, 'to let you see how much I think of you, if you will make him my friend, I will give him a regiment.'

Sir William Young having once interrupted Mr. Pitt while speaking with the cry of 'Question, question,' he paused: then fixing on Sir William a look of ineffable contempt, he exclaimed, 'Pardon me, Mr. Speaker, this agitation; but whenever that honourable member calls for the question, I fancy I hear the knell of my country's ruin.'

Mr. Moreton, the Chief-Justice of Chester, speaking in the House of Commons, made use of the phrase, 'King, Lords, and Commons, or,' directing his eyes towards Mr. Pitt, 'as that right honourable member would call them, "Commons, Lords, and King."' Mr. Pitt rose with great deliberation, and called to order. 'I have,' he said, 'frequently heard in this House doctrines which have surprised

me; but now my blood runs cold. I desire the words of the honourable member may be taken down.' The clerk of the House wrote down the words. 'Bring them to me,' said Mr. Pitt in a voice of thunder. By this time Mr. Moreton was frightened out of his senses. 'Sir,' he said, addressing himself to the Speaker, 'I am sorry to have given offence to the right honourable gentleman or to the House. I meant nothing. King, Lords, and Commons; Lords, King, and Commons; Commons, Lords, and King; *tria juncta in uno.* I meant nothing! Indeed I meant nothing.' Mr. Pitt then rose, and said, 'I do not wish to push the matter further; the moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honourable member; and as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice, that whenever he *means* nothing, he will *say* nothing.'

Lord Chatham, when minister, was so delicate on the subject of his measures, that his nearest friends frequently went down to the House of Commons ignorant of the question to be proposed. On being remonstrated with on this subject, he said 'he always trusted to the utility of his measures; and if his friends did not see it in that light, he did not want their support.'

Indeed, Lord Chatham was so conscious of his own independence as a minister, that being one day told in the House of Lords of the strength of his majorities, he vehemently replied, 'I know of no majority but what the sense of the House occasionally gives me. If there are any other majorities, they belong to the Duke of Newcastle, and I trust he has come honestly by them.'

EDMUND BURKE.

'Burke,' says M. H. A. Taine in his *History of English Literature*, 'did not enter into Parliament, like Pitt and Fox, in the dawn of his youth, but at thirty-five, having had time to train himself thoroughly in all matters, learned in law, history, philosophy, literature, master of such a universal erudition, that he has been compared to Bacon. But what distinguished him from all other men was a wide, comprehensive intellect, which, exercised by philosophical studies and writings, seized the general aspects of things, and beyond text, constitutions, and figures, perceived the invisible tendency of events and the inner spirit, covering with his contempt those pretended statesmen, a vulgar herd of common journeymen, denying the existence of everything not coarse or material, and who, far from being capable of guiding the grand movements of an empire, are not worthy to turn the wheel of a machine. Beyond all those gifts, he possessed one of those fertile and precise

imaginations which believe that finished knowledge is an inner view, which never quit a subject without having clothed it in its colours and forms, and which, passing beyond all statistics and the rubbish of dry documents, recompense and reconstruct before the reader's eyes a distant country and a foreign nation, with its monuments, dresses, landscapes, and all the shifting detail of its aspect and manners. To these powers of mind, which constitute a man of system, he added all those energies of heart which constitute an enthusiast. Poor, unknown, having spent his youth in compiling for the publishers, he rose, by dint of work and personal merit, with a pure reputation and an unscathed conscience, ere the trials of his obscure life or the seductions of his brilliant career had fettered his independence or tarnished the flower of his loyalty. He brought to politics a horror of crime, a vivacity and sincerity of conscience, a humanity, a sensibility, which seem only suitable for a young man. He based human society on maxims of morality, insisted upon a high and pure tone of feeling in the conduct of public business, and seemed to have undertaken to raise and authorize the generosity of the human heart. He fought nobly for noble causes: against the crimes of power in England, the crimes of the people in France, the crimes of monopolists in India. He defended, with immense research and unimpeached disinterestedness, the Hindoos tyrannized over by English greed:—"Every man of rank and landed fortune being long since extinguished, the remaining miserable last cultivator who grows to the soil after having his back scored by the farmer, has it again flayed by the whip of the assignee, and is thus by a ravenous, because a short-lived, succession of claimants lashed from oppressor to oppressor, whilst a single drop of blood is left as the means of extorting a single grain of corn." He made himself everywhere the champion of principle and the persecutor of vice.'

The first published speech of Mr. Burke was that on American taxation, delivered on the 19th of April 1774. He had often dwelt on this topic in preceding years, but no attempt had been made to give any regular report of his speeches. In the present instance, it was late in the evening before he rose to address the House. The opening of the debate had been dull, and many of the members had withdrawn into the adjoining apartments or places of refreshment. But the first sentences of his stinging exordium awakened universal attention. The news of what was going on spread quickly, and the members came crowding in, till the hall was filled to the utmost, and resounded throughout the speech with the loudest expressions of applause. Burke's talents had

hitherto been highly estimated, but the House was now completely taken by surprise. Lord Townsend exclaimed aloud, at the close of one of those wonderful passages with which the speech abounds, 'Heavens! what a man is this! where could he acquire such transcendent powers?' The opening of his peroration in particular came with great force on the minds of all. 'Let us embrace,' said he, 'some system or other before we end this session. Do you mean to tax America and draw a productive revenue from thence? If you do, speak out; name, fix, ascertain this revenue; settle its quantity, define its objects; provide for its collection; and then fight, when you have something to fight for. If you murder, rob; if you kill, take possession; and do not appear in the character of madmen as well as assassins, violent, vindictive, bloody, and tyrannical, without an object.'

The moment Burke closed, his friends came crowding round his seat, and urged him to commit what he had said to writing. He did so, and the speech was immediately given to the world as a protest against the headlong measures which threatened the dismemberment of the empire.

A speech delivered by Burke about four years after this, on the employment of the Indians in the war, was spoken of by his friends as the most powerful appeal which he ever made. Colonel Barré, in the fervour of his excitement, declared that if it could be written out, he would nail it on every church door in the kingdom. Sir George Savile said, 'He who did not hear that speech has failed to witness the greatest triumph of eloquence within my memory.' Governor Johnstone remarked on the floor of the House, 'It was fortunate for the noble lords (North and Germaine) that spectators had been excluded during that debate; for if any had been present, they would have excited the people to tear the noble lords in pieces on their way home.'

The greatest intellectual effort ever made before the Parliament of Great Britain was, it has been said, the speech delivered by Burke in Westminster Hall at the commencement of the trial of Warren Hastingsin 1788. It was intended to give the members of the court a view of the character and condition of the inhabitants of India, to explain the power exercised by the East India Company, and the situation of the natives under the government of the English, and, at the same time, to point out the miseries they had endured through the agency of Hastings, and the motives by which he had been influenced in his multiplied acts of cruelty and oppression.

Burke's oration was, beyond description, wonderful. A writer adverse to the impeachment has remarked that he astonished

even those who were most intimately acquainted with him, by the vast extent of his reading, the variety of his resources, the minuteness of his information, and the lucid order in which he arranged the whole for the support of his subject, and to make a deep impression on the minds of his auditory. The speech lasted for four days. On the third day he described the cruelties inflicted upon the natives by Debi Sing, one of Warren Hastings' agents: a convulsive shudder then ran through the whole assembly. 'In this part of his speech,' says the reporter, 'his descriptions were more vivid, more harrowing, more horrible than human utterance, on either fact or fancy, perhaps ever formed before.' Burke himself at one time was so much overpowered, that he dropped his head upon his hands, and was unable for some minutes to proceed, whilst the bosoms of his auditors became convulsed with passion, and those of more delicate organs swooned away.

Even Warren Hastings himself, who, not having ordered their infliction, had always claimed that he was not involved in their guilt, was utterly overwhelmed. Alluding to the circumstances of his trial some time after, he said, 'For half an hour I looked up to the orator in a reverie of wonder, and actually felt myself to be the most culpable man on earth. But at length,' he added, 'I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness that consoled me under all I suffered.'

Such a speech it was impossible for any reporter adequately to record, and Burke never wrote it out for publication. He left numerous papers, however, from which, after his death, a continuous report was framed of this and his other speeches against Hastings, chiefly in his own language, though we cannot suppose that in the vehement passages mentioned above we have the exact expressions, the vivid painting, or impassioned energy with which he electrified Westminster Hall, and filled that vast assembly with mingled emotions of indignation and horror.

The conversational powers of Burke were as extraordinary as his ability as an orator. Even Dr. Johnson, whose acknowledged supremacy made him in most cases 'bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,' was soon conciliated or subdued by him. He spoke of him from the first in terms of the highest respect. 'Burke,' said he, 'is an extraordinary man. His stream of talk is perpetual; he does not talk from any desire of distinction, but because his mind is full.' 'He is the only man,' said he at a later period, when Burke was at the zenith of his reputation, 'whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take

him up where you please, he is ready to meet you.' 'No man of sense,' he said again, 'could meet Burke by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England.'

Towards the close of Burke's career, his speeches fell comparatively flat in the House. This is partly to be ascribed to political animosity, and partly to the fact that his delivery was not as eloquent as the matter was excellent.

On one occasion, he had just risen in the House of Commons, with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough-hewn member, who had no ear for the charms of eloquence, rudely started up and said, 'Mr. Speaker, I hope the honourable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain.' Mr. Burke was so swollen, or rather so nearly suffocated, with rage, as to be incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the House. On this occasion, George Selwyn remarked that it was the only time he ever saw the fable realized—*A lion put to flight by the braying of an ass.*

Richard Burke was once found in a reverie, shortly after an extraordinary display of power in Parliament by his brother Edmund. He was questioned by a friend as to the cause, and replied, 'I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then, again, I remember when we were at play he was always at work.' The force of this ancedote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure.

HENRY GRATTAN.

Henry Grattan was born at Dublin on the 3d of July 1746. He was called to the bar in 1772, and obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament three years later.

One of the great objects Grattan had in view, during his brilliant and useful career, was the complete independence of the Irish Parliament. Contrary to the advice of his friends, but with the voice of the nation in his favour, he made, on the 19th of April 1780, his memorable motion in the Irish House for a declaration of Irish Right. His speech on that occasion was the most splendid piece of eloquence that had ever been heard in Ireland. As a specimen of condensed and fervent argumentation, it indicates a high order of talent, while in brilliancy and style, pungency of application, and impassioned vehemence of spirit, it has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. The conclusion especially is one of the most magnificent passages in our language. 'Hereafter,' he says,

'when these things shall be history—your age of thraldom, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament[1]—shall the historian stop at *liberty*, and observe that here the principal men amongst us were found wanting, were awed by a weak ministry, bribed by an empty treasury, and when liberty was within their grasp, and her temple opened its folding doors, fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold?

'I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land and their violation; by the instructions of eighteen centuries; by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment—tell us the rule by which we shall go: assert the law of Ireland! declare the liberty of the land! I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; nor, speaking for the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty.

'I have no ambition, unless it be to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clinging to his rags. He may be naked; he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time at hand: the spirit is gone forth; the Declaration of Right is planted; and though great men should fall off, the cause shall live; and though he who utters this should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the humble organ who conveys it; and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.'

Mr. Grattan's motion did not pass—the power of the English government was too great in the Irish House of Commons to admit of that; but he was hailed throughout Ireland as the destined deliverer of his country. No Irishman had ever enjoyed before such unbounded popularity. He made a second motion on the same subject two years later, and the Declaration of Irish Right was carried almost without a dissenting voice.

As an expression of their gratitude for his services, the Parliament of Ireland voted the sum of £100,000 to purchase Mr. Grattan an estate. His feelings led him at first to decline the grant; but as his patrimony was inadequate to his support in the new position he occupied, he was induced by the interposition of his friends to accept one-half the amount.

[1] Referring to the rapid formation of the volunteer corps.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Charles James Fox was born in London in 1749. A few particulars of his early life strikingly illustrate the formation of his character. The boundless indulgence with which he was

brought up, and the temptations to which he was systematically exposed from boyhood, not merely account for the errors of his maturer years, but greatly enhance our admiration of the qualities of head and heart, that could go through such an ordeal essentially unimpaired. 'Mr. Fox's children were to receive no contradiction. Having promised Charles that he should be present when a garden wall was to be flung down, and having forgotten it, the wall was built up again, that he might perform his promise.' Lord Holland (Charles' uncle), after quoting this passage from the *Reminiscences of Sir G. Colebrook*, remarks, 'This was perhaps foolish; but the performance of a promise was the moral inculcated by the folly, and that, *ce me semble*, is no bad lesson.'

'Charles is dreadfully passionate; what shall we do with him?' said Lady Caroline. 'Oh, never mind,' replied Mr. Fox; 'he is a sensible little fellow, and will learn to curb himself.' Charles overheard this conversation, and adverting to it in after life, said, 'I will not deny that I was a very sensible little fellow, a very clever little boy; and what I heard made an impression on me, and was of use to me afterwards.' This is related by Lord Russell. The three following anecdotes are given on good authority:—

Once the *enfant terrible* wished to break a watch. 'Well!' said the father, 'if you must, I suppose you must.'

At another time, Lord Holland, as Secretary of State, was preparing some important papers, when Charles, going into the study, read, criticised, and burnt a despatch which was ready to be sealed. The father, without even reprimanding his boy, calmly got ready another copy of the despatch from the official draft.

Charles James in his childhood does not seem to have shown his mother much more deference than he showed his father. One day he heard her make a mistake in Roman history, and asking her, with utter contempt, what *she* knew about the Romans, he went on to explain how she was wrong.

He early acquired habits of dissipation, and contracted a mania for gambling, which grew to such a height, that reading about it seems not unlike the perusal of a romance.

On the 8th February 1772, Gibbon writes to Holroyd in reference to a debate on the Church Establishment:—'By-the-bye, Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy war by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard: his devotion cost him only about £500 per hour—in all, £11,000.'

On the 6th December 1773, Gibbon also wrote:—'You know Lord Holland is paying Charles' debts. They amount to £140,000. At a meeting of the creditors, his agent declared

that, after deducting £6000 a year settled on Stephen (the eldest son), and a decent provision for his old age, the residue of his wealth amounted to no more than £90,000.'

Walpole mentions another separate payment of £20,000 for the debts of Stephen and Charles. In April 1772, Charles brought in a Bill to amend the Marriage Bill which his father had so vehemently opposed; and Walpole, after commending the ease, grace, and clearness of his speech, says :—

'He was that very morning returned from Newmarket, where he had lost some thousand pounds the preceding day. He had stopped at Hoekeril, where he found company—had sat up all night drinking, and had not been in bed, when he came to move his Bill, which he had not even drawn. This was genius, was almost inspiration.'

During the first three years of his Parliamentary career, Charles Fox, as if impatient (as Walpole remarks) to inherit his father's unpopularity, professed the same arbitrary principles; and it was his motion to commit Woodfall, accompanied by a fierce denunciation against the City and the Press, that caused Lord North, at the king's suggestion, to send the well-known note :—

'His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name.—NORTH.'

This dismissal was fortunate for his fame. It threw him into opposition, compelled him to take the Liberal side on all great questions, and eventually led to his being the chosen champion, the pride and boast, of the Whig party.

A French gentleman once expressed some surprise at the immense influence which Fox, a man of pleasure, ruined by the dice-box and the turf, exercised over the English nation. 'You have not,' said Pitt, 'been under the wand of the magician.'

Notwithstanding many defects in his public speaking, Fox exercised a prodigious influence over his hearers. 'He forgot himself,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'and everything around him. He darted fire into his audience: torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and convictions.'

SHERIDAN.

At first Sheridan was far from being a success in the House of Commons. His maiden speech was delivered on the 20th of November 1780. The House listened to him with every mark of respect; but his appearance did not entirely satisfy his friends. Every one has heard how Woodfall, the reporter, used to relate that Sheridan came to him in the gallery, when the speech was ended, and asked with much anxiety what he thought of his first attempt. 'I am sorry to say,' replied Woodfall,

'that I don't think this is your line; you had better have stuck to your former pursuits.' Sheridan rested his head on his hand for some minutes, and then exclaimed with vehemence: 'It is in me, and it shall come out of me.' He thenceforth devoted himself with the utmost assiduity, quickened by a sense of shame, to the cultivation of his powers as a speaker; and having great ingenuity, ready wit, perfect self-possession, and a boldness amounting almost to effrontery, he made himself at last most dexterous and effective in debate.

In February 1783, Mr. Sheridan first came into direct contact with Mr. Pitt, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer; and it is evident that the attack was premeditated on the part of Sheridan, in an ambitious aim to cope with this extraordinary young man, whose powers as an orator and a statesman were then the general theme of admiration. When the preliminaries of peace came under consideration, Mr. Sheridan levelled some strong observations against Mr. Pitt, who could not well avoid taking notice of them. Alluding to Mr. Sheridan's dramatic connections and pursuits, he said, 'No man admired more than he did the abilities of the honourable gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thoughts, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, his epigrammatic points; and if they were reserved for the proper stage, they would, no doubt, receive what the honourable gentleman's abilities always did receive—the plaudits of the audience; and it would be his fortune *sui plausu gaudere theatri.* But this was not the proper scene for the exhibition of these elegances, and he therefore must beg leave to call the attention of the House to a serious consideration of the very important question before them.'

Mr. Sheridan, in explanation, adverted in a forcible manner to his personality, saying, 'He need not comment on it, as the propriety, the taste, and the gentlemanly point of it must have been obvious to the House: but,' added he, 'let me assure the right honourable gentleman that I do now, and will at any time when he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good humour; nay, I will say more, flattered and encouraged by the right honourable gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if ever I again engage in the composition he alludes to, I may be tempted to an act of presumption, to attempt an improvement of one of Ben Jonson's best characters, that of the angry boy in the *Alchymist.*'

This reciprocity of sarcastic ridicule occasioned much sport at the time; and the whimsical application of Sheridan's dramatic reading fixed upon his opponent an appellation which he did not get rid of for many years.

Sheridan's Begum speech has

always been famous as an extraordinary exhibition of eloquence. It was delivered in the House of Commons in 1787, in connection with the case of Warren Hastings. At its conclusion, the whole audience broke forth into expressions of tumultuous applause. Men of all parties vied with each other in their encomiums, and Mr. Pitt concluded his remarks by saying that 'an abler speech was perhaps never delivered.' A motion was made to adjourn, so that the House might have time to recover their calmness and 'collect their reason' after the excitement they had undergone. In seconding this motion, Mr. Stanhope declared that he had entered the House prepossessed in favour of Mr. Hastings, but that nothing less than a miracle could now prevent his voting for his impeachment. When, twenty years afterwards, Mr. Fox and Mr. Wyndham, two of the severest judges in England, spoke of this speech, they did so in terms of undiminished admiration. The former declared it to be the best speech ever made in the House of Commons. The latter said that 'the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting in the literary or in the Parliamentary performances of Sheridan, the greatest that had ever been delivered within the memory of man.'

An orator cannot always repeat his great successes. When the House of Commons resolved to impeach Warren Hastings, Sheridan was chosen as one of the managers, and the task assigned him was the charge relating to the Begums or princesses of Oude. He was thus called upon to reproduce, as far as possible, his splendid oration of the preceding year, in presence of an assembly still more dignified and august, and under circumstances calculated to excite all his ambition as a man and an orator.

The public had formed the most sanguine expectations. During the four days on which he spoke, the hall was crowded to suffocation; and such was the eagerness to obtain admission, that in some instances fifty guineas were paid for a single ticket.

These apparently favourable circumstances without doubt operated to the injury of Sheridan. They aggravated those 'faults of taste' which were spoken of by Mr Wyndham. They led him to indulge in many extravagances of language and sentiment; and though all who heard it agreed in pronouncing it a speech of astonishing power, it must have been far inferior in true eloquence to his great original effort in the House of Commons. His success in the two speeches was celebrated by Byron in the following lines:—

'When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven, in her appeal to man,

long known and so much courted by numerous applicants, to avoid whose troublesome inquiries, and to gain a respite from anxiety, he passed much of his time in coffeehouses and taverns. Frequent inebriety was the result of such a course of life; and the effects of it upon his constitution, which had been naturally a very robust one, soon appeared in his countenance and his manners. Yet, sinking as he now was into the lowest state of human declension, occasional sallies of humour escaped him, even when he was unable to stand, or scarcely to articulate. Coming very late one night out of a tavern, he fell; and being too much overpowered with liquor to recover his feet, he was raised by some passengers, who asked his name and place of abode, to which he replied by referring to a coffeehouse, and hiccuping that he was Mr. *Wil-ber-force*.

Previous to the celebrated debate that took place in 1805, on the *Tenth Report of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry*, Sheridan was observed in a coffeehouse near the House of Commons, with tea, pens, ink, and paper before him. For some time he sat drinking tea and making memoranda, when he called the waiter to bring him some brandy. A half-pint tumbler was immediately brought him, when, continuing awhile drinking his tea, he at length collected his papers, put them into his pocket, and swallowing his half-pint of brandy at a draught, like a glass of porter, he went to the House, where he made one of the best speeches ever delivered by him, alike remarkable for keenness of argument and brilliancy of wit, and this under the influence of a potion which would wholly have deprived most men of their faculties.

For the last few years of Mr. Sheridan's public life, he seldom spoke in Parliament; and when he did speak, he was no longer distinguished for the ardour of his attacks, the pertinacity and promptness of his questions, or the brilliancy of his replies. He, however, terminated his political career with a splendid proof of eloquence. This was in 1812, when the overtures for peace which had then recently been made by France were the subject of discussion. He declared resistance to Bonaparte, even with the hazard of defeat, to be absolutely necessary, and concluded with the following animated sentence, which was the last he uttered in Parliament:—'If we fall,' said he, 'in this great struggle, and if, after our ruin, there shall possibly rise an historian able to appreciate the merits and importance of events, his language will be—"Britain fell, and fell with her all the best securities for the charities of human life: the power, the honour, the fame, the glory, and the liberties, not only of herself, but of the whole civilised world."'

WILLIAM PITT.

William Pitt, the illustrious statesman, was born in 1759, and was the second son of the Earl of Chatham, to whose glorious career we have already referred. It may be that genius runs in families; and if so, William Pitt is a noble example of it. Unfortunately, however, for the case of those who argue that great ancestors are usually succeeded by great descendants, his elder brother was as indolent and incapable as he was active and able. It was John Pitt, the second Earl of Chatham, who commanded the expedition to Walcheren in 1809, the disastrous failure of which was owing to his bad management and total disregard of his instructions. His conduct on this occasion gave rise to the famous epigram—

'Great Chatham, with his sabre drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.'

We shall pass over the youth of William Pitt, and the laborious studies by which he prepared himself for carrying out the one idea of his boyhood, that of becoming a distinguished orator. He entered Parliament in January 1781, and delivered his maiden speech on the 26th of February. It was wholly unpremeditated, and gave a wonderful exhibition of the readiness and fertility of his mind. A bill on Economical Reform was under discussion, and when Lord Nugent rose to oppose it, Mr. Byng, a member for Middlesex, asked Mr. Pitt to come forward in reply. He partly assented, but afterwards changed his mind, and determined not to speak. Byng, who understood him otherwise, whenever Lord Nugent resumed his seat, called out, 'Pitt, Pitt!' and the cry at once became general throughout the House. At first he declined. The House, however, seemed determined to hear him; so he rose with entire self-possession, took up the argument with all the dexterity and force of a veteran debater, and threw over the whole a glow, an elegance, a richness of thought and fervour of emotion, which called forth a round of applause from every quarter of the House.

When he had ended, Burke took him by the hand, declaring that he was 'not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.' Fox carried him to Brooke's on the adjournment of the House, and had him enrolled among the *élite* of the Whigs; and the nation felt that the mantle of Lord Chatham had fallen upon one who was already qualified to go forth in the 'spirit and power' of his illustrious predecessor. Thus at the age of twenty-two Pitt placed himself at a single bound in the foremost rank of English statesmen and orators, at the proudest era of English eloquence.

So rapid was Pitt's rise as a politician, that he became Prime Minister at the age of twenty-four, under circumstances wholly unprecedented in the history of this or any other country. An overwhelming majority was arrayed against him in the House, led on by the most eloquent men of the age, inflamed by a sense of injury and disappointed ambition. So hopeless did his prospect of remaining in power appear, that a motion for a new writ to fill his place for the borough of Appleby was received with a general burst of laughter.

In the contest which followed, and which turned the eyes of the whole empire on the House of Commons for nearly three months, the young minister's situation was not only trying beyond measure in a political point of view, but, as Wraxall observes, 'appeared at times to be not wholly exempt from personal danger. Fox might be said, without exaggeration, to hold suspended over his head the severest marks of the indignation of the offended House. His removal from the king's presence and counsels as an enemy of his country; his impeachment, or his commitment to the Tower: any or all of these propositions might, nay, might *certainly*, have been carried in moments of effervescence, when the passions of a popular assembly, inflamed by such a conductor as Fox, seemed to be ripe for any acts of violence.'

Under these circumstances, Mr. Pitt displayed a presence of mind, a skill and boldness in repelling attacks, a dexterity in turning the weapons of his adversaries against themselves, and making the violence of their assault the very means of their final discomfiture, which we cannot even now contemplate, as remote spectators of the scene, without wonder and admiration.

Shortly afterwards, Parliament was dissolved, and at the general election which followed, the voice of the nation was expressed decidedly in Pitt's favour. From this period, for seventeen years, and after a short interval during three years more, Pitt swayed the destinies of England under circumstances for the most part more perilous and appalling than have fallen to the lot of any British statesman in modern times.

One of Pitt's most famous speeches was delivered in the House of Commons on the 2d of April 1792, in connection with the abolition of the slave trade. Wilberforce had made a motion for its immediate suppression. His opponents argued, however, that the object aimed at by Mr. Wilberforce would be secured with far greater ease and certainty by a gradual than by an immediate abolition. This called forth a reply from Pitt, one of the ablest pieces of mingled argument and eloquence which he ever produced. He first took up the question of *expediency*, comparing the two schemes of gradual and imme-

diate abolition; and while he put down the opposition completely on every point, he showed admirable tact in so doing it, as to leave no room for mortified feeling or personal resentment. He then proceeded to his main ground, that of *right*:—'I come now to Africa! Why ought the slave trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice. How much stronger, then, is the argument for immediate than for gradual abolition!' On this topic he put forth all his strength, exposing in tones of lofty and indignant eloquence the complicated enormities of a system which had made the shores of Africa for centuries a scene of cruelty and bloodshed, and brought infamy on the character of Christian nations engaged in this guilty traffic.

Mr. Wilberforce says in his journal, 'Windham, who has no love for Pitt, tells me that Fox and Grey, with whom he walked home from this debate, agreed in thinking Pitt's speech one of the most wonderful displays of eloquence that they had ever heard. For the last twenty minutes he really seemed to be inspired.'

On the 18th of May 1803, war was declared against the French Republic, and on the 23d and 24th occurred one of the most memorable debates which ever took place in the House of Commons. On the first night Pitt spoke, and on the second Fox, and both exerted their powers to the utmost. Of Pitt's speech Lord Malmesbury says, 'Pitt's speech last night was the finest he ever made. Never was any speech so cheered, or so incessantly and loudly applauded.'

But the best account we have of it is from a letter of Lord Dudley, then Mr. Ward. 'Whatever,' he says, 'may have been its comparative merits, its effects were astonishing, and I believe unequalled. When he came in, which he did not till after Lord Hawkesbury had been speaking nearly an hour, all the attention of the House was withdrawn from the orator and fixed on him; and as he walked up to his place, his name was repeated aloud by several persons, for want, I imagine, of some other way to express their feelings. Erskine and Whitbread were heard with impatience; and when, at the end of a tedious hour and a half, he rose (twenty minutes to eight), there was first a violent and almost universal cry of "Mr. Pitt! Mr. Pitt!"

'He was then cheered before he uttered a syllable,—a mark of approbation which was repeated at almost all the brilliant passages and remarkable sentiments; and when he sat down (nine), there followed one of the longest, most eager, and most enthusiastic bursts of applause I ever heard in any place on any occasion. As far as I observed, however, it was confined to the Parliamentary "Hear him! Hear him!" but it is possible the exclamations in the

body of the House might have prevented me from hearing the clapping of hands in the gallery.

'This wonderful agitation, you will readily perceive, it would not be fair to ascribe wholly to the superiority of his eloquence on that particular occasion. He was applauded before he spoke, which is alone a sufficient proof. Much must be attributed to his return at such an awful moment to an assembly which he had been accustomed to rule, from which he had been long absent, and in which he had not left a successor; some little, perhaps, to his addressing a new Parliament, in which there were many members by whom he had never or rarely been heard, and whose curiosity must of course have been raised to the highest pitch.'

A public funeral and a monument were voted to Pitt by Parliament. The funeral took place on the 22d of February 1806; the corpse, having lain in state for two days in the Painted Chamber, was borne with great pomp to its resting-place in the northern transept of Westminster Abbey. A splendid train of princes, nobles, and privy councillors followed. The grave of Pitt had been made near the spot where his great father, Lord Chatham, lay, and near also to the place where his illustrious rival Fox was soon to be interred. Wilberforce, who carried the banner before Pitt's hearse, has described the ceremony with deep feeling. 'As the coffin descended into the earth,' he says, 'the eagle face of Chatham from above seemed to look down with consternation into the dark house which was receiving all that remained of so much power and glory.'

The graves of Fox and Pitt, in Westminister Abbey, are situated only a few inches from each other. Sir Walter Scott thus moralizes on the fact, in the introduction to the first canto of Marmion:—

Where—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry—
'Here let their discord with them die;
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again?'

Pitt and Fox, notwithstanding their political hostility, entertained the utmost respect for each other's talents. After the close of the first session in which Mr. Pitt appeared in Parliament, a friend of Mr. Fox saying, 'Mr. Pitt, I think, promises to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the House of Commons,' he instantly replied, 'He is so already.' From this and other testimonies, it appears that Mr. Fox was very early impressed with a high idea of Mr. Pitt's talents. It ought to be mentioned, to the mutual credit of these great men, that in future life, when they were the leaders of two opposite parties, and the supporters of

different systems of politics, they always in private spoke of each other's abilities with the highest respect. Mr. Fox, in addressing the electors of Westminster soon after he had resigned the seals as Secretary of State, and Mr. Pitt had been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, bore the highest testimony to the talents of his rival; and at a late period of Mr. Pitt's administration, he said that 'he had been narrowly watching Mr. Pitt for many years, and could never catch him tripping once.' Mr. Pitt also considered Mr. Fox as far superior to any of his opponents as a debater in the House of Commons.

Few ministers have shown greater disinterestedness in money matters, and superiority to the little things which mere courtiers term great, than William Pitt. Soon after he became First Lord of the Treasury, and at a moment when his continuance in that situation was extremely questionable, he was offered by his Majesty a clerkship worth £3000 a year, but respectfully declined accepting it. Having been only a short time in his Majesty's service, he conceived that he had no claim upon the public; and the very peculiar circumstances in which he stood, instead of operating as an inducement to seize that opportunity of securing to himself a provision, determined him to advise that the office should be disposed of in a way that would benefit *neither himself* nor any relation or friend. Colonel Barré, his *political opponent*, had a pension of £3000 a year; and to save this sum to the country, Mr. Pitt got the clerkship conferred on the colonel. Mr. Pitt was afterwards offered the Garter as a mark of his Majesty's esteem; but this also he declined. The king was so much struck with these admirable traits in Mr. Pitt's character, that on a subsequent occasion, on his applying for a tellership in behalf of a friend's son, his Majesty, while he granted the appointment, added in a note that he should have been better pleased to see some arrangement in favour of Mr. Pitt himself. When Mr. Pitt at length condescended to accept of the sinecure appointment of Warden of the Cinque Ports, it was literally *thrust upon* him by his royal master. The moment the office became vacant by the death of the Earl of Guildford, the king sent the following letter to Mr. Pitt:—

'WINDSOR, *August* 6, 1792.

'Having this moment received the account of the death of the Earl of Guildford, I take the first opportunity of acquainting Mr. Pitt that the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports is an office for which I will not receive any recommendations, having positively resolved to confer it on him, as a mark of that regard which his eminent services have deserved from me. I am so bent on this, that I shall be severely *offended* at any attempt to de-

cline. I have entrusted these my intentions to the Earl of Chatham, Lord Grenville, and Mr. Dundas.'

Mr. Pitt had now been Prime Minister nearly nine years: he had abandoned a lucrative profession to devote himself to the public service, and he had expended the whole of his private fortune, in addition to his official income, in maintaining the dignity of his station; and under all these circumstances, he conceived he did himself no dishonour by accepting with gratitude this mark of his sovereign's kindness and approbation. Nor has the propriety of his conduct ever been called in question by any party or person; for he

'Who govern'd kingdoms left no wealth behind.'

In the early part of the year 1789, when the nation was in a state of despondency respecting the health of George the Third, and a change in the administration was thought extremely probable, it occurred to several gentlemen of the first respectability in the city of London, that Mr. Pitt on quitting office would be in a situation of great embarrassment, not only from some debts which he had unavoidably incurred, but as to the means of his subsistence. They felt the strong impression, in which the nation participated, of his great virtues, as well as of his eminent talents; and they were sensible, in common with the major part of their countrymen, of the value of those services to which his life had been hitherto devoted, particularly to those commercial interests in which they were deeply concerned. Under this impression, a certain number of merchants and shipowners met, and resolved to raise the sum of £100,000, to be presented to him as a free gift, the well-earned reward of his meritorious exertions; each subscriber engaging never to divulge the name of himself or of any other person contributing, in order to prevent its being known to any one except themselves who the contributors were. The only exception to this engagement of secrecy was a respectable baronet, who was deputed to learn from a friend of the minister's in what manner the token of esteem and gratitude (as it was expressed) could be presented most acceptably to Mr. Pitt.

Highly flattering as the offer was, and seasonable as the act would have been, the friend applied to entertained doubts of Mr. Pitt accepting the proffered bounty, and therefore thought it right to apprize him of the intention. This occasioned a long discussion on the subject, which ended in Mr. Pitt expressing a positive and fixed determination to decline the acceptance of this liberal and generous offer,—a determination that nothing could shake; for when it was urged that it never could be known to him who the subscribers were, and they were men whose fortunes put them out of all pro-

bability of ever soliciting the smallest favour from him, his reply was, 'that if he should at any future time of his life return to office, he should never see a gentleman from the city without its occurring to him that he might be one of his subscribers.'

This positive determination was communicated to the baronet before alluded to, which put an end to the measure; and in a few days after, Mr. Pitt, in conversing about his future plans, remarked that, had he lost his situation in the ministry, he had taken a fixed resolution to return to the bar, and to apply unremittingly to that profession, in order to extricate himself from his difficulties, and to secure, as far as he should be able, the means of future independence.

GEORGE CANNING.

One of the most finished and effective of Canning's oratorical displays was a speech delivered at Plymouth in 1823. It was much admired at the time, not only for the political views which it expressed, but especially for the beautiful allusion it contained to the ships in ordinary as an emblem of England, while reposing in the quietude of peace. It may interest the reader to peruse the passage, which is as follows:—

'While we control even our feelings by our duty, let it not be said that we cultivate peace either because we fear or because we are unprepared *for war. On* the contrary, if eight months ago the Government did not hesitate to proclaim that the country was prepared for war, if war should be unfortunately necessary, every month of peace that has since passed has made us so much the more capable of exertion. The resources created by peace are means of war: in cherishing these resources, we but accumulate those means.

'Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage, how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and all its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might; such is England herself, while, apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.

'But God forbid that that occasion should arise! After a war sustained for near a quarter of a century—sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arrayed at times against her or at her side—England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction.'

LORD BROUGHAM.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lord Brougham was his speech on Law Reform in 1827. We shall do well to transcribe, as a specimen of his highest eloquence, the conclusion of this wonderful oration:—

'You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the north—saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him contemn the fickleness of fortune, while in despite of her he could pronounce his memorable boast, "I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand!" You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawyer whom in arms you overcame. The lustre of the regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the reign. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. But how much nobler will be the sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!'

There is a lesson to be drawn from our study of these great orators. Cicero, like nearly every other great man, gives in his life a testimony to the value and necessity of the diligent culture of the mind for the attainment of eminence. His education for oratory was most laborious. He himself declared that no man ought to pretend to the character of an orator without being previously acquainted with everything worth knowing in nature and art, as eloquence unbased on knowledge is no better than the prattle of a child. He was twenty-six years old before he considered himself properly accomplished for the practice of his profession.

It is encouraging to read the opinions of eminent men on the subject of the attainment of success in life. The reader, therefore, will not be dissatisfied to have here presented to him the following extract from a speech addressed to the students at Glasgow University

by an eminent statesman—Sir Robert Peel :—

'Let me, who have not survived my sympathies with the feelings of youth, who drank from the same pure spring at which you allay the thirst for knowledge, who have felt the glow of your emulation—let me, after being engaged in the active scenes of public life, and buffeted by the storms of political party—let me bring the living testimony of experience to confirm the truth of those precepts which you hear from the high authority of those distinguished men of whom your instruction is the peculiar province.

'Let me assure you, with all the earnestness of deep conviction, that your success, your eminence, your happiness, are much less dependent on the caprices of fortune, infinitely more within your own control, than to superficial observers they appear to be. There lies before you a boundless field of exertion. Whatever be your pursuit, whatever the profession you may choose, the avenues to honourable fame are widely open to you. The great ocean of truth lies expanded before you. "I do not know," said Newton at the close of his illustrious career,—"I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, finding sometimes a brighter pebble or a smoother shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before me." Every advance in knowledge has served to extend it on every side: it has served, like the telescope, to make us familiar with objects before imperfectly comprehended: it has shown us the comparative nothingness of human knowlege.

'I have said that the field for exertion is boundless; I have said that the avenues to distinction are free, and that it is within your power to command an entrance to them. I am the son of a man who founded his own fortunes by dint of honest and laborious exertion in those very pursuits of active industry which are still elevating so many to affluence and to honourable station:—yet by the favour and confidence of my sovereign, I have been called to the highest trust which a subject can execute, that of administering the government of this great country. I repeat, there is a presumption, amounting almost to certainty, that if any one of you will determine to be eminent, in whatever profession you may choose, and will act with unvarying steadiness in pursuance of that determination, you will, if health and strength be given you, infallibly succeed. Yes, even if what is called genius shall have been denied to you, you have faculties of the mind which may be so improved by constant exercise and vigilance, that they shall supply the place of genius, and

indulged, his apparent devotion to which could not but be gratifying to a youthful and joyous king. By some it is said that this compliance with the ways of the world, was for the express purpose of riveting the influence he possessed over the royal mind. Nor are less innocent amusements omitted to be charged against him, which, on the other side, are met by an indignant denial. But, however it may have been gained, his intimate footing with Henry is undoubted.

Of his conduct, habits, and demeanour while he continued Chancellor we have a very graphic and trustworthy account from his secretary Fitzstephen, some of the more remarkable passages of which we may set down here :—

'The Chancellor's house and table were open to all of every degree about the court who wished to partake of his hospitality, and who were, or appeared to be, respectable. He hardly ever sat down to dinner without earls and barons whom he had invited. He ordered the rooms in which he entertained company to be daily covered during winter with clean straw and hay, and in summer with clean rushes and boughs, for the gentlefolks to lie down upon, who, on account of their numbers, could not be accommodated at the tables, so that their fine clothes might not be soiled by a dirty floor. His house was splendidly furnished with gold and silver vessels, and was plentifully supplied with the most costly meats and drinks.

'The prime nobility of England and the neighbouring kingdoms sent their sons to be servants to the Chancellor. He gave these young men handsome entertainment and a liberal education; and when he had seen them duly admitted into the order of knighthood, he returned them back to their fathers and relations. Some he retained near his own person. The king himself entrusted his own son, the heir-apparent of the kingdom, to be brought up by him; and the Chancellor maintained the prince with all suitable honour, together with many sons of the nobility of the same age, and all their train, instructors, and servants.

'Many nobles and knights paid homage to the Chancellor, which he received with a saving of their allegiance to the king, and he then maintained and supported them as their patron.

'When he was going beyond sea, he had a fleet of six or more vessels for his own use; and he carried over free of expense all who wished to cross at the same time. When he was landed, he recompensed the masters and the sailors of his ships to their hearts' content. Hardly a day passed in which he did not give away magnificent presents, such as horses, hawks, apparel, gold or silver furniture, or sums of money. He was an example of the sacred proverb, *Some bountifully give away all that belongs*

to them, and still always abound; while others seize what does not belong to them, and are always in want. So gracefully did the Chancellor confer his gifts, that he was reckoned the charm and delight of the whole Latin world.

'The Chancellor was in high favour with the king, the clergy, the army, and the people, on account of his eminent virtues, his greatness of mind, and his good deeds, which seemed to spring spontaneously from his heart. Serious business being finished, the king and he consorted as young comrades of the same station—whether in the palace, in church, in private society, or in excursions on horseback.

'One cold, wintry day they were riding together through the streets of London, when they observed an old beggar-man coming towards them, wearing a worn-out, tattered garment. Said the king to the Chancellor, "Do you see that man?"

'*Chancellor*—"I see him."

'*King*—"How poor—how wretched—how naked he is! would it not be great charity to give him a thick, warm cloak?"

'*Chancellor*—"Great, indeed; and you, as king, ought to have a disposition and an eye for such things."

'Meanwhile the beggar comes up: the king stops, and the Chancellor along with him. The king in a mild tone addresses the beggar, and asks him if he would like to have a good cloak. The beggar not knowing who they were, thought it was all a joke.

'*The king to the Chancellor*—"You indeed shall have all the grace of this great charity;" and putting his hands on a very fine new cloak of scarlet and ermine which the Chancellor then wore, he struggled to pull it off, and the Chancellor did his best to retain it.

'A great scuffle and tumult arising, the rich men and knights who formed their train, in astonishment hastened to find out what sudden cause of contest had sprung up, but could gain no information: both the contending parties were eagerly engaged with their hands, and seemed as if about to tumble to the ground. After a certain resistance, the Chancellor allowed the king to be victorious, to pull off his cloak, and to give it to the beggar. The king then told the whole story to his attendants, who were all convulsed with laughter. There was no want of offers from them of cloaks and coats to the Chancellor. The old beggar-man walked off with the Chancellor's valuable cloak, enriched beyond his hopes, rejoicing and giving thanks to God.'[1]

[1] 'It is impossible,' remarks Lord Campbell in his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England*, 'not to admire the *finesse* with which Fitzstephen tells this story, particularly the courtly acquiescence of the Chancellor after a proper resistance, and the profusion of offers of coats and cloaks to the Chancellor, then the favourite, and the distributor of the favours of the Crown.'

'Sometimes the king took his meals in the dining-hall of the Chancellor, for the sake of amusement, and to hear the stories told at his table and in his house. While the Chancellor was sitting at table, the king would be admitted into the hall on horseback, sometimes with a dart in his hand, returning from the chase or riding to cover: sometimes he merely drank a cup of wine, and having saluted the Chancellor, retreated; sometimes jumping over the table, he sat down and partook of the banquet. Never in any Christian age were two men more familiar or friendly.'

Henry loaded Becket with new benefits, granting him the prebend of Hastings and the wardenship of the castles of Eye and Berkhamstead, to the former of which 140 knights were attached. The custody also of various bishoprics and abbeys was entrusted to him, from the proceeds of which much of his lavish expenditure was no doubt supplied.

The external dignity of the office of Chancellor must have been considerably enhanced by the publicity of Henry's favour, and by the profuseness of the favourite. They formed, in fact, the first step towards that advanced position which the possessor of the Great Seal eventually obtained in the counsels of the kingdom. It would almost seem that it was with some view of promoting such an advance, that, in the embassy Becket undertook to the court of France in 1158, to ask the Princess Margaret in marriage for Henry's eldest son, he redoubled his habitual magnificence, and exhibited so pompous a cavalcade as to strike all beholders with wonder. When the procession entered some town or village making a prodigious clatter, the Frenchmen, says Fitzstephen, hearing the noise, came running out, inquiring '*Whose family can this be?*' Being answered, '*Behold the Chancellor of England going on a mission to the king of France,*' they exclaimed, '*How wonderful must be the king of England himself, whose Chancellor travels in such state!*' At Paris he made a gorgeous display. He prevented Louis from paying him the customary compliment of providing for the ambassador's expenses, by contriving to anticipate the supply: he distributed his gold and silver, his jewels and plate, and even his rich apparel, in gifts around him; and the sumptuousness of his table amazed even the Parisians, by whom a dish of eels which cost a hundred shillings was not soon forgotten.

'In the following year,' says Mr. Foss in his valuable work on the judges of England, 'he appeared in a new character. The war of Toulouse broke out, occasioned by Henry's claim to that duchy in right of his wife Eleanor, whose former husband, Louis king of France, insisted, on his side, on his power to dispose of it. It was on this occa-

sion that, under the advice of Becket, a payment for every knight's fee, under the name of scutage, was first substituted for personal military service; and a new element was thus introduced into national warfare by the employment of mercenaries. Becket at his own expense led to the field no less than 700 knights, and a numerous and splendid retinue, heading them on every enterprise, and performing many acts of personal bravery. A French knight named Engelraur de Trie was unhorsed by him in single combat, and left his steed as a trophy to the victor. After the retreat of King Henry, Becket remained behind, and with the aid of Henry de Essex, took Cahors and other towns, and supported the king's name by his valour and conduct.

'These acts, though somewhat inconsistent with his clerical character, and productive of some remarks among his contemporaries, do not appear to have detracted from the general estimation in which he was held, nor to have raised any doubts as to his being elevated eventually to the highest ecclesiastical dignity.

'On the death of Archbishop Theobald in April 1161, the king resolved to advance his favourite to the primacy; but the election did not take place till May in the following year. The delay is attributed by some to Becket's own repugnance to accept the appointment, and the conviction he felt that it would place the king and himself in collision. By others it is ascribed to the remonstrances of the English bishops and the Canterbury monks, together with the warnings of Matilda, the queen-mother, against the nomination of a man of so active and resolute a disposition. Nevertheless, the king, who considered that his own views would be forwarded by this promotion, persisted in his purpose, and Becket was consecrated on June 3, 1162, having been ordained priest on the day before.

'Henry soon discovered his mistake. He at once lost a companion, a friend, and a counsellor, and obtained in their stead an opponent to his claims, a rival to his greatness, and a disturber of his peace.'

Becket's end is too well known to need recounting.

JUDGE GASCOIGNE.

The name of Judge Gascoigne we mention with respect. To most readers it will recall but one, and that a noted, incident:—

A favourite servant of King Henry v. when Prince of Wales, was indicted for a misdemeanour, and notwithstanding the interest he exerted in his behalf, was convicted and condemned. The prince was so incensed at the issue of the trial, that, forgetting his own dignity and the respect due to the administration of *justice*, he rushed into court,

and commanded that his servant should be unfettered and set at liberty. The Chief Justice, Sir William Gascoigne, mildly reminded the prince of the reverence which was due to the ancient laws of the kingdom, and advised him, if he had any hope of exempting the culprit from the rigour of his sentence, to apply for the gracious pardon of the king his father, a course of proceeding which would be no derogation to either law or justice. The prince, far from being appeased by this discreet answer, hastily turned towards the prisoner, and was attempting to take him by force out of the hands of the officers, when the Chief Justice, roused by so flagrant a contempt of authority, commanded the prince on his allegiance instantly to leave the prisoner and quit the court. Henry, all in a fury, stepped up to the judgment-seat, with the intention, as every one thought, of doing some personal injury to the Chief Justice; but he quickly stopped short, awed by the majestic sternness which frowned from the brow of the judge as he thus addressed him: 'Sir, remember yourself. I keep here the place of the king your sovereign lord and father, to whom you owe double allegiance. In his name, therefore, I charge you to desist from your disobedience and unlawful enterprise, and henceforth give a better example to those who shall hereafter be your own subjects. And now, for the contempt and disobedience you have shown, I commit you to the prison of the King's Bench, there to remain until the pleasure of the king your father be known.'

Henry, by this time sensible of the insult he had offered the laws of his country, suffered himself to be quietly conducted to jail by the officers of justice. His father, Henry IV., was no sooner informed of this transaction, than he exclaimed in a transport of joy, 'Happy is the king who has a magistrate possessed of courage to execute the laws; and still more happy in having a son who will submit to the punishment inflicted for offending them.'

The prince himself, when he came to be king, speaking of Sir William Gascoigne, said, 'I shall ever hold him worthy of his place and of my favour: and I wish that all my judges may possess the like undaunted courage to punish offenders, of what rank soever.'

Here is the account given by one of our old chroniclers of the prince's committal to prison: 'It happened,' he says, 'that a servant of Prince Henry, afterwards the fifth English king of that name, was arraigned before this judge, Sir William Gascoigne, for felony, whom the prince, then present, endeavoured to take away, coming up in such fury, that the beholders believed he would have stricken the judge. But he, sitting without moving, according to the ma-

jesty he represented, committed the prince prisoner to the King's Bench, there to remain till the pleasure of the prince's father were further known: who, when he heard thereof by some pickthank courtier, who probably expected a contrary return, gave God thanks for His infinite goodness, who at the same instant had given him a judge who could administer, and a son who could obey, justice.' Our great national dramatist puts these words into his mouth:—

'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy having such a son
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.'

It is a fine scene in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, where the future conqueror of Agincourt, after his accession to the throne, meets the independent judge:—

'*King.*—You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honour may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you and obey you as I did.
You did commit me:
For which I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear,
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me.'

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

We come now to another churchman who held the post of Lord Chancellor—the famous Cardinal Wolsey.

On the accession of Henry VIII., Wolsey had completed his thirty-eighth year. His clerical position gave him ready access to the court, and he did not fail to recommend himself to the new sovereign by his wit and gaiety. He tempered his wit and gaiety, however, with discretion, so as not to outrage his ecclesiastical character, nor yet to conceal those more solid qualities which he must have been conscious of possessing.

Soon Henry availed himself of his services, appointing him one of his council, and on the 8th of November 1509 granting him the office of almoner. He was thus placed in intimate communication with the king, and he contrived gradually to relieve the youthful monarch of most of his political labours. For this he met with an abundant reward: he became an acknowledged favourite, and not only received the usual royal compensations for his assiduity, but, according to Cavendish, 'presents, gifts, and rewards came in so plentifully, that he lacked nothing that might either please his fantasy or enrich his coffers.'

Professional preferment was not long of following. Then, in June 1513, when King Henry undertook the expedition against France, Wolsey not only accom-

panied him, but had the sole direction of the supplies and provisions of the royal army. He was present at the capture of Terouenne and Tournay, and was rewarded with the bishopric of the latter. In 1514 we find him raised to the episcopal bench as Bishop of Lincoln; and in the same year he attained the highest position he ever held in the Church—he became Archbishop of York. On September 7, in the following year, he received the cardinal's hat from Leo X., with the title of St. Cecilia, which was quickly succeeded by a commission from the pontiff as legate *à latere*.

Although the only ostensible office in the king's court hitherto held by Wolsey was that of the royal almoner, he had for some time been the principal adviser and mover in all affairs of state. That he was considered as having the greatest possible influence with his royal master is evident from the flatteries he received from foreign princes, and applications for his intercession from eminent personages who sought the king's favour.

That such a rapid advance in the short period of ten years from the comparatively humble position of a court chaplain to the elevated ranks of a cardinal and legate in the Church, and chief minister of the kingdom, should have made an ordinary man 'inebriated with prosperity,' as Archbishop Warham described him, would cause no wonder; but that it should produce such an effect upon a person possessed of such superior endowments and firmness of character as distinguished Wolsey may well excite surprise. And yet it is manifest from his whole history, that not merely the charge of vanity, but also that of an insatiable appetite for the accumulation of riches, had some foundation. Of the latter we have proof in his holding two deaneries and various prebends and livings at the same time, in the rewards, which would now be called bribes, acknowledged by his friendly biographer to have been taken by him in his office, and in a pension which he accepted from the Duke of Milan. Of the former we have examples enough: we see it in the state which he observed in his household, in his assumption of the cross of York within the prohibited province of Canterbury, and in the anxiety he evinced to give a greater degree of consequence to the mission sent by the pope with the cardinal's hat, by staying the journey of the messengers till he could procure a retinue which he considered more suitable to his high estate.

Still, however, Wolsey was not satisfied. There was another dignity to which he aspired. The Lord Chancellor had, for a long series of years previous to the reign of Henry VIII., been regarded as the head of the council, and as the Prime Minister. Wolsey accordingly made

up his mind to secure the Great Seal: his power would not be complete, he thought, without that. Archbishop Warham had held the Great Seal for thirteen years; and though Wolsey had for some time deprived him of the real power of the Chancellorship, there can be no doubt that his great aim was to supersede the modest primate in the title also. The indignities with which he treated the archbishop have so much the appearance of an attempt to enforce his resignation, that Wolsey's resistance, when the resignation at last took place, can only be regarded as a mere pretence. The entry on the Rolls of Wolsey's appointment as Lord Chancellor is dated December 22, 1515.

The manner in which it was the daily custom of this proud prelate to repair to the exercise of his public duties affords a striking display of his love of ostentation. In the morning, after being apprised that a number of peers and commoners awaited his entrance, Wolsey came forth from his chamber into his state apartments in his cardinal's dress of crimson or scarlet satin or damask, the richest that could be procured, and wearing upon his head a 'pillion' or cushion, surmounted by a noble, or elevation of black velvet, attached to the cushion. About his neck he wore a tippet of fine sables. Nor was the magnificence of his attire confined to the more conspicuous parts; even his shoes were the subjects of wonder and of ridicule.

Thus attired, and holding to his nose the peel of an orange filled with sponge dipped in vinegar and other confections against the pestilent air, Wolsey walked with great pomp to the outer door of his mansion, the Great Seal of England being carried before him, and after that the cardinal's hat, borne by some nobleman or gentleman bareheaded. And thus passing on, preceded also by his two great crosses of silver, and followed by two pillars and a large silver mace (gilt), the cardinal, amidst the cries of his gentlemen ushers, 'On, on, my lords and masters,' amidst the envy of some beholders, and the admiration of others, bent his course to the Court of Chancery, riding upon a mule splendidly caparisoned, and attended by his pillars, his crosses, his pole-axes, and running footmen.

For the manner in which Wolsey exercised the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery during the fourteen years he presided in it, his reputation stands high. Notwithstanding the perpetual and varied demands on his time, and the importance of his political duties, his attendance on the court was regular and punctual; and whatever opinion may be formed by different writers of his character as a statesman, his decrees as Chancellor are acknowledged to have been equitable and just.

The favour with which Wolsey

had been regarded by the king before he became Chancellor continued to increase after he was possessed of the Great Seal. The most unbounded reliance was placed upon his judgment, and no transaction in the state of the slightest importance was decided without his advice and concurrence. So large a space did he fill, so great an influence did he exercise in all the events of his time, that a detail of the political occurrences of his life would comprehend the history of the civilised world during the period of his unbounded power. For his successive negotiations with the emperor of Germany and the king of France, and the motives that dictated his changeable policy in regard to these two great antagonists—for the splendour of his embassies to both powers, and the extraordinary consideration with which he was treated by each—for a description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, arranged under his sole direction—and for the varied transactions with the minor governments of Europe, the reader must turn to works of general history.

The income of Wolsey must have been prodigious in amount, and is said to have even exceeded the royal revenue. His expenditure was on a corresponding scale. The Venetian ambassador says: 'He always has a sideboard of plate worth 25,000 ducats, wherever he may be; and his silver is estimated at 150,000 ducats. In his own chamber there is always a cupboard with vessels to the amount of 30,000 ducats, this being customary with the English nobility.' Cavendish delights in detailing the state and magnificence of his household, the number and rank of his attendants, the sumptuousness of his banquets, and the glories of his masques. Nobles were proud, or professed to be proud, to wait upon him, and their sons were sent to be educated in his palace.

Such universal homage made him forget his original littleness, and prompted him to yet higher aspirations. The popedom was the object at which he now aimed; and twice did it seem within his grasp, supported as he was by the hearty wishes of his own sovereign, and by the apparently as hearty promises of the emperor. But on both occasions was he doomed to disappointment — in 1522 by the election of Adrian VI., and two years afterwards by that of Clement VII. According to the report of the Venetian ambassadors four years before, one would have supposed that he might well have been satisfied with his actual position; for he is described as 'in very great repute, seven times more so than if he were pope,' and as ruling both the king and the kingdom. He relates that, on his first arrival, the cardinal used to say to him, 'His Majesty will do so and so;' that subsequently

by degrees he went forgetting himself, and commenced saying, 'We shall do so and so;' but at last he reached such a pitch, that he said, 'I shall do so and so.'

His fall does not come within the scope of this work. We all know how on his way to the Tower he was taken ill. He reached Leicester; and as he entered the gate of the monastery, said, 'Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you.' So the event proved. The monks carried him to his bed, on which he expired on the 29th of November 1530. Shakespeare has little altered the words he used on his death-bed, when he makes him thus address Cromwell:

'But had I served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.'

THOMAS CROMWELL.

In Thomas Cromwell we find another example of a brilliant career ending in a sudden and sad fall. Cromwell was the son of a blacksmith. His father gave him a tolerable school education, and he made himself master of several foreign languages.

His original occupation appears to have been of a mercantile character, but he turned soldier, served in Italy under the Constable Bourbon, and was present in 1527 at Bourbon's death, and the sack of Rome. Returning to England, he attracted the attention of Cardinal Wolsey, who made him his solicitor, and employed him as his chief agent in the dissolution of the monasteries, which the pope had abandoned to the powerful minister for the foundation of colleges.

After Wolsey's fall, Cromwell continued to secure the royal favour by his bold and able counsels in the king's final breach with Rome. He soon became the principal and confidential minister of the Crown. To Cromwell, indeed, more than to anybody else, we owe the final dissolution of the monasteries, and the establishment of the Reformation in England; and these great measures were carried through entirely by his great abilities, courage, and perseverance.

In connection with his rise to power, an interesting story is told. It begins with the time when Cromwell, poor and friendless, was seeking his fortunes on a foreign soil:—

A Florentine merchant of the name of Francis Frescobald, who was descended of a noble family in Italy, and had an ample fortune, was ever liberal to all who were in necessity. This being known to others, though he would willingly have concealed it, a young stranger one day addressed him in Florence, to ask some assistance. Frescobald seeing something in his countenance more than

ordinary, overlooked his tattered clothes, and pitying his circumstances, inquired 'who he was, and of what country.' 'I am,' said the stranger, 'a native of England; my name is Thomas Cromwell, and my father-in-law is a poor blacksmith. I left my country to seek my fortune, came with the French army that was routed at Gatylion, where I was a page to a footman, and carried his pike and burgonet after him.' Frescobald commiserating his misfortunes, and having a particular respect for the English nation, clothed him genteelly, took him into his house till he had recovered strength, and at his taking leave mounted him upon a good horse, with sixteen ducats of gold in his pockets. Cromwell expressed his thankfulness in a very grateful manner, and returned to England. On his arrival, as we have already told, he entered the service of Cardinal Wolsey; and after his death he so effectually gained the favour of Henry VIII., that he was made a baron, afterwards a viscount, and after passing through several high and confidential offices, was appointed Lord High Chancellor of England.

While the fortunes of Cromwell were advancing so rapidly, Frescobald, from repeated losses by sea and land, was reduced to poverty. Without thinking at all of Cromwell, he recollected that some English merchants were indebted to him in the sum of fifteen thousand ducats, and he set off for London to look after the money. Travelling in pursuit of his business, he fortunately met with the Lord Chancellor as he was riding to court, who, recognising him to be the gentleman that had rendered him such essential service in Italy, immediately alighted, embraced him, and with the most anxious joy, inquired, 'Are you not Signor Francis Frescobald, a Florentine merchant?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'and your lordship's most humble servant.' 'My servant!' said the Chancellor; 'no, you are my special friend, who relieved my wants, and laid the foundation of my greatness; and as such a dear and obliging friend and benefactor I receive you. The affairs of my sovereign will not permit a longer conference at present; but I conjure you, my dear friend, to oblige me this day with your company to dinner, in expectation of which I now take my leave of you.'

Frescobald was surprised and astonished, and for some time could not think who this great man should be who acknowledged such obligations, and so passionately expressed a kindness for him; but contemplating his voice and person, he at length concluded that he must be the Cromwell whom he had relieved at Florence, and therefore, not a little overjoyed, went to his house at the appointed hour. His Lordship arrived

soon after, and had no sooner dismounted than he again embraced his early benefactor, and holding him by the hand, turned to the Lord High Admiral and other noblemen who were present, and said, 'Do not your lordships wonder that I am so glad to see this gentleman? This is he who first contributed to my advancement.' He then proceeded to narrate the story, and leading Frescobald into the dining-room, placed him next himself at table. After dinner, and the guests had retired, the Chancellor asked Frescobald what business had brought him to England. He in a few words stated his circumstances, when Cromwell said, 'I am sorry for your misfortunes, and will make them as easy as I can, by bearing a share in your affliction like a true friend; but because men ought to be just before they are generous, it is fit that I should repay the debt I owe you.' The Chancellor then took him by the hand, and conducted him into his closet, where, opening a coffer, he took out some ducats, and delivering them to Frescobald, said, 'My friend, here is the money you lent me at Florence, with ten pieces you laid out for my apparel, and ten more you paid for my horse; but considering you are a merchant, and might have made some advantage by this money in the way of trade, I insist on your taking these four bags, in each of which is four hundred ducats, and wish you to enjoy them as the grateful gift of your friend.'

The modesty of Frescobald would have refused these great gifts, but they were forced upon him. The Chancellor then inquired the names of all his debtors, and the sums he owed; and the account which he received of them he transmitted to one of his servants, with a charge to find out the men, and oblige them to pay him in fifteen days, under the penalty of his displeasure. The servant so well discharged his duty, that in a short period the whole of the sums were paid.

All the time he remained in England, Frescobald lodged in the Lord Chancellor's house, where he was entertained according to his merits. He was urged to stay in England, and offered the loan of sixty thousand ducats if he would continue to trade there; but he wished to return to Florence, which he did, with extraordinary presents from the Lord Chancellor.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VIII., and one of the most illustrious characters of that period, when called to the bar, became so eminent in the practice of the law, that there was scarcely a cause of importance tried in which he was not concerned. He was so scrupulous withal in the suits he under-

took, that it was his constant method, before he took any cause in hand, to investigate the merits of it. If he thought it unjust, he refused it, and was thus wont to make it his boast that he never earned a fee but with a good conscience. He would at the same time endeavour to reconcile the parties, and persuade them not to litigate the matter in dispute. When he was not successful in this advice, he would direct the parties how to proceed in the least expensive and least troublesome course.

From his *Utopia*, indeed, it may be seen that he deemed it nothing short of deliberate wickedness to act otherwise; yet, to judge candidly of his merit in this respect, it is but fair to recollect that every case must have its right side, and that a barrister who has risen to such eminence as to have his choice of sides can have little to boast of in preferring the best. Had all the contemporaries of More been as scrupulous as he was, to what would his gains '*with a good conscience*' have amounted? It might be no difficult task, indeed, to show that the merit to which this Utopian lawyer laid such special claim is without any solid foundation. Who does not see that, to make it a system that lawyers shall only advocate such causes as they conscientiously believe to be just, would, in other words, be to supersede courts of justice altogether? And who is prepared to say that it is right or proper that any such mode of granting licences to go to law should be interposed between the subject and that most valuable of all his privileges—the privilege of appealing to the decision of a jury of his countrymen?

About 1516, Sir Thomas went to Flanders with Tonstall, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and Dr. Knight, to renew the treaty of alliance between Henry VIII. and Charles V., then Archduke of Austria. While at Bruges, a conceited scholar issued a challenge that he would answer any question which could be proposed to him in any art whatsoever. Sir Thomas immediately caused the following to be put up: 'An averia capta in withernamia sint irreplegiabilia?' An intimation was added, that there was one of the English ambassador's retinue who was ready to dispute with the challenger upon the question. The challenger, however, not understanding these terms of our common law, knew not what to answer, and became thus a laughing-stock to the whole city.

It is probable enough, however, that this challenger might have been a very general disputant and a good logician, as logic was then understood, without understanding the barbarous jargon of More's question. The English, or at least the meaning of it, is: 'Whether cattle taken in wither-

nam (a writ to make reprisals on one who has wrongfully distrained another man's cattle, and driven them out of the country) be irrepleviable?'

When Sir Thomas was promoted to be Lord Chancellor, he considered the poor as especially entitled to his protection. He always spoke kindly to them, and heard them patiently. It was his general custom to sit every afternoon in his open hall, and if any person had a suit to prefer, he might state the case to him without the aid of bills, solicitors, or petitions. And such was his impartiality, that he gave a decree against one of his sons-in-law, Mr. Heron, whom he in vain urged to refer the matter to arbitration, and who presumed upon his relationship. He was also so indefatigable, that although he found the office filled with causes, some of which had been pending for twenty years, he despatched the whole within two years, and calling for the rest, was told that there was not one left,—a circumstance which he ordered to be entered on record, and which has been thus wittily versified:

'When *More* some years had Chancellor been,
No *more* suits did remain;
The same shall never more be seen
Till *More* be there again.'

More was beheaded on the 26th of June 1535. He met his fate with constancy—even with cheerfulness. When he was told that the king, as a special favour, had commuted his punishment to decapitation, 'God,' he replied, 'preserve all my friends from such favours.'

On the scaffold, the executioner asked his forgiveness. He kissed him, saying. 'Thou wilt render me to-day the greatest service in the power of any mortal: but (putting an angel into his hand) my neck is so short, that I fear thou wilt gain little credit in the way of thy profession.' As he was not permitted to address the spectators, he contented himself with declaring that he died a faithful subject of the king.

The character of Sir Thomas More is thus summed up by Bishop Hurd: 'He was a learned, wise, and exceedingly good man; extremely bigoted to the errors of Popery, which first made him the persecutor of the Protestants, and in the end cost him his life. Excepting in this instance, his life was almost faultless. He had every accomplishment of his time, and every virtue of humanity. He had a passionate love for learning and learned men. His own writings are esteemed the most elegant and masterly of any of that age. The liveliness of his wit and his zeal for Popery caused him to treat the persons he wrote against with more acrimony than was natural to his temper. But his controversial pieces, which are large and numerous (for he was the chief person who appeared in that controversy), are to be admired even at this day for their good sense, the plausibility of

his argumentation, the sprightliness of his fancy, and the elegance of his raillery. If truth had not lain so evidently as it did on the side of Protestantism, such an adversary in its first appearance must have given considerable check to it.'

During the time that Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor, a gentleman who had a suit depending before him sent him, by way of a bribe, a present of two silver flagons. The Chancellor immediately gave orders to his servants to fill them with the best wine in his cellar, and carry them back to the gentleman, and tell him that it gave him great pleasure to have an opportunity of obeying him, and that when the flasks were empty, he should be welcome to have them filled again.

SIR EDWARD COKE.

Sir Edward Coke always displayed an unconquerable zeal for correcting abuses, for establishing the authority of the laws, and confining the prerogative to its proper bounds. In the Parliament which met in 1621, he towered beyond all preceding patriots in the abilities he showed in guiding the councils of that assembly, in the strength and propriety of the arguments he urged for the authority and privileges of Parliament, turning by his conduct the smiles of a court into a commitment to the Tower and a rifling of his papers. He, to his everlasting honour, was in the succeeding reign the man who proposed and framed the Petition of Right. The cares of the greatest part of his life were not only for the age in which he lived, but that posterity might feel the advantages of his almost unequalled labours. He was the first who reduced the knowledge of the English laws into a system. His voluminous writings on this subject have given light to all succeeding lawyers: and the improvements which have been made in this science owe their source to this great original. The service he rendered his country in this respect is invaluable. But whilst he laboured to his very last moments to render the law intelligible, and consequently serviceable, to his fellow-citizens, he was oppressed in the most illegal manner by the Government. Secretary Windebank, by virtue of an order of the council for seizing certain seditious papers, entered his house at the time he was dying, and took away his *Commentary upon Littleton*, his history of that judge's life, his *Commentary upon Magna Charta*, his *Pleas of the Crown and Jurisdiction of Courts*, with fifty-one other MSS., together with his will. The last was never returned, to the great distraction of his family affairs, and loss to his numerous posterity.

LORD BACON.

The proudest day of Lord Bacon's life in his legal capacity

was the 7th of May 1617, the first day of term, when he rode in state to Westminster Hall, with the Lord Treasurer on his right hand, the Lord Privy Seal on his left, a long procession of students and ushers before him, and a crowd of peers, privy councillors, and judges following in his train.

This progress to Westminster has been often described. The writers who have treated of it differ widely in their estimate of the moral worth of the new Lord Keeper; but they all concur in celebrating the gorgeousness of the pageant. 'On the first day of Trinity term, May 7th,' says Bacon's last biographer, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, 'he rode from Gray's Inn, which he had not yet left, to Westminster Hall, to open the courts in state, all London turning out to do him honour, the queen sending the lords of her household, Prince Charles the whole of his followers—the lords of the council, the judges, and serjeants composing his immediate train. On his right hand rode the Lord Treasurer, on his left the Lord Privy Seal, behind him a long procession of earls and barons, knights and gentlemen. Every one, says George Gerard, who could procure a horse and a footcloth fell into the train, so that more than two hundred horsemen rode behind him, through crowds of citizens and apprentice boys from Cheap, of players from Bankside, of the Puritan hearers of Burgess, of the Roman Catholic friends of Danvers and Armstrong: and he rode, as popular in the streets as he had been in the House of Commons, down Chancery Lane and the Strand, past Charing Cross, through the open courts of Whitehall, and by King Street into Palace Yard. He wore on that day, as he had worn on his bridal day, a suit of purple satin. Alighting at the gates of Westminster Hall, and passing into the court, he took his seat on the bench. When the company had entered, and the criers commanded silence, he addressed them on his intention to reform the rules and practices of the court.'

It is a matter of history that Bacon laid himself open by various acts to the censure of the world and the condemnation of Pope, as

> 'The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind.'

He has, however, found a defender in this whitewashing age in Mr. Hepworth Dixon.

Mr. Dixon says: 'A series of public acts, in which the king and council concurred, attested the belief in his substanstial innocence. By separate and solemn acts he was freed from the Tower, his great fine was remitted: he was allowed to reside in London, he was summoned to take his seat in the House of Lords. Society reversed his sentence even more rapidly than the Crown. When the fight was over, and Lord St.

Albans was politically a fallen man, no contemporary who had any knowledge of affairs ever dreamt of treating him as a convicted rogue. The wise and noble loved him, and courted him more in his adversity than they had done in his grandeur. No one assumed that he had lost his virtue because he had lost his place. The good George Herbert held him in his heart of hearts,—an affection which Bacon well repaid. John Selden professed for him unmeasurable veneration. Ben Jonson expressed, in speaking of him after he was dead, the opinion of all good scholars and all honest men. 'My conceit of his person,' says Ben, 'was never increased towards him by his place or honours; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was proper only to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest of men, and most worthy of admiration that hath been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.'

JOHN SELDEN.

The seventeenth century was rich in great lawyers; but few could take precedence of John Selden. 'In the contests,' remarks one writer, 'between the Stuarts and their Parliaments he was constantly referred to for advice; and his advice he gave without fear or favour. He was not a cold-blooded reasoner, but a patriot, whose motto was, "Liberty above all." Nevertheless, his proud distinction was, that in the tumults and excitement of a stormy age, he preserved his reason and independence unimpaired.'

Lord Clarendon in his autobiography, written about twenty years after Selden's death, gives the following character of him, in which may be traced admiration for his character and abilities, and regret at his choosing the side of the Parliament in the Civil War:—

'Mr. Selden was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue; he was of so stupendous learning in all kinds, and in all languages (as may appear in his excellent and transcendent writings), that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability was such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best court, but that his good nature, charity, and delight in doing good and in communicating all he knew exceeded that breeding. His style in all his writings seemed harsh and sometimes

obscure, which is not wholly to be attributed to the abstruse subjects of which he commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men, but to a little undervaluing the beauty of a style, and too much propensity to the language of ambiguity; but in his conversation he was the most clear discerner, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and presenting them to the understanding, of any man that hath been known. Mr. Hyde was wont to say that he valued himself upon nothing more than upon having had Mr. Selden's acquaintance from the time he was very young, and held it with great delight as long as they were suffered to continue together in London; and he was very much troubled always when he heard him blamed, censured, and reproached for staying in London, and in the Parliament, after they were in rebellion, and in the worst times, which his age obliged him to do; and how wicked soever the actions were which were every day done, he was confident he had not given his consent to them, but would have hindered them if he could with his own safety, to which he was always enough indulgent. If he had some infirmities with other men, they were weighed down with wonderful and prodigious abilities and excellences.'

Selden's learning was prodigious. His memory is still kept green in literature by means of a collection of his *Table-Talk* made by Milward, his secretary for twenty years. Of this choice volume Coleridge, in a somewhat extravagant vein, says, 'There is more weighty bullion sense in Selden's *Table-Talk* than I ever found in the same number of pages in any uninspired writer.'

Selden died on the last day of November 1654.

DAVID JENKINS.

There never was a more honest and patriotic judge than the celebrated Welshman David Jenkins. 'He was,' says the able author of *Old and New London*, 'a famous champion of the royal cause, and in the most troublous time of England's history displayed undaunted courage and unbending devotion to his lawful sovereign.

'In the discharge of his official duty, he imprisoned and condemned several persons bearing arms against King Charles. For this the Parliamentarians laid violent hands upon him, and on Monday, 21st of February 1647, the keeper of Newgate brought Judge Jenkins, described as "Mr. David Jenkins, judge in Wales, now a prisoner in that jail," to the bar of the House of Commons, upon an impeachment of high treason. The Speaker asked him what he had to say for himself, and David Jenkins was not slow to reply. We are informed by a contemporaneous account of his arraignment that he said, "that they

had no power to try him;" and at the bar, and in the open House, gave very contemptuous words and reproaches against the Houses and power of Parliament. He threatened Parliament with the king's numerous issue, with divers other reproachful words, such as the like were never offered in the face of a Parliament.

'After he came out of the House, he put off his hat, and spake to this effect before the soldiers of the guard and divers gentlemen at the door: "Gentlemen, God bless you all: protect the laws of the kingdom!"

'His carriage was declared to be a high contempt and misdemeanour, and he was ordered to be fined £1000 and sent back to Newgate. When in prison, he expected daily to be hanged, and formed the original resolution of being suspended from the gallows-tree with a Bible under one arm and Magna Charta under the other. It never came to that, however; and Judge Jenkins escaped with his life.'

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

This most excellent judge and lawyer originally intended to follow the profession of arms, but was diverted from this design by being engaged in a lawsuit with Sir William Whitmore, who laid claim to part of his estate. Serjeant Glanville, who happened to be his counsel in the cause, being struck with the legal capacity which he displayed in their private consultations, persuaded him to turn lawyer, and he accordingly entered himself of Lincoln's Inn. In order to compensate for the time past, which he had lost in frivolous pursuits, he now studied at the rate of sixteen hours a day, and fell into habits of great inattention to his personal appearance. He is said, indeed, to have neglected his dress so much, that, being a strong and well-built man, he was once taken by a pressgang as a person very fit for sea service,—a pleasant sort of mistake, which made him afterwards more attentive to the becomingness of his apparel.

He was called to the bar some time before the civil wars broke out, and soon rose to distinction; but observing how difficult it was to preserve his integrity and yet live securely, he resolved, after the example of Pomponius Atticus, who lived in similar times, neither to engage in faction nor to meddle at all in public business, but constantly to favour and relieve those who were lowest. He acquired thus such a character for independence and spirit, that he became equally acceptable to both the great parties into which the nation was then unhappily divided. He was one of the council to the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, and King Charles himself, on the one hand; and to the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland,

Lord Capel, and Lord Craven, on the other.

Cromwell, who was deeply sensible of the advantage it would be to have the countenance of such a man as Hale to his courts, never ceased importuning him, till he accepted the place of one of the justices of the *common* bench, as it was then called. In this station he acted with great integrity and courage; so much so, indeed, that the Protector had soon occasion to regret the very earnest part he had taken in his promotion. In a case in the country, in which Cromwell himself was deeply concerned, Hale displayed a signal example of his uprightness. The Protector had ordered that certain persons, on whose subserviency he could trust, should be returned as a jury for the trial. On being informed of this, Hale examined the sheriff, and having ascertained the fact, referred to the statute, which ordered all juries to be returned by the sheriff or by his lawful officer; and as this had not been done, he dismissed the jury, and would not try the cause. Cromwell was highly displeased with him, and on his return from the circuit, told him, in great anger, 'that he was not fit to be a judge.' Hale replied, with great aptness of expression, 'that it was very true.'

An admirable sketch of Sir Matthew Hale's character is given by Baxter. 'He was,' says the divine, 'a man of *no great* utterance, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just, insomuch that I believe he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act: patience in hearing the most tedious speech which any man had to make for himself; the pillar of justice; the refuge of the subject who feared oppression, and one of the greatest honours of his Majesty's government; for, with some other upright judges, he upheld the honour of the English nation, that it fell not in the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him.

'He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge who, for nothing, followed the work, and by his prudence and justice removed a multitude of great impediments.

'His great advantage for innocence was, that he was no lover of riches or grandeur. His garb was too plain. He studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house which, for a *pleasant* back opening, he had

a mind to, but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors, but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still as his great delight. . . .

'The conference which I had frequently with him, mostly about the immortality of the soul, and other philosophical and foundation points, was so edifying, that his very questions and objections did help me to more light than other men's solutions. Those who take none for religious who frequent not private meetings, etc., took him for an excellently righteous moral man; but I, who heard and read his serious expressions of the concernments of eternity, and saw his love to all good men, and the blamelessness of his life, thought better of his piety than my own.'

A country gentleman once sent a present of a buck to Sir Matthew Hale, before whom he had a cause coming on for trial. The cause being called, and the judge taking notice of the name, asked 'if he was not the person that had presented him with a buck.' Finding that he was the same, the judge told him 'he could not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid him for his buck.' The gentleman answered 'that he never sold his venison, and that he had done no more to his lordship than what he had always done to every judge who came that circuit.' Several gentlemen on the bench bore testimony to the truth of this statement; but nothing would induce the judge to give way: he persisted in refusing to allow the trial to proceed till he had paid for the venison. The gentleman on this, somewhat indignant, withdrew the record, saying 'he would not try his cause before a judge who suspected him to be guilty of bribery by a customary civility.' A noble contest! between judicial integrity on one side, and honourable hospitality on the other!—a contest eminently characteristic of the English judge and the English gentleman.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.

Lord Chief Justice Holt is deservedly regarded as a bright ornament of the legal profession. He was born at Thame in Oxfordshire about 1642. As a lawyer he rose very rapidly, and in 1689 we find him appointed by King William III. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This honourable office he held till his death. On the removal of Lord Somers, he was offered the Chancellorship; but he declined it. It is said that he conducted himself on the bench with a peculiarly lofty and dignified manner, and that he set

an example of spirit and temper which since his day has continued to adorn the English bench. In the conscientious exercise of his legal functions, he was several times obliged to resist the encroachments, not only of the Crown, but of Parliament. In March 1709 he died; 'and he then left behind him,' says his biographer, 'a reputation for learning, honour, and integrity which has never been surpassed, even among the many eminent individuals who have succeeded him in his dignified office.'

In the 14th number of the *Tatler* we have a sketch of the character of this celebrated Lord Chief Justice. 'It would become all men as well as me,' remarks the writer, 'to lay before them the noble character of Verus the magistrate, who always sat in triumph over, and contempt of, vice; he never searched after or spared it when it came before him. At the same time, he could see through the hypocrisy and disguise of those who have no pretence to virtue themselves, but by their severity to the vicious. This same Verus was, in times past, Chief Justice, as we call it in Felicia (Britain). He was a man of profound knowledge of the laws of his country, and as just an observer of them in his own person. He considered justice as a cardinal virtue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge, he never forgot that he was also counsel. The criminal before him was always sure he stood before his country, and, in a sort, a parent of it; the prisoner knew that, though his spirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend itself, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his safety, and that his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him.'

The following story concerning this eminent Chief Justice has appeared in many books of *Ana*:—

'In his time, a riot happened in London, arising out of a wicked practice then very common — kidnapping young persons of both sexes, and sending them to the plantations. Information having gone abroad that there was a house in Holborn which served as a lock-up place for the persons so ensnared, till an opportunity could be found of shipping them off, the enraged populace assembled in great numbers, and were going to pull it down. Notice of the tumult being sent to Whitehall, a party of the Guards were commanded to march to the spot; but an officer was first sent to the Lord Chief Justice, to acquaint him with the state of matters, and to request that he would send some of his officers along with the soldiers, in order to give a countenance to their interference.

'The officer having delivered

his message, Lord Chief Justice Holt said to him, "Suppose the populace should not disperse at your appearance, what are you to do then?" "Sir," answered the officer, "we have orders to fire upon them." "Have you, sir?" replied his lordship; "then take notice of what I say: if there be one man killed, and you are tried before me, I will take care that you and every soldier of your party shall be hanged. Sir," continued he, "go back to those who sent you, and acquaint them that no officer of mine shall attend soldiers; and let them know, at the same time, that the laws of this kingdom are not to be executed by the sword: these matters belong to the civil power, and you have nothing to do with them."

'The Lord Chief Justice then went himself in person, accompanied by his tipstaffs and a few constables, to the scene of the disturbance, and by his reasonable expostulations with the mob, succeeded without the least violence in making them all disperse quietly.'

'This story,' says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his *Book about Lawyers*, 'is very ridiculous; but it points to an interesting and significant event. Of course it is incredible that Holt said, "The laws of this kingdom are not to be executed by the sword." He was too sound a constitutional lawyer to hold that military force could not be lawfully used in quelling civil insurrection. The interesting fact is this:—On the occasion of a riot in Holborn, Holt was formally required, as the supreme conservator of the king's peace, to aid the military; and instead of converting a street row into a massacre, he prevailed upon the mob to disperse, without shedding a single drop of blood. Declining to co-operate with soldiers on an unarmed multitude, he discharged the ancient functions of his office with words instead of sabres, with grave counsels instead of cruel violence. Under similar circumstances, Chief Justice Odo would have clad himself in mail, and crushed the rabble beneath the feet of his war-horse. At such a summons, George Jeffreys, having fortified himself with a magnum of claret and a pint of strong water, would have accompanied the king's guards, and with noisy oaths would have bade them give the rascals a taste of cold steel. Wearing his judicial robes, and sustained by the majesty of the law, William the Third's Chief Justice preserved the peace without sacrificing life. Many other anecdotes are related of him, in all of which he is exhibited in the most pleasing colours.'

LORD MANSFIELD.

It used to be a traditional tale in the county which gave birth to Lord Mansfield, that almost in infancy he was accustomed

to declaim upon his native mountains, and repeat to the winds the most celebrated speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero, not only in their original text, but in his own translations of them.

Fame instantaneously announced his 'call to the bar,' and distinguished him as unrivalled in oratory, at an era, too, when many followers of the profession were of the very highest eminence. Shortly after taking the gown, he was employed on an important occasion at the bar of the House of Commons, where he made so conspicuous a figure, that Sir Robert Walpole declared the merit of his speech to be so great, that it almost appeared to him to be an oration of Cicero. Mr. Pulteney instantly arose to complete the eulogium by observing, that he not only could imagine the speech which had just been delivered was the composition of Cicero, but that the Roman orator had himself pronounced it.

Thus these two great men, who hated and opposed each other with so much rancour, united in this single instance to compose one of the most excellent panegyrics which was ever pronounced.

Mansfield advanced to the dignities of the state by rapid strides. They were not bestowed by the caprice of party favour or affection; they were (as was said of Pliny) liberal dispensations of power, upon an object that knew how to add new lustre to that power by the rational exertion of his own.

As a speaker in the House of Lords, he was without a competitor. His language was eloquent and perspicuous, arranged with the happiest method, and applied with the utmost extent of human ingenuity; his images were often bold, and always just; but the more prevailing character of his eloquence was that of being flowing, soft, delightful, and affecting. Among his other rare qualifications may be ranked the external graces of his person, the fire and vivacity of his looks, the delicious harmony of his voice, and that habitual fitness in all he said, which gave to his speeches more than the effect of the most learned compositions. He was modest and unassuming, never descending to personal altercation, or even replying to personal reflections, except when they went to affect the integrity of his public character. When instances of the latter occurred, he evinced that he was not without a spirit to repel them; of this he gave a memorable proof, in the debate on Wilkes' outlawry, when, being accused of braving the popular opinion, he replied in the following noble strain of eloquence:—

'If I have ever supported the king's measures; if I have ever afforded any assistance to Government; if I have discharged my duty as a public or private officer, by endeavouring to preserve pure and perfect the principles of the constitution, main-

taining unsullied the honour of the courts of justice, and by an upright administration *of*, to give due effect *to*, the laws: I have hitherto done it without any other gift or reward than that most pleasing and most honourable one—the conscientious conviction of doing what is right. I do not affect to scorn the opinion of mankind: I wish earnestly for popularity; but I will tell you how I will obtain it: I will have that popularity which *follows*, and not that which is *run after*. 'Tis not the applause of a day, 'tis not the huzzas of thousands, that can give a moment's satisfaction to a rational being; that man's mind must indeed be a weak one, and his ambition of a most depraved sort, who can be captivated by such wretched allurements, or satisfied with such momentary gratifications. I say with the Roman orator, and can say it with as much truth as he did, "Ego hoc animo semper fui ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam non infamiam putarem." But threats have been carried further: personal violence has been denounced, unless public humour be complied with. I do not fear such threats; I don't believe there is any reason to fear them. It is not the genius of the worst of men, in the worst of times, to proceed to such shocking extremities. But if such an event should happen, let it be so: even such an event might be productive of wholesome effects: such a stroke might rouse the better part of the nation from their lethargic condition to a state of activity, to assert and execute the law, and punish the daring and impious hands which had violated it. And those who now supinely behold the danger which threatens all liberty from the most abandoned licentiousness, might by such an event be awakened to a sense of their situation, as drunken men are often shamed into sobriety. If the security of our persons and property, of all we hold dear or valuable, is to depend upon the caprice of a giddy multitude, or to be at the disposal of a mob; if, in compliance with the humours and to appease the clamours of these, all civil and political institutions are to be disregarded or overthrown, a life somewhat more than sixty is not worth preserving at such a price; and he can never die too soon who lays down his life in support and vindication of the policy, the government, and the constitution of his country.'

Lord Mansfield, as may readily be supposed, was an enemy to all intolerant laws; and in the case of Mr. Evans, who refused the office of sheriff on the plea of being a Dissenter, he distinguished himself much by his sound and forcible reasoning in favour of the Protestant Dissenters. 'There is nothing,' said his lordship, 'more unreasonable, more inconsistent with the rights of human nature, more contrary to the spirit and precepts of the Christian religion, more iniquitous and unjust, more impolitic,

than persecution. My lords, it is against natural religion, revealed religion, and sound policy.' In speaking of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, as introductory to persecutions in France, his lordship said there was no necessity for that measure :—

'The Jesuits needed only to have advised a similar plan, similar to what is contended for in the present case: make a law to render them incapable of office, make another to punish them for not serving it. If they accept, punish them; if they refuse, punish them; if they say Yes, punish them; if they say No, punish them. My lords, this is a most exquisite dilemma, from which there is no escaping; it is a trap a man cannot get out of; it is as bad a prosecution as that of Procrustes—if they are too short, stretch them; if they are too long, lop them.'

The liberality of his lordship in matters of religion, and the part he took (though by no means conspicuous) in the Bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics, brought on him the vengeance of the mob in the disgraceful riots of 1780. His house in Bloomsbury Square, with all its furniture, his books, his manuscripts, etc., was entirely consumed by fire. He bore this calamity with great equanimity; and once in the House of Lords made the following pathetic allusion to it, when giving his opinion on a legal question: 'I speak not this from books, for books I have *none*.'

LORD ERSKINE.

In July 1778, Erskine was called to the bar; and, according to all ordinary experience of the profession in which he had engaged, he had reason to expect a delay of some years before his business could support his family. 'But,' remarks Mr. Goodrich, in his *Select British Eloquence*, 'the early life of Erskine was full of singular adventure. Not long after his call to the bar, he was dining with a friend, and happened to speak of a Captain Baillie, whose case at that time had awakened great interest in the public mind. As Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital, Baillie had discovered enormous abuses in the management of the institution (which was used for political purposes), and had publicly charged them on Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty. For this he was prosecuted on a charge of libel, at the instance of Sandwich, who kept, however, behind the scenes, to avoid any opportunity of bringing him before the court on the merits of the case. As the trial was soon to come on, Erskine remarked on this conduct at table with great severity, not knowing that Baillie was present as one of the guests.

'The captain was delighted with what he heard; and learning that his volunteer advocate was a young lawyer, as yet without business, who had himself *been* a sailor, declared to a

friend that he should at least have one brief. Accordingly, Erskine's first retainer of a guinea was put into his hands the next day, and it never occurred to him but that he was the only counsel in the case. As the trial approached, however, he found there were four distinguished advocates before him, and he also found they had so little hope of success, that they advised Baillie at a consultation to pay the costs, and in this way escape trial, as the prosecution had kindly proposed. Erskine alone dissented: "My advice, gentlemen," said he, "may savour more of my former profession than my present, but I am against consenting." "You are the man for me," said Baillie, hugging the young advocate in his arms; "I will never give up."

'The case came before Lord Mansfield in the afternoon of the 23d of November 1778. The senior counsel of Baillie consumed the time till late in the evening, in showing cause why the rule should be dismissed; and no one expecting Erskine to come forward, the case was adjourned until the next day. The court was crowded in the morning, as the Solicitor-General was expected to speak in support of the rule; and just as Lord Mansfield was about to call upon him to proceed, Erskine rose, unknown to nearly every individual in the room except his lordship, and said, in a mild but firm voice, "My lord, I am likewise counsel for the author of this supposed libel. . . . And when a British subject is brought before a court of justice only for having ventured to attack abuses which owe their continuance to the danger of attacking them . . . I cannot relinquish the privilege of doing justice to such merit: I will not give up even my share of the honour of repelling and exposing so odious a prosecution." The whole audience was hushed into a pin-fall silence, and he went on to deliver a speech which Lord Campbell pronounces "the most wonderful forensic effort which we have in our annals." It is hardly necessary to say that the decision was for the defendant: the rule was dismissed with costs.

'Never did a single case so completely make the fortune of any individual. Erskine entered Westminster Hall that morning not only in extreme poverty, but with no reasonable prospect of an adequate subsistence for years. He left it a rich man. He received thirty retainers from attorneys who were present, it is said, while retiring from the hall. Not only was his ambition gratified, but the comfort and independence of those whose happiness he had staked on his success as a lawyer was secured. Some one asked him at a later period how he dared to face Lord Mansfield so boldly on a point in the case where he was clearly out of

order, when he beautifully replied, "I thought of my children as plucking me by the robe, and saying, 'Now, father, is the time to get us bread.'" His business went on rapidly increasing, until he had an annual income of £12,000.'

Erskine's greatest triumph as a speaker at the bar, it is universally thought, was his speech in behalf of John Stockdale, when tried for a libel on the House of Commons. It was delivered before the Court of King's Bench on the 9th of December 1789. 'It was Erskine's finest speech,' remarks a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'whether we regard the wonderful skill with which the argument is conducted — the soundness of the principles laid down, and their happy application to the case—the exquisite fancy with which they are embellished and illustrated—or the powerful and touching language in which they are conveyed. It is justly regarded by all English lawyers as a consummate specimen of the art of addressing a jury—as a standard, a sort of precedent, for treating cases of libel, by keeping which in his eye a man may hope to succeed in special pleading his client's case within its principle, who is destitute of the talent required even to comprehend the other and higher merits of his original. By these merits it is recommended to lovers of pure diction—of copious and animated description — of lively, picturesque, and fanciful illustration —of all that constitutes, if we may so speak, the poetry of eloquence.'

It is in this speech that the passage relating to the Indian chief, often alluded to for its boldness and poetic beauty, is introduced. The orator has been speaking of the outraged rights and privileges of the unhappy people of India. 'To be governed at all,' he says, 'they must be governed with a rod of iron; and our empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority—which Heaven never gave—by means which it never can sanction.

'Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject, and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. "Who is it," said the

jealous ruler over the desert encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—"who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at His pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection.'

Lord Erskine, when at the bar, was always remarkable for the fearlessness with which he contended against the bench. His spirited reply to Justice Buller, in the trial of the Dean of Asaph, is well known, and it is only one out of many instances which might be adduced of similar independence. In the action brought by Mr. Jeffreys against the commissioners, for jewels furnished to the Prince of Wales, Mr. Erskine was counsel for the plaintiff, and evinced considerable warmth in the cause.

Lord Kenyon, in his charge to the jury, said he felt much hurt at something that had fallen from the learned counsel for the plaintiff, who had stated that the defence was shameful, illiberal, and unjust.

Mr. Erskine—My lord, I did not use those words.

Lord Kenyon—Mr. Erskine, I took them down as you uttered them.

Mr. Erskine—Then, my lord, you took them down incorrectly.

Lord Kenyon—Sir, I desire I may not be interrupted.

Mr. Erskine explained that his observations were not applied to the defendants, but to the witnesses; and that not to their general characters, but to their evidence in this cause.

It was in one of these contests with the bench that Mr. Erskine explained the rule of his conduct at the bar in the following terms: 'It was,' said he, 'the first command and counsel of my youth always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and, I trust, the practice of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth; and I shall point it out as such to my children.'

The brother of Lord Erskine also deserves honourable mention.

An attorney in a distant part of Scotland, or, as he is called

there, a writer, representing to an oppressed and needy tacksman, who had applied to him for advice, the futility of entering into a lawsuit with a wealthy neighbour, having himself no means of defending his cause, received for answer, 'Ye dinna ken what you say, maister; there's nae a puir man in Scotland need want a friend, or fear an enemy, while Harry Erskine lives!'

How much honour did that simple sentence convey to the generous and benevolent object of it! He had indeed a claim to the affection and respect of all who were in the knowledge of his extraordinary talents and more uncommon virtues. To professional knowledge, and powers of eloquence of the highest order, he possessed a liberality of spirit which scrupled at no sacrifice or exertion, where private right was to be vindicated, or the public welfare promoted.

It is said that Swift, after having written that celebrated satire on mankind, *Gulliver's Travels*, exclaimed, whilst meditating on the rare virtues of his friend Arbuthnot, 'Oh! were there ten Arbuthnots in the world, I would burn my book.' It is difficult to contemplate such a character as Henry Erskine's without a similar sentiment, without feeling that were there many Erskines, one should learn to think better of mankind.

The character of Mr. Erskine's eloquence bore a strong resemblance to that of his noble brother (Lord Erskine); but being much less diffusive, it was better calculated to leave a forcible impression. 'He was distinguished,' says Jeffrey, in an animated sketch which he wrote of his departed friend, 'not only by the peculiar brilliancy of his wit, and the gracefulness, ease, and vivacity of his eloquence, but by the still rarer power of keeping those seducing qualities in perfect subordination to his judgment. By their assistance, he could not only make the most repulsive subjects agreeable, but the most abstruse easy and intelligible. In his profession, indeed, all his wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in his reasoning. To himself it seemed always as if they were recommended rather for their use than their beauty; and unquestionably they often enabled him to state a fine argument or a nice distinction, not only in a more striking and pleasing way, but actually with greater precision than could have been attained by the severer forms of reasoning. In this extraordinary talent, as well as the charming facility of his eloquence, and the constant radiance of good humour and gaiety which encircled his manner in debate, he had no rival in his own times, and as yet has had no successor.'

CURRAN.

When Curran was called to the bar, he was without friends, without connections, without fortune, conscious of talents far above the mob by which he was elbowed, and endued with a sensibility which rendered him painfully alive to the mortifications he was fated to experience. After toiling for a very inadequate recompense at the sessions of Cork, and wearing, as he said himself, his teeth almost to their stumps, he proceeded to the metropolis, taking for his wife and young children a miserable lodging on Hog-hill. Term after term, without either profit or professional reputation, he paced the hall of the Four Courts. Yet even thus he was not altogether undistinguished. If his pocket was not heavy, his heart was light: he was young and ardent, buoyed up not less by the consciousness of what he felt within, than by the encouraging comparison with those who were successful around him; and he took his station among the crowd of idlers, whom he amused with his wit or amazed by his eloquence. Many even who had emerged from that crowd did not disdain occasionally to glean from his conversation the rich and varied treasures which he did not fail to squander with the most unsparing prodigality; and some there were who observed the brightness of the infant luminary struggling through the obscurity that clouded its commencement. Amongst those who had the discrimination to appreciate and the heart to feel for him, luckily for Curran, was Mr. Arthur Wolfe, afterwards the unfortunate but respected Lord Kilwarden. The first fee of any consequence which he received was through his recommendation; and his recital of the incident cannot be without its interest to the young professional aspirant, whom a temporary neglect may have sunk into dejection. 'I then lived,' said he, 'upon Hog-hill; my wife and children were the chief furniture of my apartments; and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation with the national debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what was wanted in wealth she was well determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of any gradation except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject, with my mind, you may imagine, in no very enviable temperament. I fell into the gloom to which from my infancy I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence: I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, where *Lavater* alone could have found a library, the

first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of *Old Bob Lyons* marked upon the back of it. I paid my landlady: bought a good dinner, gave Bob Lyons a share of it; and that dinner was the date of my prosperity!' Such was his own exact account of his professional advancement.

The most successful, if not the most eloquent, effort that Mr. Curran made at the bar was in the defence of Patrick Finney, who was tried for high treason in 1798. It was also the most important, since the fate of fifteen other persons depended on it. The principal witness on this trial was the informer, James O'Brien, whose subsequent crimes rendered him so notorious in Ireland. This fellow had extorted money by assuming the character of a revenue officer, and Mr. Curran, with great skill, contrived to make him develope his own character to the jury, in the course of a very curious cross-examination. But this was not sufficient: a witness necessary to prove O'Brien's perjury lived a few miles from Dublin, and in order to afford time for his being brought, it was agreed by Mr. Curran that his colleague, Mr. M'Nally, should commence the prisoner's defence, and continue speaking as long as he could find a syllable to say. This he did with great ability until he was exhausted, and the evening so far advanced, that the court consented to a temporary adjournment; and before it resumed its sitting, the material witness arrived.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

As a student, Sir Samuel Romilly seems to have had no anticipation of the brilliancy of his future career. We find him writing despondingly to a friend in 1783: 'I sometimes lose all courage, and wonder what fond opinion of my talents could ever have induced me to venture on so bold an undertaking; but it often happens (and I fear it has been in my case) that men mistake the desire for the ability of acting some distinguished part.'

It was observed by Mr. Whitbread in the House of Commons, that although posterity, as most advantaged by the efforts of Sir Samuel Romilly to reform the criminal code, would be loudest in their praise of his exertions, yet he was sure that the country was now ready, with one voice, to say—

Presenti tibi largimur honores.

Romilly, after attending the courts of criminal law for a period of fifteen years, was no sooner seated in the Legislature, than he devoted his talents and his experience to ameliorating the penal code. This object formed the most distinguished feature of his Parliamentary life, and he persevered in it every

succeeding session with unremitting zeal. If this virtuous senator did not possess the influence sufficient to carry the important measures he contemplated, his eloquence pleaded so powerfully, and excited such a host of advocates in his favour, that in time many of his proposals came to be adopted. The repeal of the 39th of Elizabeth, which constituted it a capital offence punishable with death in soldiers and sailors found to beg in the streets, the erection of a Penitentiary for confining and employing convicts, and the mitigation of punishment in cases of larceny, were all principally the fruits of his enlightened exertions.

The persevering industry of Sir Samuel Romilly is thus described by M. Dumont in his *Recollections of Mirabeau:*— 'Romilly, always tranquil and orderly, has an incessant activity. He never loses a minute; he applies his mind to all he is about. Like the hand of a watch, he never stops, although his equal movements in the same way almost escape observation.'

Romilly's melancholy end is well known. The shock of his wife's death proved too much for him. In his agony, he fell into a delirium, and, in a moment when unwatched, sprang from his bed, cut his throat, and expired in a few minutes. This sad event took place in his house in Russell Square, London, on the 2d of November 1818.

When Lord Eldon next morning took his seat on the bench, and saw the vacant place within the bar, where for years Romilly had pleaded before him, iron man though he was, his eyes filled with tears. 'I cannot stay here!' he exclaimed, and rising in great agitation, broke up his court.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

One of the ablest coadjutors of Sir Samuel Romilly in the mitigation of the severity of the penal code is Sir James Mackintosh. After filling the important office of Judge of Bombay for seven years, he could, on taking leave of his office in 1811, thus address the Grand Jury: 'Since my arrival here in May 1804, the *punishment of death has not been inflicted by this court.* Now, the population subject to our jurisdiction, either locally or personally, cannot be estimated at less than 200,000 persons.' He then entered into a comparative view of the state of crime previous to and during his judgeship, which he proved had diminished considerably during the latter period. The annual average of capital convictions up to the time Sir James Mackintosh became Recorder of Bombay was twenty; the annual average of persons who suffered death, seven. During his judgeship, the average o

convictions annually was fifteen only (notwithstanding the increase of population), and this without a single execution. Well, therefore, might he add, in his farewell charge, 'This small experiment has therefore been made without diminution of the security of the lives and properties of men. Two hundred thousand men have been governed for seven years without any increase of crimes. If, therefore, any experience has been acquired, it has been safely and innocently gained.'

CHAPTER VI.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT POETS AND DRAMATISTS.

'The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above.'—TENNYSON.

CHAUCER — SPENSER — SHAKESPEARE — BEN JONSON — JOHN WEBSTER — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER — EDMUND WALLER — JOHN MILTON — SAMUEL BUTLER—COWLEY—JOHN DRYDEN—WILLIAM WYCHERLEY —WILLIAM CONGREVE—JOSEPH ADDISON—HENRY CAREY—DR. WATTS —ALLAN RAMSAY—ALEXANDER POPE—JOHN GAY—JAMES THOMSON — WILLIAM COLLINS — OLIVER GOLDSMITH — WILLIAM COWPER — RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN—GEORGE CRABBE—ROBERT BURNS— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH—JAMES HOGG—LORD BYRON.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the father of English poetry, as he has been styled, is one of whose birth and family nothing has been decided. The date of his birth was about the year 1328, and he died in 1400. His fame rests on his *Canterbury Tales*, written about the close of his career. As to what English poetry owes to Chaucer, Dr. Johnson has pronounced him 'the first of our versifiers who wrote poetically;' and Mr. Warton has proved that 'in elevation and elegance, in harmony and perspicuity of versification, he surpasses his predecessors in an infinite proportion: that his genius was universal, and adapted to themes of unbounded variety: that his merit was no less in painting familiar manners with humour and propriety, than in moving the passions and in representing the beautiful or the grand objects of nature with grace and sublimity.'

We may say of Chaucer's muse, as Overbury of his milkmaid, 'Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June like a new-made haycock.' Chaucer was the first great poet, too, who has treated to-day as if it were as good as yesterday, the first who held up a mirror to contemporary life in

its infinite variety of high and low, of humour and pathos.

'In spite of some external stains,' says Mr. James R. Lowell, 'which those who have studied the influence of manners will easily account for without imputing them to any moral depravity, we feel we can join the pure-minded Spenser in calling him "most sacred, happy spirit." If character may be divined from works, he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, temperate of mind, more wise, perhaps, for this world than the next, but thoroughly humane, and friendly with God and men. I know not how to sum up what we feel about him better than by saying (what would have pleased most one who was indifferent to fame) that we love him more than we admire. We are sure that here was a true brother man, so kindly, that in his *House of Fame*, after naming the great poets, he throws in a pleasant word for the oaten-pipes:

"Of the little herd-grooms
That keepen beasts among the brooms."

No better inscription could be written on the first half of his works than that which he places over the gate in his *Assembly of Fowls*, and which contrasts so sweetly with the stern lines of Dante from which they are imitated:

"Through me men go into the blissful place
Of the heart's heal and deadly woundës cure:
Through me men go unto the well of grace,
When green and lusty May doth ever endure:
This is the way to all good aventure:
Be glad, thou reader, and thy sorrow offcast,
All open am I, pass in, and speed thee fast."'

SPENSER.

We come next to

'The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
Who, like a copious river, poured his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground.'

His greatest work, as every one knows, was *The Faerie Queene*. The first three books of this immortal production were published in 1590, and they were very favourably received. In 1595 the second part of *The Faerie Queene*, containing three more books, appeared. The poet intended to complete the work in twelve books, and it is said that the last six were lost on his way from Ireland to England.

No poet that ever lived had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser. Of profounder passion many poets have been blest or cursed with the power. His words were indeed 'thoughts that breathe,' but not 'words that burn.' His words have a lambent light; reading him is like gazing on the starry skies, or on the skies without a star—except perhaps one—the evening star—and all the rest of the heavens in still possession of the moon.

When Spenser had finished

his famous poem of *The Faerie Queene*, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, 'Carry the man another twenty pounds.' Proceeding further, he exclaimed, 'Give him twenty pounds more.' But at length he lost all patience, and said, 'Go, turn that fellow out of the house; for if I read further I shall be ruined!'

It has been said that Pope used to express his distaste for Spenser by making it a rule to ask people 'whether they had ever read *The Faerie Queene* through.' How far this was from being the case will appear from his own words, as recorded by Spence: 'After,' says Pope, 'reading a canto of Spenser, two or three days ago, to an old lady between seventy and eighty years of age, she said that *I had been showing her a gallery of pictures*. I don't know how it is, but she said very right. There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read *The Faerie Queene* when I was about twelve with infinite delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it about a year or two ago.' This testimony to the genius of Spenser was made the year before Pope's death.

'*I know* of no satire,' says Isaac Disraeli, 'aimed at Spenser,—a singular fate for a great poet; even satiric Nash revered the character of the author of *The Faerie Queene*. I have often thought that, among the numerous critics of Spenser, the truest was that of his keen and witty contemporary; for this town-wit has stamped all our poet's excellences by one felicitous word —"Heavenly Spenser!"'

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

'When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes,
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain;
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted passions storm'd the breast.'

DR. JOHNSON.

To William Shakespeare, the poet of nature, the British stage and the whole republic of letters are indebted for the brightest effusions of genius that the world has ever produced. Of all the dramatists that have preceded or followed this immortal bard, no one has given so faithful a mirror of manners and of life. The characters in his plays are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; they are not influenced by the peculiarities of studies or

professions, which can operate on small numbers, or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other dramatists, a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare, it is commonly a species.

Such are the characteristics which distinguish Shakespeare from all other poets, and which justly entitle him to that adoration with which his country has enshrined his memory.

Those who are fond of tracing great events to little causes, see the origin of Shakespeare's glory in his being compelled to quit the country for having first assisted in robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park, and afterwards lampooning him in a ballad. But Shakespeare's genius was not born to blush unseen, and sooner or later must have burst every trammel with which it was fettered.

When Shakespeare fled to London, the natural bent of his wit and humour threw him among the players. He was a stranger, and ignorant of the art, and he was glad to enter the company in a very subordinate situation; nor did his performance as an actor recommend him to any distinguished notice.

The part of an actor, however, neither engaged nor deserved the attention of Shakespeare, who soon turned the advantage which that situation afforded him to a higher and nobler use. Having made himself acquainted with the mechanical economy of the theatre, his native genius supplied the rest. Thus did Shakespeare set out with little advantage of education, no advice or assistance from persons more learned than himself, and entirely destitute of patronage.

Shakespeare, however, was not long without friends; for to be the acknowledged patron of a man of his genius was to receive, not confer, an honour. The Earl of Southampton distinguished himself by his generosity to the immortal bard; and even Queen Elizabeth expressed herself so much pleased with the delightful character he had drawn of Sir John Falstaff, in the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded the author to continue it for one play more, and to show the knight in love, which he executed inimitably in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Shakespeare is supposed to have written his first play, *Titus Andronicus*, in 1589, when he was twenty-five years of age: his last, *The Twelfth Night*, is believed to have been finished in 1614. Forty-three plays have been attributed to Shakespeare, but seven of these have been rejected as not written by him.

Of the thirty-six of which he is in the undisputed possession, a considerable number are still favourites on the stage. Thus, as Dr. Gregory says, 'his dramas, after a lapse of two centuries, are still gazed at with unabated ardour by the populace, are still read with animation by the scholar. They interest the old and the young, the gallery and the pit, the people and the critic. At their representation the appetite is never palled, expectation never disappointed. The changes of fashion have not cast him into the shade; the variations of language have not rendered him obsolete.'

In 1603, Shakespeare, in conjunction with Burbage, Heminge, Fletcher, Condel, and others, obtained a licence from King James the First, authorizing them to act plays, not only at their usual house, the Globe on the Bankside, but in any other part of the kingdom, during his Majesty's pleasure. Now the theatre seemed to rise to the height of its glory and reputation; dramatic authors abounded; there were several very eminent players; and every year produced a number of new plays. Shakespeare continued to be a principal manager of the playhouse, until, having acquired such a fortune as satisfied his moderate wishes and views in life, he quitted the stage, and passed the remainder of his life in an honourable ease at his native town of Stratford-on-Avon, where *he lived until* the 23d of April 1616, when he paid the great debt of nature, and 'shuffled off this mortal coil' in the fifty-third year of his age. It is a remarkable circumstance, that Cervantes died on the same day as Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's early progress in life was thwarted by many obstacles, and accompanied by severe struggles, by poverty, contumely, and neglect. This he has emphatically told us, not only in one, but in several places, and in terms so expressive as to make us sympathize acutely with his sorrows. For the first ten years of his residence in London, his reputation as a poet was assailed, and the patronage of Lord Southampton was his only shield against the jealousy and slander of illiberal competitors, whether off or on the stage. But the fame arising from his poems, and from the dramas of *Romeo and Juliet* and *King Richard the Third*, had in 1596 most certainly secured him from any apprehensions of personal injury, more especially as soon after this period the encouragement and support of the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, who, as the players tell us in their dedication of the first folio, had 'prosecuted our poet's plays, and their author living with so much favour,' were added to the protecting influence of Southampton.

The price that Shakespeare received for his plays is not known; but from a publication of Robert Greene's in 1592, it

appears that the price of a drama, when disposed of to the *public players*, was twenty nobles, or six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence; but that private companies would sometimes give double that sum. It has been recorded, indeed, by Oldys, in one of his manuscripts, but upon what authority is not mentioned, that Shakespeare received only five pounds for his tragedy of *Hamlet*.

What a bookseller gave for the copyright of a play at this period is unknown; but there is sufficient foundation for asserting that sixpence was then the sale price of a play, and that forty shillings formed the customary compliment for the flattery of a dedication. Mr. Malone conjectures that Shakespeare, 'as author, actor, and proprietor, probably received about two hundred pounds a year.'

Dryden has left the best character of Shakespeare that has ever been written:—

'To begin, then, with Shakespeare: he is the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid, his comic art degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him. No man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself high above the rest of the poets.'

'Among the English,' says Addison, 'Shakespeare has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy which he had in so great a perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious part of his readers' imagination, and made him capable of succeeding where he had nothing to support him besides the strength of his own genius. There is something so wild and yet so solemn in the speeches of his ghosts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such beings in the world, it looks highly probable that they should talk and act as he has represented them.'

'Shakespeare,' says the American essayist, Ralph Waldo Emerson, 'possesses the power of subordinating nature for the purposes of expression beyond

all poets. His imperial muse tosses the creation like a bauble from hand to hand, to embody any capricious thought that is uppermost in his mind. The remotest spaces of nature are visited, and the farthest sundered things are brought together by a subtle spiritual connection.'

Young, the poet, remarks of Shakespeare: 'Whatever other learning he wanted, he was master of two books unknown to many profound readers, though books which the last conflagration can alone destroy; I mean the book of Nature and that of Man.'

Shakespeare is a poet who is always now separated from other poets, and the only one except Pope whose words are familiar to us as household words. His eulogy has exhausted the language of every class of enthusiasts—the learned and the unlearned, the profound and the fantastical. The writings of this greatest of dramatists are, as once were those of Homer, a Bible, whence we receive those other revelations of man, and of all that concerns man. There was no excess of wonder and admiration, when Hurd declared that 'this astonishing man is the most original thinker and speaker since the days of Homer.'

We shall take leave of Shakespeare with an anecdote or two:

He was once performing the part of a king in one of his own tragedies before Queen Elizabeth, who, wishing to know whether he would depart from the dignity of the sovereign, dropped her handkerchief on the stage as if by accident; on which the mimic monarch immediately exclaimed—

> 'But ere this be done,
> Take up our sister's handkerchief.'

This presence of mind in the poet, and his close attention to the business of the scene, is said to have pleased the queen very much.

The works of Shakespeare have been an anxious labour to translators. A French poet having undertaken the arduous task of translating Shakespeare into his own language, was much puzzled with the lines in Henry IV.:

> 'E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone.'

The early part he got on with pretty well, but at length concluded the verse with—*Si triste, allez vous en.*

Another of these translators rendered 'Out, out, brief candle' —*Sortez, sortez, courte chandelle.*

A third, who translated *Much Ado about Nothing* for the Parisian stage, thus entitled it—*Beaucoup de bruit, peu de chose.*

BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson was making very extraordinary progress at school, when his mother, who soon after her husband's death had married a bricklayer, took him home to learn his stepfather's business.

How long he continued in this humiliating occupation is uncertain, but it appears that he was employed on the new building at Lincoln's Inn, where he was seen with a trowel in one hand and a book in the other.

Jonson having failed in more creditable attempts to gain a subsistence, began his theatrical career at first among the strolling companies; and he was afterwards admitted into an obscure theatre, called the Green Curtain, in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch, from which what was afterwards called Curtain Road seems to derive its name. He had not been there long before he attempted to write for the stage, but was not at first very successful, either as an actor or author.

During his early engagements on the stage, he had the misfortune to kill one of the players in a duel, for which he was thrown into prison, and 'brought near the gallows,' but afterwards pardoned. On his release, he married, to use his own expression, 'a wife who was a shrew, yet honest to him,' and endeavoured to provide for his family by his pen. It was about this period that Jonson, whom Rowe informs us was then 'altogether unknown to the world,' offered one of his plays to the players, to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon the point of returning it to him, with an ill-natured answer that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so good in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Jonson and his writings to the public.

From this time Jonson's talents as a writer were acknowledged; and although he had offended King James, and had been thrown into prison for a satire on the Scotch, yet he was appointed Poet Laureate by that monarch, who by letters patent granted him an annuity of one hundred marks during his life, 'in consideration of the good and acceptable service heretofore done, and hereafter to be done, by the said B. J.' King Charles, by letters patent, reciting the former grant, and that it had been surrendered, was pleased, 'in consideration (says the patent) of the good and acceptable service done unto us and our father by the said B. J., and especially to encourage him to proceed in those services of his wit and pen which we have enjoined unto him, and which we expect from him,' to augment his annuity of one hundred marks to one hundred pounds per annum during life. Charles at the same time granted him a tierce of Canary Spanish wine yearly, during his life, out of his Majesty's cellars at Whitehall.

Notwithstanding this grant, Jonson was not free from the usual vexations which attend a want of economy; and in one

case of pecuniary embarrassment, the king relieved him by a present of £100. Jonson continued to be thoughtlessly lavish and poor, although in addition to the royal bounty he is said to have enjoyed a pension of the City, which, however, appears to have been withdrawn in 1631.

An excellent estimate of Ben Jonson's genius has been given by Dryden. 'As for Jonson,' says the poet, 'if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions: his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people.

'He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus and Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so boldly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory to him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in his rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him.

'If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours.

'If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writings. I admire him, but I love Shakespeare.'

Speaking of Ben Jonson, Fuller says: 'His parts were not so ready to run of themselves as able to answer the spur, so

that it may truly be said of him that he had an elaborate wit wrought out by his own industry. He would sit silent in learned company, and suck in (besides wine) their several humours into his observation. What was ore in others, he was able to refine in himself. He was paramount in the dramatic parts of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *Volge* (which are only tickled by downright obscenity), and took not so well at the first stroke as at the rebound, when beheld the second time; yea, they will endure reading as long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our nation.'

Jonson was not equal to his companions in tragedy; but he was superior to them, and perhaps to all others, in his terse, shrewd, sterling, vigorous comic scenes. He had a faculty between wit and humour (but more nearly allied to the latter) which has not been surpassed. His strokes were sometimes as subtle as Shakespeare's. His humour was scarcely so broad and obvious as Fletcher's, but it was more reaching, and equally true.

Jonson's mother must have been a woman of great spirit. She lived to see him acknowledged as a famous poet, and was determined that no harm should befall him, in her lifetime at least. He was in danger of disgrace at one time, and through his own nobility of character. He wrote, in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, the comedy of *Eastward Ho!*—an unlucky passage in which was construed into a reflection upon the Scotch. His pedantic Majesty King James took offence, and Chapman and Marston were arrested. Jonson was not included in the process, but he accompanied his fellow-dramatists to prison, as he considered himself equally responsible with them. It was reported that their ears and noses were to be slit; but this punishment, if ever seriously meditated, was not inflicted. Interest was made in their favour, the biographers say: a second edition of the comedy was issued, with the offensive passage omitted, and they were released, wiser if not sadder men. Jonson celebrated his liberation with a banquet. Selden was there, and Camden, his old master at Westminster—

> 'Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe
> All that I am in arts, all that I know,'

and among others, one whom he must have honoured—his aged mother. She drank to him, and showed him a paper of strong and lusty poison, which she designed to have mixed with his drink if the sentence had been carried into effect; and, to show him that she was no churl, she designed to have first drunk of it herself.—The following verses on Ben Jonson are by Robert Herrick:—

'Here lies Ben Jonson with the rest
Of the poets; but the best.
Reader, wouldst thou more have known?
Ask his story, not this stone.
That will speak what this can't tell
Of his glory, so farewell.'

JOHN WEBSTER.

John Webster was a man of truly original genius, and seems to have felt strong pleasure in the strange and fantastic horrors that rose up from the dark abyss of his imagination. The vices and the crimes which he delights to paint all partake of an extravagance which nevertheless makes them impressive and terrible; and in the retribution and the punishment there is a character of corresponding wildness. His imagination rioted upon the grave, and frenzy, and murder, and 'loathed melancholy' were in his dreams. A common calamity was beneath him: an ordinary vengeance was too trivial for his muse. His pen distilled blood, and he was familiar with the hospital and the charnel-house, and racked his brain to outvie the horrors of both. His visions were not of heaven, nor of the air, but they came dusky and earthy from the tomb; and the madhouse emptied its cells to do justice to the closing of his fearful stories.

Among English plays, Shelley was a great admirer of *The Duchess of Malfi*, and thought the dungeon scene, where she takes her executioners for allegorical personages of torture and murder, or some such grim personifications, as equal to anything in Shakespeare.

Although one of the greatest of early English dramatists, we know very little about Webster. So scanty is our information, that his biographer and editor, Mr. Dyce, confesses that he can do little more than enumerate his works.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Beaumont and Fletcher were famous dramatists in their time. Dryden tells us that their plays in his day were the most pleasant and frequent entertainments, two of them being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's; and the reason he assigns is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and a pathos in their most serious plays, which suit generally with all men's humour. The case, however, is now reversed; for Beaumont and Fletcher's are not acted above once for fifty times that the plays of Shakespeare are represented.

Winstanley relates that Beaumont and Fletcher meeting once at a tavern, in order to form a rude draught of a tragedy, Fletcher undertook to kill the king; and that his words being overheard by a waiter, they were seized, and charged with high treason; but when it was discovered that the plot was only against a theatrical king, the affair ended in mirth.



JOHN MILTON.

Great Triumphs, p. 171.

The connection between Beaumont and Fletcher was very intimate, and it would appear at one time very economical. Aubrey informs us that 'there was a wonderful similarity of fancy between Mr. Francis Beaumont and Mr. John Fletcher, which caused that dearness of friendship between them. Dr. John Earle, Bishop of Sarum, who knew them, used to say that Beaumont's main business was to correct the super-overflowings of Mr. Fletcher's wit. They lived together on the Bankside, not far from the playhouse, both bachelors, had one bench of the house between them, and possessed cloaks and almost all other things in common.'

EDMUND WALLER.

Edmund Waller commenced his poetical life early, and retained his inventive faculties to a good old age. In his 18th year he wrote the poem entitled *Prince Arthur's Escape at St. Andero*, a piece which justifies the remark that he attained by a felicity like instinct a style which perhaps will never be obsolete, and that were we to judge only by the wording, we could not know what he composed at twenty, and what at that period when 'he for age could neither read nor write.'

Waller became much attached to Lady Dorothea Sidney, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and courted her by all the poetry in which Saccharissa is celebrated. He describes her as a sublime, predominating beauty, of lofty charms and imperious influence, on whom he looks with amazement rather than fondness; whose chains he wishes, though in vain, to break; and whose presence is *wine* that *inflames to madness*. His acquaintance with this high-born dame gave wit no opportunity of boasting its influence; she was not to be subdued by the powers of verse, but rejected his addresses, and married the Earl of Sutherland. In her old age, meeting with Waller, she asked him when he would again write such verses upon her. 'When you are as young, madam,' said he, 'and as handsome as you then were.'

JOHN MILTON.

Far above all poets of his own age, and in learning, sublimity, and invention without an equal in the whole range of English literature, stands John Milton. He was born in London on the 9th of December 1608. In youth he was a hard student, and devoted his time most assiduously to classical literature. A remark of his has been often quoted, that he 'cared not how late he came into life, only that he came fit.' That he believed himself destined to become of note appears from his own words:—

'By labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion

in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die.'

The idea of his unequalled poem of *Paradise Lost* was probably conceived as early as 1642, but it was not published till about twenty-five years after that date. When it was written, the British press was subject to a censorship, and he experienced some difficulty in getting it licensed, the sapient gentleman who then possessed the power of rejecting or sanctioning any works submitted to him imagining that in the noble simile of the sun in an eclipse he discovered treason. It was, however, licensed, and sold to Samuel Simmons, a bookseller, for an immediate payment of £5, with a condition that on 1300 copies being sold the author should receive £5 more, and the same for the second and third editions. In two years the sale of the poem gave the poet a right to his second payment, the receipt for which was signed April 26, 1669. The second edition was printed in 1674, but the author did not live to receive the stipulated payment; the third edition was published in 1678, when the copyright devolving on Milton's widow, she agreed with Simmons to receive £8 for it; so that £18 was the sum total paid for the best poem of the first of British poets.

'Undoubtedly,' says Dryden, '*Paradise Lost* is one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which this age or nation has produced.' As a contrast to this criticism, take one by Milton's contemporary, Waller:—

'The old blind schoolmaster,' said Waller, 'hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man. If its length be not considered as merit, it hath no other.' Such is the diversity of taste, or rather, perhaps we should say, such is the carelessness with which opinions are sometimes pronounced by those who ought to know better.

BUTLER.

'In the mist of obscurity,' says Johnson, 'passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously related; and all that can be told with certainty is, that he was poor.'

No composition abounds so much as *Hudibras* in strokes of just and inimitable wit; yet there are many performances which give us great, or greater entertainment on the whole perusal. The allusions in Butler are often dark and far-fetched; and though scarcely any author was ever able to express his thoughts in so few words, he often employs too many thoughts on one subject, and thereby becomes prolix after an unusual

manner. It is surprising how much erudition Butler has introduced with so good a grace, into a work of pleasantry and humour. *Hudibras* is perhaps one of the most learned compositions to be found in any language.

It is said that Butler's friend and patron, Mr. Longueville, supported him for some time, and that but for this assistance he must literally have starved. His admired poem justified him in forming great expectations; it was read by the king, studied by the courtiers, and universally admired by the royalists; yet the author lived in obscurity, died in want, and sixty years after his death was rewarded with a monument and an epitaph by a Lord Mayor of London.

Mr. Wycherley often represented to the Duke of Buckingham how well Butler deserved of the royal family by writing *Hudibras*, and that it was a disgrace to the court that a person of his loyalty and genius should remain in obscurity, and suffer the wants which he did. The duke promised to recommend Butler to his Majesty; and Wycherley, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, prevailed on his Grace to fix a day when he might introduce the modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron. The place of meeting was agreed to be 'The Roebuck.' Mr. Butler and his friend attended punctually; the duke joined them, when unluckily the door of the room being open, his Grace observed one of his acquaintance pass by with two ladies, on which he immediately quitted his engagement, and from that time to the day of his death poor Butler never found the least benefit from his promise. It is probable that it was on this occasion that the indignant poet expressed himself in the following lines, which are extracted from a poem entitled *Hudibras at Court*, printed in some editions of his *Remains*:—

'For my part, I a court despise,
Where none but —— and villains rise;
Nor will I on the man depend,
I see ungrateful to his friend:
I'll to my hut in peace retire,
And there myself, myself unsquire,
Laugh at the knaves and fools of state,
And live without their love or hate;
But you to go or stay are free,
Just as the —— and you agree.'

In Dr. Birch's collection of MSS. in the British Museum, No. 4293, there is an original warrant of King Charles the Second respecting the printing of *Hudibras*, of which the following is a copy:—

'CHARLES R.

'Our will and pleasure is, and wee do hereby strictly charge and command, that no printer, bookseller, stationer, or other person whatsoever, within our kingdomes of England or Ireland, do print, reprint, utter, or sell, or cause to be printed, reprinted, utter'd, or sold, a book or poem called *Hudibras*, or any

part thereof (without the consent and approbation of Samuel Boteler, Esq., or his assignes), as they, and every of them, will answer the contrary at their perills.

Given at our court at Whitehall, the tenth day of September, in the year of our Lord God 1677, and in the 29th year of our reign.

By his Majesty's command.

J. BERKENHEAD.

COWLEY.

Cowley, losing his father at an early age, was left to the care of his mother. In the window of their apartment lay Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. 'Such,' says Dr. Johnson, 'are accidents which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius.' Cowley might be said to 'lisp in numbers,' and gave such early proofs, not only of powers of language, but of comprehension of things, as to more tardy minds seem scarcely credible. When only in his thirteenth year, a volume of his poems was printed, containing, with other poetical compositions, *The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe*, written when he was ten years old, and *Constantia and Philetus*, written two years after; and while still at school, he produced a comedy of a pastoral kind, called *Love's Riddle*, though it was not published till he had been some time at Cambridge.

At the time of his death, in 1667, Cowley certainly ranked as the first poet in England, though the *Comus* of Milton and some of his exquisite minor poems had been published nearly thirty years before. Even now he deserves a considerable rank.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Dryden, the celebrated English poet, was born in 1631. His first poem that attracted notice was his stanzas on Cromwell's death. He had worldly wisdom enough to betake himself to a profitable department of poetry, and to write for many years for the stage.

In 1668 he succeeded Davenant as Poet Laureate.

'Dryden,' says Dr. Johnson, 'wrote and professed to write merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and when once it had

passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.'

It has been justly remarked by Congreve, that 'Dryden's parts did not decline with his years, but that he was an improving writer to the last, even to near seventy years of age, improving even in fire and imagination, as well as in judgment: witness his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, and his *Fables*, his latest performances.' How much the more lamentable is it, then, to reflect that to the very last this great man was never without the necessity of trusting to his pen for his daily bread! He was scarcely relieved from one heavy task when he was compelled to hasten to another; and when he had reached his grand climacteric, he found the occasion for exertion rendered still stronger than ever, by a domestic circumstance—the return of his eldest son, Charles, in ill-health, from Italy. In a letter to his bookseller, he pathetically says, 'If it please God that *I must die of over-study*, I cannot spend my life better than in preserving his.' It was about this time, when, as he says in the dedication of his *Virgil* to Lord Clifford, there was but the 'wretched remainder of a sickly age left to him,' he contracted to supply Tonson the bookseller with 10,000 verses at sixpence a line, and threw in the *Epistle to his Cousin* and the celebrated *Ode to Music* to complete the full number of lines stipulated.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

William Wycherley was a dramatic writer and man of fashion in the reign of Charles II. He was born in 1640 at Cleve in Shropshire, and in time became a student of the law. Having a taste, however, for poetry and the drama, he drifted towards the stage, and came into notice as the author of *Love in a Wood*, a comedy possessed of considerable merit. His most successful piece was *The Plain Dealer*.

Wycherley had such a bad memory, that the same chain of thoughts would return to his mind at the distance of two or three years, without his remembering that it had been there before. Thus, perhaps, he would write one year an encomium on avarice, and a year or two after in dispraise of liberality; and in both the words only would differ, but the thoughts be as much alike as two medals of different metals out of the same mould.

It is to the credit of James II., that he was so much pleased with Wycherley's comedy of *The Plain Dealer* that he released him from prison, where he had been confined seven years, by paying his debts, and settled on him a pension of £200 a year. His Majesty afterwards gave him a proof of esteem, which perhaps never any sovereign prince before had given to an

author who was only a private gentleman. Wycherley happened to fall sick of a fever at his lodgings in Bow Street, Covent Garden, when the king did him the honour to visit him, and finding his body much weakened, his spirits miserably shattered, and his memory almost totally gone, he commanded him, as soon as he should be able to take a journey, to go to the south of France, believing that the air of Montpelier could contribute as much as anything to restore him; and assured him at the same time that he would order him £300 to defray the expenses of the journey. Wycherley accordingly went into France, and having spent the winter there, returned to England in the spring, entirely restored to his former vigour, both of body and mind.

Wycherley being subsequently at Tunbridge for the benefit of his health, was walking one day on the Wells Walk with his friend Mr. Fairbeard, of Gray's Inn, and just as he came up to a bookseller's shop, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came to the bookseller, and inquired for *The Plain Dealer*. 'Madam,' says Mr. Fairbeard, 'since you are for the Plain Dealer, there he is for you,' pushing Wycherley towards her. 'Yes,' says Wycherley, 'this lady can bear plain dealing; for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be compliment said to *others would* be plain dealing spoken to her.' 'No, truly, sir,' said the countess, 'I am not without my faults, any more than the rest of my sex; and yet I love plain dealing, and am never more fond of it than when it tells me of them.' 'Then, madam,' says Mr. Fairbeard, 'you and the Plain Dealer seem designed by Heaven for each other.' In short, Wycherley walked away with the countess, waited upon her home, visited her daily while she was at Tunbridge, and afterwards when she went to London, where, in a little time, a marriage was concluded between them.

The marriage was not successful in proportion to the interest and originality of the wooing. The lady proved incurably jealous, and Wycherley had rather a hard time of it. When she died, she was so good as leave him her fortune. But his title to it was disputed; the law expenses produced embarrassment, and he was arrested, and remained in confinement for seven years. Poor Wycherley's marriage was not one of his great triumphs.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

The comedy of *The Old Bachelor* was Congreve's first introduction to the stage. Dryden, to whom the author was recommended by Southern, was pleased to say of it, 'that he never saw such a first play in his life, and that it would be a pity to have

it miscarry for a few things, which proceeded not from the author's want of genius or art, but from his not being acquainted with the stage and the town.' Dryden revised and corrected it, and it was acted in 1693. The prologue intended to be spoken was written by Lord Falkland: the play was admirably performed, and received with such general applause, that Congreve was thenceforth considered as the prop of the declining stage, and as the rising genius in dramatic poetry. It was this play, and the very singular success which attended it upon the stage, and after it came from the press, that recommended its author to the patronage of Lord Halifax, who, being desirous to place so eminent a wit in a state of ease and tranquillity, made him immediately one of the commissioners for licensing hackney coaches, which was soon followed by a place in the Pipe Office, the office of a commissioner of wine licences, and the secretaryship of Jamaica, the whole yielding upwards of £1200 per annum.

Voltaire says of Congreve: 'He raised the glory of comedy to a greater height than any English writer before or since his time. He wrote only a few plays, but they are excellent in their kind. He was infirm,' he adds, 'and come to the verge of life, when I knew him. Mr. Congreve had one defect, which was his entertaining too mean an idea of his first profession, that of a writer, though it was to this that he owed his fame and fortune. He spoke of his works as of trifles that were beneath him, and hinted to me in our first conversation that I should visit him upon no other footing than that of a gentleman who led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I should never have come to see him, and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity.' Dennis, speaking of Congreve's resolution not to write plays after Jeremy Collier's attack, says 'he quitted the stage early, and comedy left it with him.'

JOSEPH ADDISON.

To speak of Addison as a poet, the *Tragedy of Cato* is unquestionably the noblest production of his genius, although it is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama; rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life. He planned the tragedy during his travels, and wrote the first four acts many years before it was produced. These were shown to such as were likely to spread their admiration, although it was much doubted that he would ever have sufficient courage to expose it to the criticism of a British audience.

The time, however, arrived when those who affected to think liberty in danger imagined that a play might preserve it, and Addison was importuned in the name of the tutelary deities of Britain to show his courage and zeal by finishing his design. To resume his work, he seemed perversely and unaccountably unwilling; he at length wrote the fifth act, like a task performed with reluctance, and hurried to its conclusion.

Dennis attacked the tragedy with great severity, and charged him with raising prejudices in his favour, by false positions of preparatory criticism, and with poisoning the town by contradicting in the *Spectator* the established rules of poetical justice: because his own hero, with all his virtues, was to fall before a tyrant. The fact is certain; the motives may be guessed.

At length 'the great, the important day,' when Addison was to stand the hazard of the theatre, arrived. That there might, however, be as little hazard as possible, Steele undertook to pack an audience. 'This,' says Pope, 'had been tried for the first time in favour of the *Distrest Mother*, and was now with more efficacy practised for *Cato*.' The danger was soon over; the whole nation was at that time on fire with faction. The Whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed *every* cheer, to show that the satire was not felt. Bolingbroke called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The play, thus supported by the emulation of factious praise, was acted night after night for a longer time than the public had allowed to any preceding drama, and the author wandered through the whole exhibition behind the scenes, with restless and unappeasable solicitude.

HENRY CAREY.

The most successful of the writers of ballads in the beginning of the eighteenth century was Henry Carey, an English musician and poet, who died by his own hand in 1743. His productions were often deserving of high praise: one of them, *Sally in our Alley*, was extolled by Addison for its words, and by Geminiani for its music.

This most celebrated of Carey's songs had an interesting origin: 'The occasion of this ballad,' says Carey in the argument prefixed to it, was as follows:—A shoemaker apprentice, making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet shows, the flying chairs (ups-and-downs), and all the elegancies of Moorfields; and from these proceeding to the Farthing Pye-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheesecakes, stuffed beef, and bottled ale,' through all which scenes our author

dodged them. Charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, he drew his little sketch of *Sally in our Alley*.

'Poor Carey,' says Mr. Disraeli, 'the delight of the muses, and delighting with the muses, experienced all their trials and all their treacheries. It had been better for him, as he once sung in *The Poet's Resentment*, to have been sincere while he put the rhymes to these lines:

"Far, far away, then chase the harlot muse,
Nor let her thus thy noon of life abuse;
Mix with the common crowd, unheard, unseen;
And if again thou tempt'st the vulgar praise,
May'st thou be crown'd with birch instead of bays!"

'At the time that this poet could neither walk the streets nor be seated at the convivial board without listening to his own songs and his own music,—for, in truth, the whole nation was echoing his verse, and crowded theatres were clapping to his wit and humour,—while this very man himself, urged by his strong humanity, had founded a "Fund for decayed Musicians," at this moment was poor Carey himself so broken-hearted, and his own comforts so utterly neglected, that in despair, not waiting for nature to relieve him from the burden of existence, he laid violent hands on himself, and when found dead, had only a penny in his pocket! Such was the fate of the author of some of the most popular ballads in our language!'

Carey was also the writer of several burlesques, and other dramatic pieces, highly popular in their day.

ISAAC WATTS.

For Dr. Watts Mr. Montgomery has claimed the honour of being almost the inventor of hymns in our language, and the claim is not extravagant. It was in 1707 that he committed to the press his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. For the copyright Mr. Lawrence the publisher gave him ten pounds; and in less than ten years six editions had been sold. He then brought out what he deemed a more important contribution to the cause of public worship, *The Psalms of David imitated in the Language of the New Testament*, which he hoped would escape some of the objections urged against his hymns. Their texture was the language of inspiration; and they chiefly differed from the Hebrew Psalter by introducing 'the name of Jesus' in those passages which refer to the Messiah.

'Since the publication of the first of these volumes,' says Dr. Hamilton, writing in 1858, 'a century and a half has passed away, and only twelve years fewer since the publication of the second; yet nothing has appeared to dim their lustre—as yet, nothing threatens to supersede them. With their

doctrinal fulness, their sacred fervour, their lyric grandeur, they stand alone,—by dint of native sovereignty overtopping all their fellows. In particular features they may be occasionally surpassed. With his gushes of heart-sprung tenderness, and his exquisite execution amidst the sacred choir of Britain, the nightingale would represent the bard of Olney, with his melody filling all the ethereal vault, and then in its abrupt conclusion leaving long silence in the expectant firmament: in the soaring grace and sudden close of Toplady there is what reminds us of "the lark singing at heaven's gate;" and when he "claps his wings of fire," there are empyrean heights to which Charles Wesley can ascend, defying aught to follow. But "they that wait upon the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles." Visiting every pinnacle of revealed theology, and carrying up into the sunlight all the varieties of Christian experience, there is hardly a topic which exercises the understanding or the heart of the believer to which Isaac Watts has not given a devotional aspect, and which he has not wedded to immortal numbers.'

Of no uninspired compositions has the acceptance been so signal. They are naturalized through all the Anglo-Saxon world, and next to Scripture itself are the great vehicle of pious thought and feeling. So naturalized in the common mind of Christendom is the language of Watts, that, were all copies of his hymn-book to perish, probably half the stanzas could be recovered from quotations in printed sermons, and in the pages of Christian biography.

It was so natural for Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day, when he was about to put his threat in execution, the child burst out into tears, and on his knees said,

'Pray, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make.'

Dr. Watts was remarkable for his vivacity in conversation, although he was never forward in the display of it. Being one day in a coffeeroom with some friends, he overheard a gentleman say, 'What! is that the great Dr. Watts?' The doctor, who was of low stature, turned suddenly round, and with great good humour repeated a verse from one of his lyric poems, which produced a silent admiration of his modesty and talents:

'Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or mete the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.'

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The first of modern Scotch poets was Allan Ramsay. It is enough to mention that he was born at Leadhills in 1685,

served an apprenticeship in Edinburgh to a wig-maker, and afterwards established himself as a bookseller in that city. In 1721 he published a quarto volume of his poems. It was so well received, that he was encouraged to print another in 1728. The principal piece in the last-named collection was *The Gentle Shepherd*, a pastoral with which Allan Ramsay's name will ever be honourably connected. Ramsay's productions rendered him in the highest degree popular, and while he acquired fame by his talents, he amassed a fortune by his trade: his acquaintance was courted by many distinguished persons, and his shop became the common resort of the literary characters and wits of Edinburgh.

The circumstances connected with the first performance of *The Gentle Shepherd* are worth relating. A printer in Edinburgh, of the name of Robert Drummond, who had been employed to print one of the editions of *The Gentle Shepherd*, 'was imprisoned and deprived of the privileges of a freeman for a year,' in consequence of his having published a satirical poem containing a smart attack on the Provost of Edinburgh. The consequence of this was, that his printing-office was shut up, and his workmen, of whom he had employed a considerable number, were thrown idle upon the town.

Among the works which Drummond had most recently printed was the edition of *The Gentle Shepherd*. While it was passing through the hands of the compositors, they had committed to memory some of its most striking scenes, which they used to take pleasure in reciting among themselves; and now that they were deprived of employment by the ruin of their master, the idea happily struck them of attempting a public representation of the comedy for their common benefit. The manager of the theatre, then situated in the Canongate, readily agreed to give them the use of his stage; and the great body of the public, comprehending especially the middling and lower classes, hitherto the most adverse to theatrical representations, were induced from compassion for the fate of Drummond and his men, the victims of power, to suspend their prejudices for a moment, and to regard their humble attempt with that silent acquiescence, which, by leaving the young and gay-hearted to follow their inclinations, had all the effect of a more open encouragement.

On the first performance of the opera, the house was crowded in every part; and it was repeated on several successive nights to such numerous audiences, that tiers of benches were erected upon the stage to accommodate the overflow.

ALEXANDER POPE.

'To Alexander Pope,' says *Warton*, 'English poesy and the

English language are everlastingly indebted.' He was born in London on the 22d of May 1688. At a very early period he showed the greatest fondness for poetry: he says of himself—

'I lisped in numbers, and the numbers came.'

It is impossible to enumerate all his celebrated writings. The greatest, as well as the most profitable, was his translation of Homer. He issued proposals for the translation of the *Iliad* when in his twenty-sixth year. The work was accomplished in five years, and the profits received by Pope amounted to several thousands of pounds. The great and signal merits of the translation received the warmest eulogiums from the literary world. In a few years after, in conjunction with Fenton and Broome, he translated the *Odyssey*.

'Pope,' says Dr. Johnson, 'was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment, of his readers; and expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

'For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hand, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of *Thirty-eight*, of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author that they might be fairly copied. "Almost every line," he said, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean manuscript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

'His declaration that his care for his works ceased at their publication was not strictly true. His paternal attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, and vigour.'

'Pope,' says an able writer, 'is the incarnation of the literary spirit. He is the most complete representative in our language of the intellectual instincts which find their natural expression in pure literature. The complete antithesis to that spirit is the evil principle which Pope attacks as dulness. This false goddess is the literary Ahriman; and Pope's natural antipathies, somewhat exaggerated by his personal passion

and weaknesses to extravagant proportions, express themselves fully in his great mock-epic. His theories may be expressed in a parody of Nelson's immortal advice to his midshipmen: "Be an honest man, and hate dulness as you do the devil." Dulness generates the asphyxiating atmosphere, in which no true literature can thrive. It oppresses the lungs, and irritates the nerves of men whose keen, brilliant intellects mark them as the natural servants of literature. Seen from this point of view, there is an honourable completeness in Pope's career. Possibly a modern subject of literature may, without paradox, express a certain gratitude to Pope for a virtue which he would certainly be glad to imitate. Pope was the first man who made an independence by literature. First and last, he seems to have received over £8000 for his translation of Homer, a sum then amply sufficient to enable him to live in comfort. No sum at all comparable to this was ever received by a poet or novelist until the era of Scott and Byron. Now, without challenging admiration for Pope on the simple ground that he made his fortune, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this feat at the time. A contemporary, who, whatever his faults, was a still more brilliant example than Pope of the purely literary qualities, suggests a curious parallel. Voltaire, as he tells us, was so weary of the humiliations that dishonour letters, that to stay his disgust, he resolved to make "whatscoundrels call a great fortune." Some of Voltaire's means of reaching this end appear to have been more questionable than Pope's. But both of these men of genius early secured their independence by raising themselves permanently above the need of writing for money. The use, too, which Pope made of his fortune was thoroughly honourable. We scarcely give due credit, as a rule, to the man who has the rare merit of distinctly recognising his true vocation in life, and adhering to it with unflinching pertinacity. Probably the fact that such virtue generally brings a sufficient personal reward in this world seems to dispense with the necessity of additional praise. But call it a virtuous or merely a useful quality, we must at least admit that it is the necessary groundwork of a thoroughly satisfactory career. Pope gained by his later numbers a secure position, and used his position to go on rhyming to the end of his life. He never failed to do his very best. He regarded the wealth which he had earned as a retaining fee, not as a discharge from his duties. Comparing him with his contemporaries, we see how vast was his advantage. Elevated above Grub Street, he had no temptation to manufacture rubbish or descend to actual meanness,

like poor Defoe. Independent of patronage, he was not forced to become a "tame cat" in the house of a duchess, like his friend Gay. Standing apart from politics, he was free from those disappointed pangs which contributed to the embitterment of the later years of Swift, dying "like a poisoned rat in a hole." He had not, like Bolingbroke, to affect a philosophical contempt for the game in which he could no longer take a part; nor was he even, like Addison and Steele, induced to "give up to party what was meant for mankind." He was not a better man than some of these, and certainly not better than Goldsmith and Johnson in the succeeding generation. Yet, when we think of the amount of good intellect that ran to waste in the purlieus of Grub Street, or in hunting for pensions in ministerial ante-chambers, we feel a certain gratitude to the one literary magnate of the century, whose devotion, it is true, had a very tangible reward, but whose devotion was yet continuous, and free from any distractions but those of a constitutional irritability. Nay, if we compare Pope to some of the later writers who have wrung still princelier rewards from fortune, the result is not unfavourable. If poor Scott had been as true to his calling, his life, so far superior to Pope's in most other respects, would not have presented the melancholy contrast of genius running to waste in desperate attempts to win money at the cost of worthier fame.'

JOHN GAY.

John Gay earned for himself an enduring fame when he wrote *The Beggar's Opera*. It was published in 1727, and was designed to ridicule the Italian Opera and satirize the court. He offered it to Rich, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre; and such was its great popularity, that it was humorously remarked that the Opera had made Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*.

It was Dean Swift who first suggested to Gay the idea of *The Beggar's Opera*, by observing what an odd pretty sort of a thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. 'Gay,' says Mr. Pope, 'was inclined to try at such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to *The Beggar's Opera*. He began on it, and when first he mentioned it to Swift, the doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us; and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said "it would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly." We were all at the first night of it,

in great uncertainty of the event, till we were very much encouraged by our hearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, "It will do—it must do—I see it in the eyes of them." This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for that duke (besides his own good taste) has as particular a knack as any one now living in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual; the good nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause.'

During Mr. Colman's management of Covent Garden Theatre, the magistrates of Bow Street, with wondrous regard for the public morals, wished to suppress *The Beggar's Opera*, which was then, as now, a great favourite. The following is the correspondence that passed on the subject:—

'*From the Magistrates in Bow Street.*

'The magistrates now sitting in Bow Street present their compliments to Mr. Colman, and acquaint him that, on *The Beggar's Opera* being given out to be played some time ago at Drury Lane Theatre, they requested the managers of that theatre not to exhibit this opera, deeming it productive of mischief to society, as in their opinion it most undoubtedly increased the number of thieves; and that the managers obligingly returned for answer, that for that night it was too late to stop it, but that for the future they would not play it if the other house did not. Under these circumstances, from a sense of duty and the principles of humanity, the magistrates make the same request to Mr. Colman and the rest of the managers of his Majesty's Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, the same opera being advertised to be played there this night.

'BOW STREET, *October* 27, 1773.'

Answer.

'Mr. Colman presents his best respects to the magistrates, with whose note he has been just honoured. He has not yet had an opportunity of submitting it to the other managers, but for his own part, cannot help differing in opinion with the magistrates, thinking that the theatre is one of *the very few houses in the neighbourhood* that does not contribute to increase the number of thieves.

'COVENT GARDEN,
Wednesday Morn.'

Speaking of *The Beggar's Opera*, a humorous anecdote occurs to us. Councillor Grady, on a late trial in Ireland, said he recollected to have heard of a relentless judge: he was known by the name of the Hanging Judge, and was never seen to shed a tear but once, and that was during the representation of *The Beggar's Opera*, when Macheath got a *reprieve!*

It was the same judge, we

believe, between whom and Mr. Curran the following exchange of courtesies once took place at table: 'Pray, Mr. Curran,' said the judge, 'is that hung beef beside you? If it is, I will try it.' 'If *you* try it, my lord,' replied Mr. Curran, 'it is sure to be hung.'

The most finished production of Gay's pen was his *Fables*—the finest collection of such pieces in the language.

JAMES THOMSON.

The poet Thomson came to London poor and friendless, with the manuscript of *Winter* in his pocket. It was with difficulty he found a purchaser for it, and the price given was trifling. It was published in 1726, and lay for a long time neglected, till Mr. Spence made honourable mention of it in his *Odyssey*, which, becoming a popular book, made the poem universally known. A number of editions quickly followed. Thomson's *Summer* appeared in 1727, *Spring* in 1728, and *Autumn* in 1730.

When the first edition of his *Seasons* came out, the poet sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk, who had shown him great kindness. Sir Gilbert showed the book to his gardener, a relation of Thomson, who took the book into his hands, and turning it over and over, and gazing on it with admiration, Sir Gilbert said to him: '*Well, David*, what do you think of James Thomson now? there's a book which will make him famous all the world over, and immortalize his name.' David, looking now at Sir Gilbert, and then at the book, said, 'In troth, sir, it is a grand book! I did na' think the lad had ingenuity enow to ha' done sic a neat piece of handicraft.'

In May 1748 Thomson finished his *Castle of Indolence*, on which he had been labouring for years. This is the noblest effort of his genius. 'To it,' says Campbell, 'he brought not only the full nature but the perfect art of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are derived originally from Tasso; but Thomson was more immediately indebted for them to the *Faerie Queene*.'

The author of the *Castle of Indolence* paid homage in his poem to the master passion of his own easy nature. He was so excessively lazy, that he is recorded to have been seen standing at a peach tree, with both his hands in his pockets, eating the fruit as it grew. At another time, being discovered in bed at a very late hour in the day, when he was asked why he did not rise, his answer was, 'Troth, man, I see nae motive for rising.'

WILLIAM COLLINS.

William Collins, one of the first of English lyric poets, was born at Chichester in 1720, and was educated at Oxford.

About 1744 he suddenly left Oxford, and came to London, a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket. He designed many works, but either had not perseverance in himself, or the frequent calls of immediate necessity broke his schemes, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose. While thus living loosely about town, he occasionally wrote many short poems in the house of a friend, who witnesses that he burnt as rapidly as he wrote. In 1746 he offered his *Odes Descriptive and Allegorical* to Mr. Millar, who gave him a price for them, which was handsome as poetry was then estimated; but all the interest of that great bookseller could never introduce them into notice, and the sale of them is said not to have been sufficient to pay the expense of printing. Yet among these *Odes* is one of the most popular now in the language, the *Ode to the Passions!* What the outraged feelings of the poet were, appeared when, some time afterwards, he became rich enough to express them. Having obtained some fortune by the death of an uncle, he made good to the publisher the deficiency of the unsold *Odes*, and in his haughty resentment of the public taste, consigned the impression to the flames.

Much has been said of the state of insanity to which this admirable poet was ultimately reduced; or rather, as Dr. Johnson happily describes it, 'a depression of mind, which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right, without the power of pursuing it.' What Dr. Johnson has further said on this melancholy subject, shows perhaps more nature and feeling than anything he ever wrote; and yet it is remarkable, that among the causes to which the poet's malady was owing, he never hints at the most exciting of the whole. He tells us how he 'loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters;' how he 'delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens;' but never does he seem to have imagined how natural it was for a mind of such a temperament to give an Eve to the Paradise of his Creation. Johnson, indeed, though, as he tells us, 'he gained the confidence of Collins,' was not just the sort of man into whose ear a lover would choose to pour his secrets. The fact was, that Collins was greatly attached to a young lady, who did not return his passion; and there seems little doubt that, to the consequent disappointment which preyed upon his mind, much of that abandonment of soul which marked the close of his life may be ascribed. The object of his adoration was born the day before him; and to this circumstance he made in one of his gay moments the following happy allusion:—

'Yours is a hard case,' said a friend. 'It is so, indeed,' said Collins; 'for I came into the world *a day after the fair.*'

'At Chichester,' says Mr. Disraeli, 'tradition has preserved some striking and affecting occurrences of the last days of the unhappy Collins. He would haunt the aisles and cloisters of the cathedral, roving nights and days together, loving their

"Dim, religious light;"

and when the choristers chanted their anthem, the listening and bewildered poet, carried out of himself by the solemn strains and his own too susceptible imagination, moaned and shrieked, and awoke a sadness and terror most affecting in so solemn a place: their friend, their kinsman, and their poet was before them, an awful image of human misery and ruined genius!'

GOLDSMITH.

Goldsmith's first attempt at dramatic writing was *The Good-natured Man.* It had not much success. Three years after, he appeared again as writer for the stage, and with quite a different result. The piece was *She Stoops to Conquer*, and of it Dr. Johnson said that he knew of no comedy for many years that had so much exhilarated an audience, and had answered so well the great end of comedy — making an audience laugh.

It is related of Goldsmith, that during the first performance of his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, he walked all the time in St. James' Park in great uneasiness; and when he thought it must be over, he hastened to the theatre. His ears were assailed with hisses as he entered the green-room. When he eagerly inquired of Mr. Colman the cause, 'Pshaw! pshaw!' said Colman, 'don't be afraid of squibs, when we have been sitting on a barrel of gunpowder these two hours.' The fact was, that the comedy had been completely successful, and that it was the farce which had excited those sounds so terrific to Goldsmith.

In the *Posthumous Letters* of Mr. Colman there is a letter from Goldsmith on the subject of this comedy, which, notwithstanding its merits and his own reputation, he had some difficulty in getting on the stage. The letter is addressed to George Colman the elder, who was then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and is as follows:—

'DEAR SIR,—I entreat you'll relieve me from that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made, or shall make, to my play, I will endeavour to remove, and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges, either of its merits or faults, I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion, when my other play was before Mr. Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's tribunal, but I refused





the proposal with indignation; I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play, I can readily satisfy my creditor that way: at any rate, I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God's sake, take the play, and let us make the best of it; and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine.—I am, your friend and servant,

'OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

'George Colman, Esq.'

Goldsmith's poem of *The Traveller* was published in 1764. Dr. Johnson was the first to introduce it to the public, and this he did in very complimentary terms. Few poems in the English language have been more deservedly popular. In 1769 *The Deserted Village* was given to the public, which gave Goldsmith a still higher rank and still greater celebrity as a poet.

WILLIAM COWPER.

'If there is a good man on earth,' Lord Thurlow was wont to say, 'it is William Cowper.' From his childhood he possessed a heart of the most exquisite tenderness and sensibility. His life was ennobled by many private acts of beneficence; and his exemplary virtue was such, that the opulent sometimes delighted to make him their almoner. In his sequestered life at Olney, he administered abundantly to the wants of the poor; and before he quitted St Alban's, he took upon himself the charge of a necessitous child, in order to extricate him from the perils of being educated by very profligate parents. This child he educated, and afterwards had him settled at Oundle in Northamptonshire.

Cowper's great work was his *Task*, a poem which, as Hazlitt well remarks, contains 'a number of pictures of domestic comfort and social refinement, which can hardly be forgotten but with the language itself.' It appeared in 1784. The origin of the poem was peculiar. One day Lady Austin requested Cowper to try his powers on blank verse.

'But,' said he, 'I have no subject.'

'Oh, you can write on anything,' she replied; 'take this sofa.'

Hence the commencement of the *Task*—

'I sing the Sofa . . .
The theme, though humble, yet august and proud
The occasion—for the fair commands the song.'

The world-renowned poem of *John Gilpin* was composed by Cowper—'the most popular poet of the generation' Southey calls him—under the following circumstances: It was founded on a story told him by Lady Austin, to relieve the poet's depressed melan-

choly, from which he greatly suffered. Lady Austin had remembered the tale from her childhood, and its effects on the fancy of Cowper had an air of enchantment. He told her the next morning, that convulsions of laughter brought on by his recollection of her story had kept him waking during the greater part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

In no country has comedy had so ample a field as in Great Britain, owing to the freedom of its government, and the extent and variety of its intercourse with foreign nations. Humour, as Dr. Blair observes, is, in a great measure, the peculiar province of the English theatre; hence no comedy has presented such a strength and variety of character as the English. Though England can boast of a host of comic writers, excellent in the respective lines they have adopted, yet to combine the strongest and most brilliant wit with the chastest propriety, to display the justest and most characterizing humour, without descending into grossness of idea or expression, to give the comic force of the English character, and steer clear of its incidental improprieties, was reserved for Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

The first dramatic effort of Mr. Sheridan was the comedy of *The Rivals*, which was produced when the author was only twenty-two years of age. On the first night's performance it met with considerable disapprobation, on account of the imperfect conception of the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger by Mr. Lee Lewis, who was, however, an excellent actor. It was soon after brought forward with great success, and is one of the few modern comedies that still keep possession of the stage. Mr. Lynch, who succeeded to the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, played it so much to the satisfaction of the author, that he wrote a farce for his benefit, entitled *St. Patrick's Day*.

The opera of *The Duenna* was Mr. Sheridan's third dramatic effort, an opera which, though less general and comprehensive in its satire than *The Beggar's Opera*, is superior to it in brilliant wit, in distinctiveness and discrimination of character, and in appositeness of sentiment and language.

Mr. Sheridan afterwards converted Sir John Vanbrugh's *Relapse* into a pleasing comedy, called the *Trip to Scarborough*; and in 1777 produced the masterpiece of the age—*The School for Scandal*, which of all comedies is the most popular. The copy of this play was lost after the first night's representation, and all the performers in it were summoned together early the next day, in order, by the assistance of their parts, to prepare another prompter's book.

'*The School for Scandal*,' says Leigh Hunt, 'with the exception

of too great a length of dialogue without action in its earlier scenes, is a very concentration and crystallization of all that is sparkling, clear, and compact in the materials of prose comedy; as elegantly elaborate, but not so redundant or apparently elaborate, as the wittiest scenes of Congreve, and containing the most complete and exquisitely wrought-up bit of effect in the whole circle of comedy—the screen scene. Yet none of the characters, hardly even Sir Peter, can be said to be agreeable; certainly not Sir Charles Surface, unless performed with a flow of spirits, perhaps beyond what the author intended. He is almost as selfish as his brother Joseph, and makes pretensions to generosity hardly less provoking. It is painful to witness the depth of reverential silence with which the audience see him give his wife a bank-bill for £200. The whole commercial ears of England seem to be suddenly on the spot, awed by seeing all that virtue going out of it.'

The Camp, a farce, and *The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed*, a burlesque too well known and too much admired to require remark, were produced after *The School for Scandal;* and such were the vagaries of real genius, that Mr. Sheridan is said not only to have written the pantomime of *Robinson Crusoe*, but also on one night, in consequence of the unavoidable absence of Grimaldi, to have personated Harlequin Friday himself.

But of all the dramatic productions of Sheridan, the play of *Pizarro*, altered from Kotzebue, was the most lucrative. The author received no less a sum than £3000 for it.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Crabbe's great work, his *Tales*, consisting of 12,000 lines, were sent first of all to Murray, he offering £3000 for them if the poet would throw in the copyright of his first volume.

Crabbe happened to be breakfasting with Rogers and Moore, in St. James' Place, when he received Murray's note, and his first impulse was to accept it; and that was Moore's advice. But Rogers thought Murray ought to give £3000 for the new volume alone, and that the MS. should be offered to Longmans before Murray's letter was answered.

The Longmans were accordingly called on, and, to Rogers' consternation, offered for the new work and the old only £1000, saying that this was the utmost they thought it prudent to give, considering the past sale of Crabbe's works. That, of course, put Rogers in a fix; but, like a keen man of business, the banker-poet at once put on his hat, and went to Albemarle Street, to talk about the printing of his own poem, and to close with Murray's offer for Crabbe.

'I am glad to find, Mr. Murray,' said Rogers carelessly in the course of conversation, 'that

you have settled with Mr. Crabbe for his new poem.'

Murray answered cheerfully enough that he had, and this clinched the business. Rogers and Moore at once jumped into a cab, and drove off to tell poor Crabbe the news. They found him moping dismally at home, thinking of the thousands he had lost through the diplomacy of the author of *The Pleasures of Memory*. But the intelligence soon revived his spirits, and when Murray sent him the £3000, Crabbe almost leaped out of his skin. Rogers offered to take charge of the bills till they became due; but no—nothing would do but Crabbe must take them home with him, to show them to his son John.

'Won't copies do?' Rogers asked.

'No, not at all,' said the poet; 'I must show John the actual paper;' and placing the bills in his pocket-book, he started off, rubbing his hands with the glee of a girl over a new bonnet.

ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns, the celebrated Scottish poet, was born in Ayrshire on the 25th of January 1759, and died at Dumfries on the 21st of July 1796.

'Burns,' says Professor Wilson, 'is by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in a humble condition. Indeed, no country in the world but Scotland could have produced such a man; and he will be for ever regarded as the glorious representative of the genius of his country. He was born a poet if ever man was, and to his native genius alone is owing the perpetuity of his fame; for he manifestly had never very deeply studied poetry as an art, nor reasoned much about its principles, nor looked abroad with the wide ken of intellect for objects and subjects on which to pour out his inspiration.'

The following brief but discriminating criticism on the poems of Burns appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, October 1786, immediately after the *Edinburgh* or second edition of the work was published:—

'The author is indeed a striking example of native genius bursting through the obscurities of poverty and the obstructions of laborious life. He is said to be a common ploughman; and when we consider him in this light, we cannot help regretting that wayward fate had not placed him in a more favoured situation. Those who view him with the severity of lettered criticism, and judge by the fastidious rules of art, will discover that he has not the Doric simplicity of Ramsay, nor the brilliant imagination of Ferguson; but to those who admire the exertions of untutored fancy, and are blind to many faults for the sake of numberless beauties, his poems will afford singular gratification. His observations on human characters are acute and sagacious,

and his descriptions are lively and just. Of rustic pleasantry he has a rich fund, and some of his softer scenes are touched with inimitable delicacy. He seems to be a boon companion, and often startles us with a dash of libertinism which will keep some readers at a distance. Some of his subjects are serious, but those of the humorous kind are the best.'

When Burns was first invited to dine at Dunlop House, a westland dame, who acted as housekeeper, appeared to doubt the propriety of her mistress entertaining a mere ploughman who made rhymes, as if he were a gentleman of old descent. By way of convincing Mrs. M'Guistan (for that was her name) of the bard's right to such distinction, Mrs. Dunlop gave her *The Cottar's Saturday Night* to read. This was soon done, and the housekeeper returned the volume with a strong shaking of the head, saying, 'Nae doubt gentlemen and ladies think mickle o' this, but to me it's naething but what I saw i' my father's house every day, and I dinna see hoo he could hae tauld it ony other way.' The M'Guistans are a numerous clan. Few of the peasantry personally acquainted with Burns were willing to allow that his merit exceeded their own.

Hugh Miller, in his *Schools and Schoolmasters*, thus describes his first perusal of Burns' poems:—

'I read the inimitable *Twa Dogs*. Here, I said, is the full and perfect realization of what Swift and Dryden were hardy enough to attempt, but lacked genius to accomplish. Here are dogs—*bonâ fide* dogs—endowed, indeed, with more than human sense and observation, but true to character as the most honest and attached of quadrupeds in every line. And then those exquisite touches which the poor man, inured to a life of toil and poverty, can alone rightly understand! and those deeply-based remarks on character, which only the philosopher can justly appreciate. This is the true catholic poetry, which addresses itself, not to any little circle, walled in from the rest of the species by some peculiarity of thought, prejudice, or condition, but to the whole human family.

'I read on. *The Holy Fair*, *Halloween*, *The Address to the Deil*, engaged me by turns, and then the strange, uproarious, unequalled *Death and Doctor Hornbook*. This, I said, is something new in the literature of the world. Shakespeare possessed above all men the power of instant and yet natural transition—from the lightly gay to the deeply pathetic, from the wild to the humorous; but the opposite states of feeling which he induces, however close to the neighbourhood, are ever distinct and separate; the oil and the water, though contained in the same vessel, remain apart. Here, however, for the first time, they mix and incorporate, and yet

each retains its whole nature and its full effect. I need hardly remind the reader that the feat has been repeated, and with even more completeness, in the wonderful *Tam o' Shanter*.

'I read on. *The Cottar's Saturday Night* filled my whole soul; my heart throbbed, and my eyes moistened; and never before did I feel half so proud of my country, or know half so well on what score it was I did best in feeling proud. I had perused the entire volume from beginning to end ere I remembered that I had not taken supper, and that it was more than time to go to bed.'

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The fortunes of Wordsworth form a striking contrast to those of most poets. He had, all through life, an extraordinary run of good luck. De Quincey, speaking of this, says: 'If Wordsworth needed a place or a fortune, the holder of that place or fortune was immediately served with a summons to surrender it: and so certainly was this impressed upon my belief as one of the blind necessities, making up the prosperity and fixed destiny of Wordsworth, that for myself, had I happened to know of any peculiar adaptation in an estate or office of mine, and an existing need of Wordsworth's, forthwith, and with the speed of a man running for his life, I would have laid it at his feet. "Take it," I should have said—"take it, or in three weeks I shall be a dead man."'

'Wordsworth,' says M. Taine in his *History of English Literature*, 'was a wise and happy man, a thinker and a dreamer, who read and walked. He was from the first in tolerably easy circumstances, and had a small fortune. Happily married, amidst the favours of Government and the respect of the public, he lived peacefully on the margin of a beautiful lake, in sight of noble mountains, in the pleasant retirement of an elegant house, amidst the admiration and attentions of distinguished and chosen friends, engrossed by contemplations which no storm came to distract, and by poetry which was produced without any hindrance. In this deep calm he listens to his own thoughts; the peace was so great within him and around him, that he could perceive the imperceptible. "To me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." He saw a grandeur, a beauty, a teaching in the trivial events which weave the woof of our most commonplace days. He needed not, for the sake of emotion, either splendid sights or unusual actions. The dazzling glare of lamps, the pomp of the theatre, would have shocked him; his eyes were too delicate, accustomed to quiet and uniform tints. He was a poet of the twilight. Moral existence in commonplace existence, such was his object,—the object of

his choice. His paintings are cameos with a grey ground, which have a meaning; designedly he suppresses all which might please the senses, in order to speak solely to the heart. Out of this character sprang a theory—his theory of art, altogether spiritualistic, which, after repelling classical habits, ended by rallying Protestant sympathies, and won for him as many partisans as it had raised enemies. Since the only important thing is moral life, let us devote ourselves solely to nourishing it. The reader must be moved genuinely, with profit to his soul; the rest is indifferent; let us then show him objects moving in themselves, without dreaming of clothing them in a beautiful style. Let us strip ourselves of conventional language and poetic diction. Let us neglect noble words, scholastic and courtly epithets, and all the pomp of factitious splendour which the classical writers thought themselves bound to assume, and justified in imposing. In poetry, as elsewhere, the grand question is not ornament, but truth. Let us leave show, and seek effect. Let us speak in a bare style, as like as possible to prose, to ordinary conversation, even to rustic conversation, and let us choose our subjects at hand, in humble life. Let us take for our characters an idiot boy, a shivering old peasant woman, a hawker, a servant stopping in the street. It is the truth of sentiment, not the dignity of the folks, which makes the beauty of a subject; it is the truth of sentiment, not the dignity of the words, which makes the beauty of poetry. What matters that it is a villager who weeps, if these tears enable me to see the maternal sentiment? What matters that my verse is a line of rhymed prose, if this line displays a noble emotion? Men read that they may carry away emotion, not phrases; they come to us to look for moral culture, not pretty ways of speaking. And thereupon Wordsworth, classifying his poems according to the different faculties of men and the different ages of life, undertakes to lead us through all compartments and degrees of inner education, to the convictions and sentiments which he has himself attained. All this is very well, but on condition that the reader is in Wordsworth's position; that is, essentially a philosophical moralist, and an excessively sensitive man.'

> 'We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
> But thereof cometh in the end despondency and madness.'

'So sings Wordsworth in one of his noblest poems,' says another writer, giving a less exalted idea of the bard; 'but his melodious assertion is not borne out by anything in his own life. He was the most prosaic, the least imaginative, of men. How he could be so great, and so commonplace, is a mystery which passes our understanding. He not only never said a good thing himself, but he never made any-

body say a good thing at his expense, or never but once, when he said that he could write like Shakespeare if he had a mind to. "You see," remarked Lamb, "all he wanted was the mind." His family worshipped him, and whatever suited him suited them. He was averse at one time to the trouble of having his meals served, so he and his wife, and his sister Dora, used to go to the cupboard and help themselves when they were hungry. He believed in bread and butter, and was willing to give a sufficient quantity thereof to his friends when they visited him. If they wanted anything better, he said, they must pay their board. Lamb made him a visit once, and being dissatisfied with his dry fare, sought out an hospitable alehouse in the neighbourhood, where he used to quench his thirst with porter. Scott dropped in upon them at this time; and one day, when he, his host, and the gentle Elia were strolling about the country, they came upon this hospitable alehouse, greatly to the discomfiture of the last, who was immediately recognised by the lady of the house. "We've a new barrel on tap, sir; won't you come in and try it?" History does not state whether he tried it; but if he did, we may be certain that "the Wizard of the North" joined him, and that the pair pledged each other then and there, not much to the satisfaction of Wordsworth, whose *lofty* virtue was above such creature comforts as "cakes and ale."

'Whether Wordsworth ever believed in anybody but himself may be doubted. He thought Southey's poetry not worth a sixpence; but he denied having said so, or let his friends deny it for him. He endured Coleridge —at any rate he listened to his harangues, concerning which he said on one occasion that he did not understand a syllable of them. He thought he admired Milton, and was constantly invoking him—

> "Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour;
> England has need of thee."

'England need Milton when she had Wordsworth! He was present once at a literary party in London, when some one present handed round Milton's watch as a precious relic. He looked at it calmly, passed it to the next man, and then, taking out his own watch, passed that round. What inference could be drawn, except that he was as good a man as Milton? Of course he was, and knew the time of day a great deal better.

'Of Wordsworth's conceit, which was colossal, many laughable anecdotes are related. One of the best is told by the Rev. Julian Young, and to this effect: "The old poet went up to London after he was made Laureate, in order to be presented to the Queen. Rogers loaned him his court suit, and he went through the ceremony

without blundering. When it was over, he betook himself to St. James' Park, where he saw a strange little girl, who interested him. A happy thought struck him. He called her to him, took a little book from his pocket, and placing it in her hands, asked her to be sure and remember the time and place, the hour and the man, and keep it as a memento of him. It was a copy of his poems!" He was aware that he was not witty, but he laboured under the delusion that once upon a time he said a good thing. "I was standing one evening," he remarked, "in front of my cottage at Rydal Mount, when a woman whom I did not know came up to me, and said, 'Mr. Wordsworth, have you seen my husband?' 'My good woman,' I answered, 'I did not know you had a husband.'" The immensity of the joke set the table in a roar, and the best of it was the innocent hilarity of the old poet, who had not the least idea that they were laughing at him instead of his jest.

'These *Ana*, and other things which might be given, prove conclusively that Dryden's couplet is the merest nonsense when applied to poets of the Wordsworthian order. A better reading, and we beg to propose it in all such cases, is as follows:

"Great wit to dulness is so near allied,
That no partitions do their bounds divide."'

Wordsworth was born in 1770, and died in 1850.

JAMES HOGG.

James Hogg, the 'Ettrick Shepherd,' was born on the 25th of January 1782, the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns—at least he used to say that he came into the world on that notable day. He was brought up as a shepherd, and never was more than half a year at school. When about eighteen years of age, Hogg began to string rustic rhymes together, and he continued tending his sheep and writing verses until he was noticed by Sir Walter Scott, who induced him to attempt something of a higher character.

One of the earliest songs which Hogg composed was *Donald Macdonald*. It was written about the year 1803, to the tune of *Wod'd an' married an' a'*, and was long very popular. 'I once heard the song,' says the author, 'sung in the theatre at Leeds. It took exceedingly well, and was three times encored; and there was I sitting in the gallery, applauding as much as anybody. My vanity prompted me to tell a jolly Yorkshire manufacturer that night that I was the author of the song. He laughed excessively at my assumption, and told my landlady that he took me for a half-crazed Scots pedlar.'

The literary reputation of James Hogg rests upon his poem of the *Queen's Wake* and a few of his songs. The circumstances connected with the pro-

[illegible] confirmed this [illegible] decision of [illegible]. In truth, Hogg had now hit on a decidedly [illegible] and favourable mode of [illegible] his peculiar talents, [illegible] their existence was at once [illegible] and acknowledged by the public. Three editions of the *Queen's Wake* appeared in quick succession.

LORD BYRON.

At twenty-four Byron found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other distinguished writers beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence. This happened on the publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, which were received with immense applause.

He had some years previously

[redacted]



unproductive of money to the writer.

At last, in 1813, he justified the expectations of his friends by the production of the *Queen's Wake*. This was first published by a young bookseller of the name of Goldie. Immediately after its appearance, Hogg, who was then living at Deanhaugh, near Edinburgh, went into town with a beating heart. He met Mr. William Dunlop, a spirit merchant, long and well known in Edinburgh, and noted for the broad vernacular in which he delighted to speak. Hogg thus describes the *rencontre*:—

'"Ye useless poetical guise that ye are," said he, "what hae ye been doing a' this time?"

'"What doing, Willie! what do you mean?"

'"Ye hae been pestering us wi' fourpenny papers,[1] an' daft shilly-shally sangs, an' bletherin' an' speakin' i' the forum,[2] an' wat had stuff :-



LORD BYRON.

Great Triumphs, p. 194

published his first volume of verses, entitled *Hours of Idleness*. The poems therein contained were not absolutely without merit, but they were not worth much. The book was fiercely assailed in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the sarcasms of that periodical stung Byron into being a poet. His satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, was written in reply to the article in the *Edinburgh*, and a great sensation was caused by a play of wit and a mastery of versification unequalled since the days of Pope. During a babble of praise, Byron withdrew from England, and only returned in 1812, when he brought out the commencement of *Childe Harold*, as noticed above. After a career in part made glorious by the inspirations of genius, and in part debased by dissipation, Byron died at Missolonghi on the 19th of April 1824.

Sir Walter Scott's remarks on the death of Lord Byron will be read with interest:—

'Amidst the general calmness of the political atmosphere,' says Scott, 'we have been stunned from another quarter, by one of those death-blows which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. He died at Missolonghi on the 19th of April 1824. That mighty genius which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task.

'We are not Byron's apologists; for now, alas! he needs none. His excellences will now be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be remembered what a part he has sustained in British literature since the appearance of *Childe Harold*, a space of nearly twelve years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels—no living upon the resource of past reputation—none of that cooling and petty precaution which little authors call "taking care of their fame." Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena; his shield hung always in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimate of his genius, yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph.

'As various in composition as Shakespeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are ac-

pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and laughing muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as

found scattered throug cantos of *Don Juan*, verses which the author to have thrown off with a as spontaneous as that o resigning a leaf to the wi



CHAPTER VII.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT PROSE WRITERS.

'Poetry and poverty this tomb doth enclose,
Therefore, good neighbours, be merry in prose.'
Old Epitaph.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY—THOMAS FULLER—JOHN BUNYAN—JONATHAN SWIFT—SIR RICHARD STEELE—JOSEPH ADDISON—SAMUEL RICHARDSON—HENRY FIELDING—SAMUEL JOHNSON—TOBIAS SMOLLETT—OLIVER GOLDSMITH—EDWARD GIBBON—SIR WALTER SCOTT—CHARLES LAMB—CHARLES DICKENS.

LITERATURE is an avenue to glory, remarks Isaac Disraeli, ever open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honours or wealth. Like that illustrious Roman who owed nothing to his ancestors, these seem self-born; and in the baptism of fame, they have given themselves their name. Bruyère has finely said of men of genius: 'These men have neither ancestors nor posterity: they alone compose their whole race.'

Our first name is that of one who signalized himself in many fields besides that of literature: we have already met with him on the tented field of war; and had we gone visiting in queens' palaces, we would have found that

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

was one of the brightest ornaments of Queen Elizabeth's court. In early youth he discovered the strongest marks of genius and understanding. Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who was his intimate friend, says of him: 'Though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man with such steadiness of mind and lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk was ever of knowledge,

and his very play tended to enrich his mind.'

We have already looked at this famous character as a warrior: we have now to consider him as a man of letters. Sir Philip Sidney's literary reputation rests on his two prose works—the *Arcadia* and the *Defence of Poesy*.

'What innocent lover of books,' says Isaac Disraeli, 'does not imagine that the *Arcadia* of Sidney is a volume deserted by every reader, and only to be classed among the folio romances of the Scuderies, or the unmeaning pastorals whose scenes are passed in the golden age? But such is not the fact. "Nobody," it is said, "reads the *Arcadia*:" "we have known very many persons who read it, many women and children, and never knew one who read it without deep interest and admiration," exclaims an animated critic, probably the poet Southey. More recent votaries have approached the altar of this creation of romance.

'It may be well to remind the reader, that although this volume, in the revolutions of times and tastes, has had the fate to be depreciated by modern critics, it has passed through fourteen editions, suffered translations in every European language, and is not yet sunk among the refuse of the bibliopolists. The *Arcadia* was long, and it may still remain, the haunt of the poetic tribe. Sidney was one of those writers whom Shakespeare not only studied, but imitated in his scenes, copied his language, and transferred his ideas. Shirley, Beaumont and Fletcher, and our early dramatists, turned to the *Arcadia* as their text-book. Sidney enchanted two later brothers in Waller and Cowley; and the dispassionate Sir William Temple was so struck by the *Arcadia*, that he found "the true spirit of the vein of ancient poetry in Sidney." The world of fashion in Sidney's age culled their phrases out of the *Arcadia*, which served them as a complete "academy of compliments."

'The reader who concludes that the *Arcadia* of Sidney is a pedantic pastoral, has received a very erroneous conception of the work.'

Sir Philip Sidney is described by the writers of his age as the most perfect model of an accomplished gentleman that could be found even by the wanton imagination of poetry or fiction. Virtuous conduct, polite conversation, heroic valour, and elegant erudition, all concurred to render him the ornament and delight of the English court; and as the credit which he possessed with Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester was wholly employed in the encouragement of genius and literature, his praises have been transmitted with advantage to posterity.

'He was,' says an *Edinburgh Reviewer*, 'a refinement upon nobility. He was like the ab

stract and essence of romantic fiction, having the courage (but not the barbarity) of the *preux chevaliers* of ancient times—their unwearied patience—their tender and stainless attachment. He was a hero of chivalry, without the grossness and frailty of flesh. He lived beloved and admired, and died universally and deservedly lamented. He is the last of those who have passed into a marvel; for he is now remembered almost as the ideal personification of a true knight, and is translated to the skies, like the belt of the hunter Orion, or Berenice's starry hair.'

THOMAS FULLER.

A conspicuous place in the prose literature of our language is due to the historian and divine, Thomas Fuller. The works of Fuller are very numerous, the chief of them being the following: *A History of the Worthies of England*, one of the earliest biographical works in the language, a strange mixture of topography, biography, and popular antiquities; *The Holy and Profane State; The History of the Holy War;* and *The Church History of Britain.*

Fuller was an extraordinary man. If ever there was an amusing writer in this world, he was one. There was in him a combination of those qualities which minister to our entertainment, such as few have ever possessed in an equal degree. He was, first of all, a man of multifarious reading; of great and undigested knowledge, which an extraordinary retentiveness of memory preserved ever ready for use, and considerable accuracy of judgment enabled him successfully to apply.

'Next to Shakespeare,' says Coleridge, 'I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous: the degree in which any given faculty or combination of faculties is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what one would have thought possible in a single mind, as to give one's admiration the flavour and quality of wonder! Wit was the stuff and substance of Fuller's intellect. It was the element, the earthen base, the material which he worked in; and this very circumstance has defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of the thoughts, for the beauty and variety of the truths, into which he shaped the stuff. Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men. He is a very voluminous writer; and yet in all his numerous volumes on so many different subjects, it is scarcely too much to say that you will hardly find a page in which some one sentence out of every three does not deserve to be quoted for itself—as motto or as maxim.'

Dr. Fuller having requested one of his companions to make

an epitaph for him, received the following:

'Here lies Fuller's earth.'

He returned to dust in 1661.

JOHN BUNYAN.

We come now to John Bunyan, the ever-to-be-revered 'tinker of Bedford,' to whom we owe the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He was the

'Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail:
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile.'

Of the *Pilgrim's Progress* Lord Macaulay says: 'That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr. Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. That work was one of the two or three which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories.

'In the wildest parts of Scotland, the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a greater favourite than *Jack the Giant-Killer*. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imagination of one mind should become the personal recollection of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction, the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it, the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant arbour, the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside, the chained lions crouching in the porch, the low green Valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks,—all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street. . . .

'All the stages of the journey all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims,—giant and hobgoblins, ill-favoured ones and shining ones; the tall comely, swarthy Madam Bubble with her great purse by her side and her fingers playing with the money; the black man in the bright vesture, Mr. Worldly





JONATHAN SWIFT.

Great Triumphs, p. 205

eman and my Lord Hate-l, Mr. Talkative and Mrs. orous,—all are actually ex-g beings to us. We follow ravellers through their alle-al progress with interest nferior to that with which ollow Elizabeth from Siberia Moscow, or Jeanie Deans Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only r who ever gave to the ab-t the interest of the concrete. e works of many celebrated ors, men are mere personi-ons. We have not a jealous but jealousy; not a traitor, perfidy; not a patriot, but otism. The mind of Bunyan, e contrary, was so imagina-that personifications, when alt with them, became men. alogue between two qualities e dream has more dramatic t than a dialogue between human beings in most plays. this respect the genius of yan bore a great resemblance hat of a man who had very le else in common with him, y Bysshe Shelley. . . .

The style of Bunyan is de-tful to every reader, and in-able as a study to every son who wishes to obtain a le command over the English gue. The vocabulary is the abulary of the common ple. There is not an ex-sion, if we except a few nical terms of theology, ch would puzzle the rudest sant. We have observed ral pages which do not con-a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

'Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose Lord Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Verse* and the Duke of Buckingham's *Essay on Poetry* appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the 17th century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of these minds produced the *Paradise Lost*, and the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*.'

JONATHAN SWIFT.

In 1726 appeared the most *perfect* of the larger composi-

tions of Jonathan Swift, and that by which he will probably be longest remembered—*Gulliver's Travels*. It is a production entirely unique in English literature. Its main design is, under the form of fictitious travels, to satirize mankind and the institutions of civilised countries; but the scenes and nations which it describes are so wonderful and amusing, that the book is as great a favourite with children as with those misanthropic spirits who delight in contemplating the imperfections of human nature.

Gulliver's Travels was given to the world, as we have said, in 1726. It was a production so new and strange, that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was received with such avidity, that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be got ready. It was read by the high and the low, the learned and the illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book that was written in open defiance of truth and regularity.

As a writer, the prose works of Swift are among the best specimens we possess of a thorough English style. 'He knew,' says Dr. Blair, 'beyond almost any man, the purity, the extent, the precision of the English language; and therefore, to such as wish to attain a pure and correct style, he is one of the most useful models.'

Swift was born in 1667, and died in 1745.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Sir Richard Steele is the next author on our list. In 1709 this famous writer projected the publication of a periodical paper. The title of the paper, as the author observes in the first number, was decided upon in honour of the fair sex, and the *Tatler* was therefore placed under their jurisdiction. The name of its conductor, Isaac Bickerstaff, was taken from a previous publication of Swift's. It was commenced on the 12th of April 1709. 'If we consider,' says one writer, 'the invention of Steele, as discoverable in the scheme and conduct of the *Tatler*, if we reflect upon the finely-drawn and highly-finished character of Bickerstaff, in his varied offices of philosopher, humorist, astrologer, and censor, the vast number of his own elegant and useful papers, and the beauty and value of those which, through his means, saw the light, we cannot hesitate in honouring him with the appellation of the father of periodical literature.'

Steele appears to have received fair remuneration for his literary work; and on the publication of his *Conscious Lovers*, in 1722, the king, to whom it was dedicated, gave him £500. But he was always poor, because always lavish, scheming, and unbusiness-like. Nothing, however, could depress his spirits. Being

always engaged in some unsuccessful scheme or other, and with habits both benevolent and lavish, he wasted his regular income in anticipation of a greater, until absolute pecuniary distress was the result. Shortly before his death he retired into Wales, solely for the purpose of retrenching his affairs, so that he might pay his creditors. But it was too late, and before he could carry his honest intentions into effect, death overtook him, and enfeebled by dissipation and excess, he died on September 1, 1729, at the age of fifty-eight.

From amongst many entertaining stories told of Steele, and the expedients to which he was sometimes driven by want of money, we select the following: He had one day a large party of distinguished individuals to dinner, and surprised them with the number of servants in livery who waited at the table. After dinner, when the circulation of the bottle had relaxed the restraints of ceremony, one of them inquired of Sir Richard how such an expensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune? Sir Richard said he must confess there were, perhaps, more than necessary, but that he had no objection to get rid of them. 'Why do you not discharge them?' said his friend. 'Why, to tell you truly,' said Sir Richard, 'these fellows are bailiffs, who have entered my house with an execution; and as I found I could not get rid of them, I thought I would deck them in livery, for the double purpose of concealing their vocation and doing me honour.' Sir Richard's friends laughed at the expedient, and paying the debt among themselves, dismissed the whole retinue of his unwelcome attendants.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Turning from Steele, his fast friend Joseph Addison claims our notice. Here we have one of the brightest names in English literature.

At the beginning of March 1711, says Lord Macaulay, appeared the first of an incomparable series of papers, containing observations on life and literature by an imaginary Spectator.

The Spectator himself was conceived and drawn by Addison; and it is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter. The Spectator is a gentleman who, after passing a studious youth at the university, has travelled on classic ground, and has bestowed much attention on curious points of antiquity. He has on his return fixed his residence in London, and has observed all the forms of life which are to be found in that great city, has daily listened to the wits of Wills, has smoked with the philosophers of the Grecian, and has mingled with the parsons at Child's, and with the politicians at the St. James'.

In the morning he often listens to the hum of the Exchange, in the evening his face is constantly to be seen in Drury Lane Theatre. But an insurmountable bashfulness prevents him from opening his mouth except in a small circle of intimate friends.

These friends were first sketched by Steele. Four of the club, the templar, the clergyman, the soldier, and the merchant, were uninteresting figures, fit only for a background; but the other two, an old country baronet and an old town rake, though not delineated with a very delicate pencil, had some good strokes. Addison took the rough outlines into his own hands, retouched them, coloured them, and is in truth the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar.

The plan of the *Spectator* must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and the whole has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time no novel giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing birds' nests. Smollett was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects *the Spectator* essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labour. The events were such events as occur every day. They could hardly be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humour, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that if Addison had written a novel on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered, not only the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists.

We say this of Addison alone; for Addison is the *Spectator*. About three-sevenths of the work are his: and it is no exaggeration to say, that his worst essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety. His invention never seems to flag; nor is he ever under the necessity of repeating himself, or of wearing out a subject. There are no dregs in his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob, who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is

withdrawn, and a fresh draught of nectar is at our lips.

It is not strange that the success of the *Spectator* should have been such as no similar work has ever obtained. The number of copies daily distributed was at first 3000. It subsequently increased, and had risen to near 4000, when the stamp-tax was imposed. That tax was fatal to a crowd of journals. The *Spectator*, however, stood its ground, doubled its price, and though its circulation fell off, still yielded a large revenue, both to the state and to the authors. For particular papers the demand was immense; of some, it is said, 20,000 copies were required.

But this was not all. To have the *Spectator* served up every morning with the bohea and rolls was a luxury for the few. The majority were content to wait till essays enough had appeared to form a volume. Ten thousand copies of each volume were immediately taken off, and new editions were called for. It must be remembered that the population of England was then hardly a third of what it now is. The number of Englishmen who were in the habit of reading was probably not a sixth of what it now is. A shopkeeper or a farmer who found any pleasure in literature was a rarity. Nay, there was doubtless more than one knight of the shire whose country-seat did not contain ten books, receipt-books and books *on* farriery included. In these circumstances, the sale of the *Spectator* must be considered as indicating a popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Dickens in our own time.

Addison was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of his time; and much of his popularity he owed, we believe, to a constitutional timidity, which his friends lamented. That timidity often prevented him from exhibiting his talents to the best advantage; but it propitiated Nemesis. It averted the envy which would otherwise have been excited by fame so splendid, and by so rapid an elevation. No man is so great a favourite with the public as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity; and such were the feelings which Addison inspired.

Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing his familiar conversation, declared with one voice that it was superior to his writings. The brilliant Mary Montague said that she had known all the wits, and that Addison was the best company in the world. The malignant Pope was forced to own that there was a charm in Addison's talk which could be found nowhere else. Swift, when burning with animosity against the Whigs, could not but confess to Steele, that after all, he had never known any associate so agreeable as Addison. Steele, *an* excellent judge of lively con-

versation, said that the conversation of Addison was at once the most polite and the most mirthful that could be imagined; that it was Terence and Catullus in one, heightened by an exquisite something which was neither Terence nor Catullus, but Addison alone. Young, an excellent judge of serious conversation, said that when Addison was at his ease, he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every hearer.

Nor were Addison's great colloquial powers more admirable than the courtesy and softness of heart which appeared in his conversation. At the same time, it would be too much to say that he was wholly devoid of the malice which is, perhaps, inseparable from a keen sense of the ludicrous. He had one bad habit, which both Swift and Steele applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill-received, he changed his tone, 'assented with civil leer,' and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity.

Such were Addison's talents for conversation; but his rare gifts were not exhibited to crowds or to strangers. As soon as he entered a large company, as soon as he saw an unknown face, his lips were sealed, and his manner became constrained. None who met him only in great assemblies would have been able to believe that he was the same man who had often kept a few friends listening and laughing round a table, from the time when the play ended till the clock of St. Paul's in Covent Garden struck four; yet even at such a table he was not seen to the best advantage. To enjoy his conversation in the highest perfection, it was necessary to be alone with him, and to hear him, in his own phrase, think aloud. 'There is no such thing,' he used to say, 'as real conversation but between two persons.'

'To Addison himself,' says Macaulay, 'we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping two hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. After full and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can justly be claimed by any of our infirm and erring race.'

Speaking of Addison, Thackeray says: 'He wrote his papers as gaily as if he was going out for a holiday. When Steele's *Tatler* first began its prattle, Addison, then in Ireland, caught at his friend's notion, poured in paper after paper, and contributed the stores of his mind, the sweet fruits of his reading, the delightful gleanings of his daily observations, with a wonderful profusion, and, as it seemed, an almost endless fecundity. He does not in his essays go very deep: let gentlemen of a pro-

found genius, critics accustomed to the plunge of the bathos, console themselves by thinking that he *couldn't* go very deep. There are no traces of suffering in his writings. He is so good, so honest, so healthy, so cheerfully selfish, if we may use the word. There is no deep sentiment; he walks about the world watching the doings of mankind, and having goodwill and kindness for every living man and woman; looking on society, and playing with the careless humours of all of us—laughing the kindest laugh—pointing our neighbour's foible or eccentricity out to us with the most good-natured smiling confidence, and then, turning over our shoulder, whispering *our* foibles to our neighbour.'

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

Clarissa is the work on which Richardson's fame as a classic will rest for ever. Its publication raised the fame of the author to its utmost height. No work had appeared before, perhaps none has appeared since, containing so many direct appeals to the passions,—stated, too, in a manner so irresistible. And high as his reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany, the inhabitants of these lands having imaginations more easily excited, and passions more easily moved by tales of fictitious distress, than the cold-blooded English. Foreigners of distinction have been known to visit Hampstead, and to inquire for the Flask Walk, distinguished as a scene in Clarissa's history, just as travellers visit the rocks of Meillerie to view the localities of Rousseau's tale of passion.

Richardson's vanity has been severely censured by Dr. Johnson. An anecdote, which seems to confirm Johnson's opinion, is given by Boswell on the authority of a lady who was present when the circumstances took place. A gentleman, who had lately been at Paris, sought, while in a large company at Richardson's villa of North End, to gratify his host by informing him that he had seen his *Clarissa* lying on the king's brother's table. Richardson, observing that a part of the company were engaged in conversation apart, affected not to hear what had been said, but took advantage of the first general pause to address the gentleman with—'Sir, I think you were saying something about—,' and then stopped in a flutter of expectation, which his guest mortified by replying, 'A mere trifle, sir, not worth repeating.'

HENRY FIELDING.

For genuine humour and knowledge of the world, no English novelist is superior to Henry Fielding. The first novel of this celebrated writer was *Joseph Andrews*, which appeared in 1742. In it, with Cervantic humour, he ridiculed Richard-

son's novel *Pamela*, then just published. *Joseph Andrews* met with great success, and was followed by *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*. When the former is forgotten, the age of novel-reading will have come to an end.

As a picture of manners, the novel of *Tom Jones* is indeed exquisite; as a work of construction, quite a wonder: the by-play of wisdom, the power of observation, the multiplied felicitous turns and thoughts, the varied character of the great comic-epic, keep the reader in a perpetual state of admiration and curiosity.

Andrew Millar the bookseller gave Fielding a thousand pounds for his *Amelia;* but showing the MS. to Sir Andrew Mitchell, afterwards ambassador to Prussia, he was told that it was much inferior to *Tom Jones*, and advised him to get rid of it as soon as he could. Millar soon thought of a stratagem by which he could at least push it off to the trade, if he could not make it popular. At a sale made to the booksellers previous to the publication, Millar offered his friends all his other publications on the usual terms of discount; but when he came to *Amelia*, he laid it aside as a work in such demand, that he could not afford to deliver it to the trade in the usual manner. The *ruse* succeeded; the impression, though very large, was anxiously bought up, and the bookseller relieved from every apprehension as to the popularity of Fielding's *Amelia*.

Fielding tried his hand at play-writing as well as the production of novels, and of one of his pieces the following anecdote is told:—

Although peculiar circumstances may sometimes have an influence in the success or condemnation of a play, yet the audience generally discover a taste and discrimination which are the best tests of merit. An instance of this occurred respecting Fielding's comedy of *The Wedding Day*. Garrick, who performed a principal character, and who was even then a favourite with the public, told Fielding he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in a particular passage, and remarked that, as a repulse might disconcert him for the remainder of the night, the passage should be omitted. 'No,' replied Fielding, 'if the scene is not a good one, let the audience find *that* out.' The play was accordingly produced without alteration, and, as had been anticipated, marks of disapprobation appeared.

Garrick, alarmed at the hisses he met with, retired into the green-room, where the author was solacing himself with a bottle of champagne. He had by this time drunk pretty freely, and glancing his eye on the actor, while clouds of tobacco-smoke issued from his mouth, cried out, 'What's the matter, Garrick? what are they hissing now?' 'Why, the scene that I begged you to retrench,' replied the

actor; 'I knew it would not do: and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to collect myself again the whole night.' 'Oh,' replied Fielding with great coolness, 'they *have* found it out, have they?'

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson, the Corypheus of English literature of the eighteenth century, was born in 1709. After a long career of miscellaneous literary industry, he set to work on his Dictionary, the great work which has made his name known wherever the English language is spoken.

Whilst the Dictionary was going forward, Boswell tells us, Johnson lived part of his time in Holborn, part in Gough Square, Fleet Street; and he had an upper room fitted up like a counting-house for the purpose, in which he gave to the copyists their several tasks. The words partly taken from other Dictionaries, and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down, with space left between them, he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions, and various significations. The authorities were copied from the books themselves, in which he had marked the passages with a black-lead pencil, the traces of which could easily be effaced. 'I have seen several of them,' says Boswell, 'in which that trouble had not been taken; so that they were just as when used by the copyists. It is remarkable that he was so attentive in the choice of the passages in which words were authorized, that one may read page after page of his Dictionary with improvement and pleasure; and it should not pass unobserved, that he has quoted no author whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion and morality.'

'The necessary expense,' remarks the biographer, 'of preparing a work of such magnitude for the press must have been a considerable deduction from the price stipulated to be paid for the copyright. I understand that nothing was allowed by the bookseller on that account; and I remember his telling me, that a large portion of it having by mistake been written upon both sides of the paper, so as to be inconvenient for the compositor, it cost him twenty pounds to have it transcribed upon one side only.

'On the 15th of April 1755 this great work at last came out —price £4, 10s. bound. The world contemplated with wonder so stupendous a work achieved by one man, while other countries had thought such undertakings fit only for whole academies.'

'Vast as Johnson's powers were,' adds Boswell, 'I cannot but think that his imagination deceived him when he supposed that by constant application he might have performed the task in three years. Let the preface be attentively perused, in which

is given, in a clear, strong, and glowing style, a comprehensive yet particular view of what he had done, and it will be evident that the time he employed upon it was comparatively short. . . .

'The extensive reading which was absolutely necessary for the accumulation of authorities, and which alone may account for Johnson's retentive memory being enriched with a very large and various store of knowledge and imagery, must have occupied several years. The preface furnishes an eminent instance of a double talent, of which Johnson was fully conscious. Sir Joshua Reynolds heard him say: "There are two things which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion, showing from various causes why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and the public."

'How should puny scribblers be abashed and disappointed, when they find him displaying a perfect theory of lexicographical excellence, and at the same time candidly and modestly allowing that he had not satisfied his own expectations. Here was a fair occasion for the exercise of Johnson's modesty, when he was called upon to compare his own arduous performance, not with those of other individuals (*in which case* his inflexible regard to truth would have been violated had he affected diffidence), but with speculative perfection; as he who can outstrip all his competitors in the race may yet be sensible of his deficiency when he runs against time. . . .

'In 1756 Johnson found that the great fame of his Dictionary had not set him above the necessity of "making provision for the day that was passing over him." No royal or noble patron extended a munificent hand to give independence to the man who had conferred stability on the language of his country. We may feel indignant that there should have been such unworthy neglect; but we must at the same time congratulate ourselves, when we consider that to this very neglect, operating to rouse the natural indolence of his constitution, we have many valuable productions, which otherwise, perhaps, might never have appeared.'

The sum which he got for the compilation of the Dictionary was only £1575, and when the expenses of amanuenses and paper and other articles are deducted, his clear profit was very inconsiderable. Boswell once said to him, 'I am sorry, sir, you did not get more for your Dictionary.' His answer was, 'I am sorry too. But it was very well. The booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men.' He upon all occasions did ample justice to their character

in this respect. He considered them as the patrons of literature; and, indeed, although they have been eventually considerable gainers by his Dictionary, it is to them that we owe its having been undertaken and carried through at the risk of great expenses, for which they were not absolutely sure of being indemnified.

Those who are familiar with Johnson's Dictionary only in one or other of the many forms in which it has been put into the hands of schoolboys, will probably be surprised to find it pronounced a great work; yet, in its original and complete shape, it is not simply a great work—it is a real thing of genius. Patient labour, solid learning, massive understanding, subtle analysis, bright-eyed intelligence—all these, and much else, have combined to rear a structure which must always remain as an enduring monument to British industry, intellect, and 'pluck.' The author himself once told a company that the Accadémia della Crusca could scarcely believe that it had been done by one man. Criticism of the book is not required here: it is not necessary to point out its faults and deficiencies, nor to inquire how far it has been legitimately superseded by subsequent works which have either sprung out of it or been based upon it. To us, nowadays, perhaps the most important fact in connection with the work is the decided impress which *every* page of it has taken of the author's own marked personality. The Dictionary is Dr. Johnson all over and all through. The whole conception of it was gigantic, like himself; and the execution was, all things considered, not unworthy of the plan. The definitions especially, in point of clearness, sharpness of outline, weight, and logical precision, have never been equalled; and all the later dictionaries which have discarded Johnson seem in this department thin and meagre to an extreme degree. The Doctor himself was quite conscious of the defects of his work, but this consciousness did not overwhelm him with shame. A lady once asked him how he came to define *pastern* as the knee of a horse; he immediately answered, 'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance.' The lady must have been silenced on the spot. It fared still worse with another lady, who once said to him, 'I am glad, Doctor, that you have left out all the nasty words.' Johnson: 'Oh, then, madam, you have been looking for them?' Some of the definitions are the outcome of a sense of dry humour, and good-humour too, which it is delicious to perceive. Thus: 'Grub Street, the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub *Street.*' Or thus: 'Lexicogra-

pher, a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge.' 'Oats' he defines as 'a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.' Scotch blood got up at this heinous insult; many replies were made, but the good-natured retort of Lord Elibank won the palm. 'Yes,' said he, 'and where will you find such horses and such men?' 'Pension' is defined: 'An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state-hireling for treason to his country.' But if the next had got in, it would have beat all the rest hollow. 'You know, sir,' he said to Boswell twenty years after this, 'Lord Gower forsook the old Jacobite interest. When I came to the word renegade, after telling that it meant "one who deserts to the enemy, a revolter," I added, "sometimes we say a Gower." Thus it went to the press; but the printer had more wit than I, and struck it out.'

When Dr. Johnson had completed his Dictionary, which had quite exhausted the patience of Mr. Andrew Millar, his bookseller, the latter acknowledged the receipt of the last sheet in the following note:—

'Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he *has done* with him.'

To this rude note the Doctor returned the following smart answer:—

'Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by his note) that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything.'

After the Dictionary was published, the explanation given in it of the word *Excise* offended the ministers, and it was submitted to Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, then Attorney-General, whether it was not a libel. The following is a copy of the case submitted, with the opinion of the Attorney-General upon it:—

CASE.

Mr. Samuel Johnson has lately published a book, entitled *A Dictionary of the English Language*, in which the words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different significations by examples from the best writers. To which are prefixed a History of the Language, and an English Grammar.

Under the title 'Excise' are the following words:—

'EXCISE, n. s. (*accijs*, Dutch: *excisum*, Latin), a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but *wretches* hired by those to whom *Excise* is paid.

'"The people should pay a rateable tax for their sheep, and an *excise* for everything which they should eat."—HAYWARD.

'"Ambitious now to take *excise*
Of a more fragrant paradise."
CLEAVELAND.

'EXCISE.

'"With hundred rows of teeth the shark exceeds,
And on all trades, like Cassawar, she feeds."
MARVEL.

'"Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor
By farm'd Excise." — DRYDEN'S *Juvenal*, Sat. 3.'

The author's definition being observed by the Commissioners of Excise, they desire the favour of your opinion.

Question.—Whether it will not be considered as a libel; and if so, whether it is not proper to proceed against the author, printers, and publishers thereof, or any and which of them, by information, or how otherwise?

OPINION.

I am of opinion that it is a libel; but under all the circumstances, I should think it better to give him an opportunity of altering his definition; and in case he don't, threaten him with an information.

(Signed) W. MURRAY.
29th Nov. 1755.

Time was allowed for the great philologist to alter his definition; but Dr. Johnson was not to be frightened, and the explanation still continues in his Dictionary.

The able compiler of *Old and New London*, when discoursing of Staple Inn, Holborn, mentions that Dr. Johnson at one time resided there, and there produced one of his great triumphs. 'We find him writing,' says he, 'under date of 23d March 1759, to Miss Porter:—

'"DEAR MADAM,—I beg your pardon for having so long omitted to write. One thing or other has put me off. I have this day moved my things, and you are now to direct to me at Staple Inn, London. . . . I am going to publish a little story-book, which I will send you when it is out. Write to me, my dearest girl, for I am always glad to hear from you.—I am, my dear, your humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON."

'The little story-book was *Rasselas*, which he seems to have written here, at least in part. Of this entertaining, and at the same time profound performance, Boswell says: "Johnson wrote it, that with the profits he might defray the expense of his mother's funeral, and pay some little debts which she had left. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to press in portions, as it was written, and had never since read it over. Mr. Strahan, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Dodsley purchased it for £100, but afterwards paid him £25 more, when it came to a second edition.

'"Considering the large sums which have been received for compilations, and works requiring not much more genius than compilations, we cannot but wonder," adds Boswell, "at the

very low price which he was content to receive for this admirable performance, which, though he had written nothing else, would have rendered his name immortal in the world of literature. None of his writings has been so extensively diffused over Europe; for it has been translated into most, if not all, of the modern languages. This tale, with all the charms of Oriental imagery, and all the force and beauty of which the English language is capable, leads us through the most important scenes of human life, and shows us that this stage of our being is full of 'vanity and vexation of spirit!' To those who look no further than the present life, or who maintain that human nature has not fallen from the state in which it was created, the instruction of this sublime story will be of no avail; but those who think justly, and feel with strong sensibility, will listen with eagerness and admiration to its truth and wisdom."'

In the second year of his reign, his Majesty George III. granted a pension to Dr. Johnson of £300 a year, it having been represented to his Majesty that he was a very learned and good man, without any certain provision. The Earl of Bute, then Prime Minister, announced this instance of his sovereign's bounty to the Doctor, who, it is said, felt some hesitation in accepting it, after the definitions he had given in his Dictionary of *pension* and *pensioner*. Lord Bute, at the time of presenting him with it, expressly said to him, 'It is not given to you for anything you are to do, but for what you have done.'

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

About 1747 Smollett was married to Miss Lascelles, a beautiful and accomplished woman, to whom he had become attached in the West Indies. Instead of an expected fortune of £3000, he gained by this connection only a lawsuit, and the increased expense of housekeeping, which he was still less able to afford, and which obliged him to have recourse to his literary talents.

Necessity is the mother of invention, in literature as well as in the arts, and the necessity of Smollett brought him forth in his pre-eminent character of a novelist. *Roderick Random* was brought out in 1748. It was eagerly received by the public, and brought both reputation and profit to the author.

Peregrine Pickle is supposed to have been written chiefly in Paris, and appeared in 1751. It was received by the public with uncommon avidity, and a large impression dispersed. It is a more regular and perhaps also more elaborate novel than *Roderick Random*, but is hardly so entertaining, and certainly is more open to the charge of coarseness.

Smollett, who was perhaps one of the most popular authors

by profession that ever wrote, furnishes a melancholy instance of the insufficiency of even the greatest literary popularity to procure those temporal comforts on which the happiness of life so much depends. 'Had some of those,' says he, 'who were pleased to call themselves my friends been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in *the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity*, I should in all probability have spared myself the *incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone.*' 'Of praise and censure,' says Smollett in a letter to Dr. Moore, 'indeed I am sick of both, and wish to God my circumstances would allow me to consign my pen to oblivion.'

When he had worn himself down in the service of the public or the booksellers, there scarce remained of all his slender remunerations in the last stage of life sufficient to convey him to a cheap country and a restorative air on the Continent. Smollett, gradually perishing in a foreign land, neglected by an admiring public, and without fresh resources from the booksellers, who were receiving the income of his works, threw out his injured feelings in the character of Bramble in *Humphrey Clinker:* the warm generosity of his temper, but not his genius, seemed fleeting with his breath. Yet, when Smollett died, and his widow in a foreign land was raising a plain monument over his dust, her love and her piety but 'made the little less.' She perished in friendless solitude!

'There are indeed,' as Mr. Disraeli well observes, 'grateful feelings in the public at large for a favourite author; but the awful testimony of those feelings, by its gradual process, must appear beyond the grave! They visit the column consecrated by his name, and his features are most loved, most venerated, in the bust.'

Smollett died near Leghorn, in the autumn of 1771, when he had just completed *Humphrey Clinker*, which is not only the liveliest of his works of fiction, but breathes often a kindlier and more gentle spirit than the rest.

'The novel of *Humphrey Clinker*,' says Thackeray, 'is, I do think, the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began. Winifred Jenkins and Tabitha Bramble must keep Englishmen on the grin for ages to come; and in their letters and the story of their lives there is a perpetual font of sparkling laughter, as inexhaustible as Bladud's well.'

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

'Who,' says Thackeray, 'of the millions whom he has amused, does not love Goldsmith? To be the most beloved of English writers—what a title that is for a man! . . . With that sweet story of the *Vicar*





EDWARD GIBBON.

Great Triumphs, p. 220.



too delicate almost for laughter, does this inimitably witty little piece conjure up before the mind! The pathos and the humour of Elia are alike admirable. It cannot be said that he excelled more in the one than in the other; for it is impossible to compare styles so dissimilar, as, for instance, 'The Dissertation upon Roast Pig,' and the thoughts upon the homes of the poor, 'that are no Homes,' and the children of the poor that are never young. Both are perfect in their way. In the richness of his humour and the depths of his pathos, Elia stands, among essayists, unrivalled—

'With tears and laughter for all time.'

CHARLES DICKENS.

Dickens was beyond all comparison the most popular of modern authors who ever wrote English. He twice received, as Mr. Forster tells us, a thousand pounds for a story not half the length of one of the numbers of *David Copperfield;* and Mr. Forster adds that there are no 'other such instances in the history of literature.' The success of his writings was beyond all precedent. The Christmas numbers of *All the Year Round* had a sale of 300,000. He was to receive £7500 for 25,000 copies of *Edwin Drood,* and to have half the profit of all sales beyond that number; whilst during his life the sales reached 50,000 copies. Scott in all his glory was not to be compared with Dickens in point of immediate popularity. Surely, one would think, a man in such a position might be independent enough of pecuniary cares to allow his mind due rest, and employ it upon worthy tasks. Dickens, however, it must be confessed, was too eager to secure the least triumph in the world—a large fortune. He went to America, in spite of the advice of his best friends, and calculated upon making £15,500 by eighty readings there. On his return from America, he continued his readings in England, and calculated that by both together he would have made £28,000 in a year and a half. There can be no doubt that the exertion hastened his end.

The following extract contains a hint for the young student of literature. It may well be taken to heart after our consideration of the great works of so many writers of books: 'Might I give counsel to any young hearer,' says Thackeray, in one of his Lectures on the *English Humorists,* 'I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life, that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly: the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired: they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.'

CHAPTER VIII.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT SCHOLARS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

"The first point of wisdom is to discern that which is false; the second, to know that which is true."—LACTANTIUS.

LORD BACON — LORD NAPIER — SIR ISAAC NEWTON — EDMUND STONE — ADAM SMITH — SIR WILLIAM JONES — PROFESSOR PORSON — SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WE shall begin this students' chapter with two quotations, one from the celebrated French writer Pascal, the other from our no less noted countryman, John Locke. The first is to the effect that 'Man is evidently made for thinking: this is the only excellence that he can boast. To think aright is the sum of human duty; and the true art of thinking is to begin with ourselves, our author, and our end. And yet what is it that engrosses the thoughts of the world? Not any of these objects; but pleasure, wealth, honour, and esteem, in fine, the making ourselves kings without reflecting what it is to be a king, or to be a man.'

The other runs: 'Studies nourish youth, delight old age, are the ornament of prosperity, and the solacement and the refuge of adversity; they are delectable at home, and not burdensome abroad; they gladden us at night and on our journeys, and in the country. Nobody knows the strength of his mind, and the force of steady and regular application, till he has tried. This is certain: he that sets out upon weak legs will not only go farther, but go stronger too, than one who with a vigorous constitution and firm limbs only sits still.

LORD BACON.

In addition to the fame of Bacon as a lawyer, his merits as the father of experimental philosophy have been universally acknowledged. The power an

compass of a mind which could lay down rules for the conduct of experimental inquiries, before any such inquiries had been instituted, and trace not merely the outline, but many of the most minute ramifications, of science which did not yet exist, must be an object of admiration to all succeeding ages. As he has had no rival in the times which are past, so he is likely to have none in those which are to come. 'Before any parallel to him can be found,' says an equally elegant and profound writer, 'not only must a man of the same talents be produced, but he must be placed in the same circumstances: the memory of his predecessor must be effaced, and the light of science, after being entirely extinguished, must be again beginning to revive. If a second Bacon is ever to arise, he must be ignorant of the first.'

The ascendancy of Bacon was not more remarkable in physical than in moral science. It is a curious fact, however, that so much better suited were the far inferior talents and accomplishments of his contemporary, Grotius, to the taste, not only of the age in which they lived, but of their remote descendants, that while the merits of Bacon failed for a century and a half to command the general admiration of Europe, Grotius continued, even in the British universities, the acknowledged oracle of jurisprudence and of ethics, till long after the death of Montesquieu. Nor was Bacon himself unapprised of the slow growth of his posthumous fame. No writer seems ever to have felt more deeply that he properly belonged to a later and more enlightened age,—a sentiment which he has pathetically expressed in that clause of his testament where he 'bequeaths his name to posterity, after some generations shall be past.'

In January 1621 Bacon had reached the zenith of his fortunes. He had just published the *Novum Organum*, and that extraordinary book had drawn forth the warmest expressions of admiration from the ablest men in Europe. He had obtained honours of a widely different kind, but perhaps not less valued by him. He had been created Baron Verulam. He had subsequently been raised to the higher dignity of Viscount St. Albans. His patent was drawn in the most flattering terms, and the Prince of Wales signed it as a witness. The ceremony of investiture was performed with great state at Theobald's, and Buckingham condescended to be one of the chief actors. Posterity has felt that the greatest of English philosophers could derive no accession of dignity from any title which James could bestow, and in defiance of the royal letters patent, has obstinately refused to degrade Francis Bacon into Viscount St. Albans.

JOHN NAPIER.

In 1614 John Napier astonished the world by the production of his book of logarithms.

Of logarithms the following account, which has the advantage of being very simple and intelligible, is given in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*:—

'The demonstrations, problems, and calculations of astronomy most commonly involve some one or more of the cases of trigonometry, or that branch of mathematics which from certain parts, whether sides or angles, of a triangle being given, teaches how to find the others which are unknown. On this account, trigonometry, both plane and spherical, engaged much of Napier's thoughts; and he spent a great deal of his time in endeavouring to contrive some methods by which the operations in both might be facilitated. Now, these operations the reader, who may be ignorant of mathematics, will observe always proceed by geometrical ratios or proportions. Thus, if certain lines be described in or about a triangle, one of these lines will bear the same geometrical proportion to another as a certain side of the triangle does to a certain other side. Of the four particulars thus arranged, three must be known, and then the fourth will be found by multiplying together certain two of those known, and dividing the product by the *other*. This rule is derived from the very nature of geometrical proportion, but it is not necessary that we should stop to demonstrate here how it is deduced. It will be perceived, however, that it must give occasion, in solving the problems of trigonometry, to a great deal of multiplying and dividing, operations which, as everybody knows, become very tedious whenever the numbers concerned are large, and they are generally so in astronomical calculations. Hence such calculations used to exact immense time and labour, and it became most important to discover, if possible, a way of shortening them. Napier, as we have said, applied himself assiduously to this object, and he was probably not the only person of that age whose attention it occupied. He was, however, undoubtedly the first who succeeded in it, which he did most completely by the admirable contrivance which we are now about to explain.

'When we say that 1 bears a certain proportion, ratio, or relation to 2, we may mean any one of two things: either that 1 is the half of 2, or that it is less than 2 by 1. If the former be what we mean, we may say that the relation in question is the same as that of 2 to 4, or of 4 to 8; if the latter, we may say that it is the same as that of 2 to 3, or of 3 to 4. Now, in the former case, we should be exemplifying what is called a *geometrical*, in the latter what

is called an *arithmetical*, proportion; the former being that which regards the number of times or parts of times the one quantity is contained in the other, the latter regarding only the difference between the two quantities. We have already stated that the property of four quantities, arranged in geometrical proportion, is, that the *product* of the second and third *divided* by the first gives the fourth. But when four quantities are in arithmetical proportion, the *sum* of the second and third, diminished by the *subtraction* of the first, gives the fourth. Thus, in the geometrical proportion, 1 is to 2 as 2 is to 4, if 2 be multiplied by 2 it gives 4, which, divided by 1, still remains 4: while in the arithmetical proportion, 1 is to 2 as 2 is to 3, if 2 be added to 2 it gives 4, from which if 1 be substracted there remains the fourth term 3. It is plain, therefore, that especially where large numbers are concerned, operations by arithmetical must be much more easily performed than operations by geometrical proportion; for in the one case you have only to add and subtract, while in the other you have to go through the greatly more laborious processes of multiplication and division.

'Now it occurred to Napier, reflecting on this important distinction, that a method of abbreviating the calculation of a *geometrical* proportion might perhaps be found by substituting, upon certain fixed principles, for its known terms, others in *arithmetical* proportion, and then finding, in the quantity which should result from the addition and subtraction of these last, an indication of that which should have resulted from the multiplication and division of the original figures. It had been remarked before this by more than one writer, that if the series of numbers 1, 2, 4, 8, etc., that proceed in geometrical progression, that is, by a continuation of geometrical ratios, were placed under or alongside of the series 0, 1, 2, 3, etc., which are in arithmetical progression, the addition of any two terms of the latter series would give a sum which would stand opposite to a number in the former series, indicating the product of the two terms in that series which corresponded in place to the two in the arithmetical series first taken. Thus, in the two lines—

1,	2,	4,	8,	16,	32,	64,	128,	256,
0,	1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8,

the first of which consists of numbers in geometrical, and the second of numbers in arithmetical, progression, if any two terms such as 2 and 4 be taken from the latter, their sum, 6, in the same line will stand opposite to 64 in the other, which is the product of 4 multiplied by 16: the two terms of the geometrical series which stand opposite to the 2 and 4 of the arithmetical. It is also true, and follows directly from this, that



product of 16 and 64 (the opposites of 4 and 6) divided by 4 (the opposite of 2).

'Here, then, is to a certain extent exactly such an arrangement or table as Napier wanted. Having any geometrical proportion to calculate, the known terms of which were to be found in the first line or its continuation, he could substitute for them at once, by reference to such a table, the terms of an arithmetical proportion, which, wrought in the usual simple manner, would give him a result that would point out or indicate the unknown term of the geometrical proportion. But unfortunately there were many numbers which did not appear in the upper line at all, as it here appears. Thus there were not to be found in it either 3 or 5 or 6 or 7 or 9 or 10, or any other numbers, indeed, except the few that happened to result from the multiplication of any of its terms

for calculation have kept their place in science, and are known by the name of 'Napier's Bones.'

It has been justly said by Professor Playfair, that as there never was any invention for which the state of knowledge had less prepared the way than for that of logarithms, there never was anywhere more merit fell to the share of the inventor.

Napier's good fortune was not less remarkable than his great sagacity. Had the invention of logarithms been delayed till the end of the seventeenth century, it would have come without effect, and would not have conferred on the author the high celebrity which he so justly derives from it. In another respect he has also been fortunate. Many inventions have been eclipsed or obscured by new discoveries, or they have been so altered by subsequent improvements, that their original form can hardly be recognised, and in some instances has been entirely forgotten. This has almost always happened to the discoveries made at an early period in the progress of science, and before their principles were fully unfolded. But it has been quite otherwise with the invention of the logarithms, which came out of the hands of the author so perfect, that it has never received but one material improvement, that which it derived from the ingenuity of Napier's friend Briggs, in conjunction with his own.

In the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth Palace there is a curious paper preserved among the MSS. of Anthony Bacon, Esq., written by Lord Napier, entitled 'Secret Inventions, profitable and necessary in these days for the defence of this Island, and withstanding of strangers, enemies to God's truth and religion.' These inventions are four in number, all of which Lord Napier said he hoped to perform. The third is the most curious: it is the invention of a piece of artillery, which would destroy a whole army, or cut down the masts and tackling of a whole fleet at once.

Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, in his *Jewel*, mentions such a machine as having actually been constructed. Speaking of Napier, he says: 'He had the skill, as is commonly reported, to frame an engine (for an invention not unlike that of Archytas' Dove) which, by virtue of some secret springs, inward resorts, with other implements and materials fit for the purpose enclosed within the bowels thereof, had the power, if proportionable in bulk to the action required of it (for he could have made it of all sizes), to clear a field of four miles in circumference of all the living creatures exceeding a foot in height that should be found thereon, how near soever they might be found to one another; by which means he made it appear that he was able, with the help of this machine alone, to kill 30,000 Turks, without the

hazard of one Christian. Of this it is said that (on a wager) he gave proof upon a large plain in Scotland, to the destruction of a great many head of cattle and flocks of sheep, whereof some were distant from others half a mile. To continue the thread of my story as I have it, I must not forget that when he was most earnestly desired by an old acquaintance and professed friend of his, even about the time of his contracting the malady whereof he died, that he would be pleased, for the honour of his family, and his own everlasting memory to posterity, to reveal unto him the manner of the contrivance of so ingenious a mystery, subjoining thereto, for the better persuading him, that it were a thousand pities that so excellent an invention should be buried with him in the grave, and that after his decease nothing should be known thereof, his answer was, "That for the ruin and overthrow of man there were too many devices already framed, which if he could make to be fewer, he would with all his might endeavour to do; and that therefore, seeing the malice and rancour rooted in the heart of mankind will not suffer them to diminish the number of them, by any new conceit of his they should never be increased."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Newton's *Principia* appeared complete in 1687. We may form some idea of the novelty and profundity of the discoveries which it contained, on learning that when it was first published, not more than two or three among Newton's contemporaries were capable of understanding it. Huygens himself, a man whose mind was peculiarly suited to appreciate its merit, only in part adopted the idea of gravitation, and that merely as regarded the heavenly bodies, while he rejected its influence between the separate particles of matter, being preoccupied by the hypothetical ideas he had formed respecting the cause of gravity. Leibnitz, perhaps through rivalry, or perhaps by a prepossession in favour of his own metaphysical system, completely mistook the beauty and the certainty of the method employed by Newton in this work, and even went so far as to publish a dissertation, in which he endeavoured to demonstrate the same truths on different principles. Even many years after the publication of the *Principia*, several most profound mathematicians (John Bernoulli, for instance) opposed it: and Fontenelle, though in advance of his age on most subjects of philosophy, expressed somewhat more than doubts concerning the law of attraction, and persisted during his whole life in upholding the vortices of Descartes. In fact, more than fifty years elapsed before the great physical truth contained and demonstrated in the *Prin-*







cipia was, we do not say followed up and developed, but even *understood* by the generality of learned men.

Whatever difficulty, however, the just appreciation of such a work may present, we can give here a brief account of it with entire confidence, by translating the words of that illustrious man whose genius has so much contributed to Newton's glory, in having by his own discoveries subjected *all* the movements of the celestial bodies to the law of universal gravitation. After having exhibited him as setting out from the laws of Kepler, to discover the nature and the law of the force that governs the motions of the planets and the satellites in their orbits, and afterwards generalizing this idea according to the phenomena that presented themselves until he had ascended to the certain and mathematical knowledge of universal gravitation, 'Newton,' says Laplace, 'having arrived at this point, saw all the great phenomena of the universe flow from the principle he had discovered. By considering gravity at the surface of the heavenly bodies as the result of the attractions of all their particles, he discovered this remarkable and characteristical property of a law of attraction reciprocal to the square of the distance,—namely, that two spheres formed of concentric layers, and with densities varying according to any law whatever, attract each other mutually, as if their masses were united at their centres. Thus the bodies of the solar system act upon each other, and upon the bodies placed at their surfaces, very nearly as if they were so many centres of attraction,—a result which contributes to the regularity of their movements, and which made this illustrious mathematician recognise the gravity of the earth in the force that retains the moon in her orbit. He proved that the earth's movement in rotation must have flattened it at the poles; and he determined the laws of gravitation in the degrees of the meridian, and in the force of gravity at the earth's surface. He saw that the attractions of the sun and moon excite and maintain in the ocean those oscillations which are there observed under the name of *tides*. He recognised several inequalities in the moon's motion, and the retrograde motion of her nodes to be owing to the action of the sun. Afterwards, considering the excess of matter in the terrestrial spheroid at the equator as a system of satellites adhering to its surface, he found that the combined actions of the sun and the moon tend to cause a retrogradation in the nodes of the circles they describe round the axis of the earth, and that the sum of these tendencies being communicated to the whole mass of the planet, ought to produce in the intersection of its equator with the ecliptic that slow retrogradation known by the name



nimself, urged by an acti imagination to explain ever thing by hypothesis, was co strained to avow in this instanc the failure of his efforts. Bu with the exception of the theor of the elliptical motions of th planets and comets, the attrac tion of spheres, the ratio of the masses of the planets accom panied by the satellites to that of the sun, all the other dis coveries respecting the motions and figures of the heavenly bodies were left by him in an incomplete state. His theory of the figures of the planets is limited by supposing them to be homogeneous. His solution of the problem of the precession of the equinoxes, though very ingenious, and notwithstanding the apparent agreement of its result with observations, is de fective in many particulars. Among the numerous perturba tions in the motions of the heavenly

bridge and other places communicating with the metropolis, Sir Isaac Newton, then a student at Cambridge University, withdrew to his rural farm near Grantham, and devoted himself to most profound meditation.

As he was reading one day under an apple tree, one of that species of fruit fell, and struck him a smart blow on the head. When he observed the smallness of the apple, he was surprised at the force of the blow. This led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies, from which he divined the principles of gravitation, and laid the foundation of that philosophy by which his name is so justly immortalized.

At Grantham in Lincolnshire, near the hamlet in which Newton was born, a statue was erected in 1858 in memory of this 'greatest genius of the human race.' This was 131 years from the date of Newton's death: truly the proverb was verified, that a prophet is honoured everywhere save in his own country and among his own people. The statue is of bronze, and is nearly thirteen feet in height. The sculptor, Mr. Theed, has copied the likeness of Sir Isaac from a mask of his face taken after death, and from the portrait-bust of Roubillac.

On the 21st of September the statue was inaugurated, and Lord Brougham, on the occasion, delivered an eloquent address. In conclusion, he said:

'Let it not be imagined that the feelings of wonder excited by contemplating the achievements of this great man are in any degree whatever the result of national partiality, and confined to the country which glories in having given him birth. The language which expresses her veneration is equalled, perhaps exceeded, by that in which other nations give utterance to theirs, not merely by the general voice, but by the well-considered and well-informed judgment of the masters of science. Leibnitz, when asked at the royal table in Berlin his opinion of Newton, said that, "taking mathematicians from the beginning of the world to the time when Newton lived, what he had done was much the better half." "The *Principia* will ever remain a monument of the profound genius which revealed to us the greatest law of the universe," are the words of Laplace. "That work stands pre-eminent above all the other productions of the human mind." "The discovery of that simple and general law, by the greatness and variety of the objects which it embraces, conferred honours upon the intellect of man." Lagrange, we are told by D'Alembert, was wont to describe Newton as the greatest genius that ever existed; and to add how fortunate he was also, "because there can only once be found a system of the universe to establish." "Never," says the father of the Institute *of France*—one holding a high

than any which the world could give—was conveyed to him in the following letter, addressed to him by his celebrated friend Hume, then in his last illness. It was written from Edinburgh, only a few days before he set out on his journey to the south, as the only remaining hope of preserving his life, and testifies almost in his last moments the same amiable solicitude for his friends and their fame which characterized Hume throughout the whole of his existence. The letter is dated April 1st, 1776.

'*Euge Belle!* DEAR MR. SMITH,—I am very much pleased with your performance, and the perusal of it has taken me from a state of great anxiety. It was a work of so much expectation by yourself, by your friends, and by the public, that I trembled for its appearance, and am now much relieved. Not but that the reading of it necessarily requires so much attention—and the public is disposed to give so little, that I shall still doubt for some time of its being at first very popular. But it has depth, and solidity, and acuteness, and is so much illustrated by curious facts, that it must at last take the public attention. It is probably much improved by your last abode in London. If you were here at my fireside, I should dispute some of your principles. But these, and a hundred other points, are fit only to be discussed in conversation. I hope it will be soon, for I am in a very bad state of health, and cannot afford a long delay.'

It will scarcely be considered an exaggerated praise to say, that the *Wealth of Nations* may be regarded as perhaps the most valuable acquisition which was made to philosophy, and to science, in the eighteenth century. The title which Smith chose for his work, admirable as it is, and expressive of the nature of his investigations, and the introduction, in which he presents a luminous account of his method, give no indication of the many masterly collateral disquisitions contained in it; because it is so comprehensive a subject, it was not easy to express, nor is it always easy for the reader to perceive, the reference they bear to the investigation with which they are associated. These disquisitions, however, form very often the most interesting and valuable portion of the book, to those especially who, having less relish for the study of some branches of political economy, are pleased when they find its reasonings made applicable to purposes of more general philosophy. We would instance the whole of the first chapter of the fifth book as being of this description; and more especially Art. ii. and iii. of part the 3d, entitled 'Of the Expense of the Institution for the Education of Youth, and Of the Expense of the Institution for the Instruction of People of all Ages.'

It may be remembered, too, that in every science the most

important and interesting truths are very often such as are obvious to every capacity, and when clearly stated admit of no dispute; while those parts of it which are least valuable, and most liable to angry controversy, are happily such as comprise doctrines purely speculative, and which, if they are of difficult comprehension, may be safely left uncomprehended. Now, if this be true of any science, it is true of political economy: there are thorny and vexatious questions included within its range, but we doubt if in any of the moral sciences there are so many well-ascertained truths of great and practical importance, which may fairly be said to lie, with candid reasoners, beyond the reach of controversy.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Sir William Jones having lost his father when he was three years old, the care of his education devolved upon his mother, who appears to have been eminently qualified to direct and superintend it, more particularly in his infant years. In consequence of her attention, he was in his fourth year able to read distinctly and rapidly any English book; and with a view to the cultivation of his memory (which afterwards became so retentive), she caused him to learn and repeat some of the most popular speeches in Shakespeare, the best of Gay's Fables.

In the close of his seventh year he was placed at Harrow School, where he remained two years, until, having fractured his thigh bone, he was obliged to return home. After an absence of twelve months, young Jones returned to school: and although his classical studies had been interrupted, he was placed in the class to which he would have attained if no interruption had occurred. In his twelfth year he was removed to the upper school. At this time a circumstance occurred which afforded signal evidence of the strength and tenaciousness of his memory. His schoolfellows proposed to amuse themselves with the representation of a play; and at his recommendation, the *Tempest* was selected; but not being able to procure a copy, he furnished them with it from his memory, and in the exhibition he performed the part of Prospero. At the advanced [illegible] school, his diligence increased, and he commenced the study of the Greek language. At this time he translated into English verse several of the odes of Ovid, and a [illegible] Virgil; and he composed a [illegible] matic piece on the story of [illegible] eager, [illegible] a tragedy, [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] flown [illegible] ing [illegible] school [illegible] of many [illegible] Caesar, [illegible]

in his own class were happy to become his pupils. At Harrow he invented a political play, in which Dr. Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Dr. Parr, then at Harrow School, were his principal associates. They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow, according to a map of Greece, into states and kingdoms; each fixed upon one as his dominion, and assumed an ancient name. Some of their schoolfellows consented to be styled Barbarians, who were to invade their territories and attack their hillocks, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy; and in these imitative wars the young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials, all doubtless very boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government. In these unusual amusements Jones was ever the leader. His reputation was at this early period of his life so extensive, that he was often flattered by the inquiries of strangers under the title of the *great scholar*.

In 1783 Sir William Jones was appointed judge to the supreme court of Calcutta, and he fulfilled the duties of that office till his death, which happened in 1794. Sir William Jones knew twenty languages, *including* Arabic, Persian, and *Sanscrit*.

PROFESSOR PORSON.

Professor Porson, who became so famous as a classical scholar, when a boy at Eton, displayed the most astonishing powers of memory, of which the following instance is given:—

In going up to a lesson one day, he was accosted by a boy in the same form with him, 'Porson, what have you got there?'

'*Horace*,' said he.

'Let me look at it?'

Porson handed the book to his comrade, who, pretending to return it, dexterously substituted another in its place, with which Porson proceeded.

Being called on by the master, he read and construed the fourth Ode of the first book very regularly.

Observing that the class laughed, the master said, 'Porson, you seem to me to be reading on one side of the page, while I am looking at the other: pray, whose edition have you?'

Porson hesitated.

'Let me see it,' said the master, when, to his great surprise, he found it to be an English *Ovid*.

Porson was ordered to go on, which he did easily, correctly, and promptly to the end of the Ode.

Porson enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best Greek scholars and critics of the age in England.

He died in 1808.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The great triumphs of the poet and philosopher, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, were hardly of a kind likely to attract the admiration of a public audience. But as it would be out of all question to pass by in this chapter a name so famous in the literature and thought of our country, we have selected the following account of Coleridge's preaching, written by the celebrated critic William Hazlitt. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the greater triumph in this case lies in the preaching or in the beauty of the description :—

'A poet and a philosopher,' says Hazlitt, 'getting up into a Unitarian pulpit to preach the gospel was a romance in these degenerate days, a sort of revival of the primitive spirit of Christianity, which was not to be resisted.

'It was in January 1798 that I rose one morning before daylight to walk ten miles in the mud, to hear this celebrated person preach. Never the longest day I have to live shall I have such another walk as this cold, raw, comfortless one in the winter of 1798. There are impressions which neither time nor circumstances can efface. . . . When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, "And He went up into the mountain to pray, HIMSELF, ALONE." As he gave out this text, his voice "rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes;" and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind—"of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey." The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war, upon Church and State—not their alliance, but their separation; on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity—not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had "inscribed the Cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore." He made a poetical and pastoral excursion, and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy, driving his team a-field, or sitting under the hawthorn piping to his flock, "as though he should never be old," and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his

back, and tricked out in the loathsome finery of the profession of blood.

'Such were the notes our once-loved poet sang. And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and philosophy had met together, truth and genius had embraced under the eye and with the sanction of religion. This was even beyond my hopes. I returned home well satisfied.'

As a philosopher and theologian, the influence of Coleridge has been very great, and probably is so still, notwithstanding the apparent predominance of a less spiritual philosophy than his. Although he did not live to complete the grand system of religious philosophy which he appears to have projected, the massive fragments he has left suffice to show more than the outlines of the vast whole. His writings are pervaded by a spirit not of this world; and for every earnest student they are rich in lessons of truth, wisdom, and faith. Not a few have found in them the special help, guidance, and defence which the critical doubts and discussions of the age make so needful.

Let the conclusion of this chapter be a passage of much encouragement, drawn from the writings of the great American divine, Dr. Channing: 'When I consider,' he says, 'the capacity of growth in the human soul, I cannot restrain the hope which it awakens. The partition walls which imagination has reared between men and higher orders of beings vanish. I feel my utter inability to conceive what a mind is to attain which is to advance for ever. Add but that element, eternity, to man's progress, and the results of his existence surpass not only human but angelic thought. Give me this, and the future glory of the human mind becomes to me as incomprehensible as God Himself.

'To encourage these thoughts and hopes, our Creator has set before us delightful exemplifications, even now, of this principle of growth, both in outward nature and in the human mind. We meet them in nature. Suppose you were to carry a man, wholly unacquainted with vegetation, to the most majestic tree in our forests, and whilst he was admiring its extent and proportions, suppose you should take from the earth at its root a little downy substance which a breath might blow away, and say to him, "That tree was once such a seed as this; it was wrapped up here; it once lived only within these delicate fibres, this narrow compass:" with what incredulous wonder would he regard you! And if, by an effort of imagination somewhat Oriental, we should suppose this little seed to be suddenly endued with thought, and to be told that it was one day to become this mighty tree, and to cast out branches which would spread an equal shade, and wave with

equal grace, and withstand the winter winds, with what amazement may we suppose it to anticipate its future lot!

'Such growth we witness in nature. A nobler hope we are to cherish: and still more striking examples of the growth of mind are set before us in human history. We wonder, indeed, when we are told that one day we shall be as the angels of God. I apprehend that as great a wonder has been realized already on the earth. I apprehend that the distance between the mind of Newton and that of a Hottentot may have been as great as between the mind of Newton and an angel.

'There is another view still more striking: This Newton, who lifted his calm, sublime eye to the heavens, and read among the planets and the stars the great law of the material universe, was, forty or fifty years before, an infant, without one clear perception, and unable to distinguish his nurse's arm from the pillow on which he slept. Howard, too, who, under the strength of an all-sacrificing benevolence, explored the depths of human suffering, was, forty or fifty years before, an infant, wholly absorbed in himself, grasping at all he saw, and almost breaking his little heart with fits of passion when the idlest toy was withheld.

'Has not man already traversed as wide a space as separates him from angels? And why must he stop? There is no extravagance in the boldest anticipation. I rest the hopes for human nature which I have now expressed on its principle of growth; and growth, as you well know, is a gradual process, not a convulsive start accomplishing the work of years in a moment. All great attainments are gradual. As easily might a science be mastered by one struggle of thought, as a great triumph be obtained by a single spasm of effort.'

CHAPTER IX.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

'Art is a jealous God; it demands the whole and entire man.'
MICHAEL ANGELO.

GEORGE JAMESON—SIR PETER LELY—SIR GODFREY KNELLER—SIR JAMES THORNHILL—WILLIAM HOGARTH—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS—THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH—BENJAMIN WEST—JAMES BARRY—WILLIAM BLAKE—JOHN OPIE—GEORGE MORLAND—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE—JOSEPH TURNER.

A SCOTTISH painter is the first to present himself to our notice.

GEORGE JAMESON.

Of George Jameson the artist less is known than could be wished. He was the son of an architect, and was born at Aberdeen in the year 1586. He went abroad, studied under Rubens in the company of Vandyke, returned to Scotland in 1628, and commenced his professional career at Edinburgh. His earliest works are chiefly painted on panel; he afterwards used fine linen cloth. Having made some successful attempts in landscape and history, he relinquished them for portraiture, a branch of the art which this island has never failed to patronize. He acquired much fame in his day, and was considered after Vandyke the ablest of the scholars of Rubens.

When Charles I. visited Scotland in 1633, he sat for his portrait to Jameson, and rewarded him with a diamond ring from his own finger. Many of his portraits are still to be found in the houses of the Scottish nobility and gentry. So well had he caught the manner and spirit of Vandyke, that several of his heads have been imputed to his more famous contemporary.

The prices which he received for his pictures were small, even in the swelling numbers of the Scottish currency. In the genealogy of the house of

Breadalbane occurs the following singular memorandum. It is dated 1635: 'Sir Colin Campbell, eighth laird of Glenorchy, gave unto George Jameson, painter in Edinburgh, for Robert and David Bruce, kings of Scotland, and Charles the First, king of Great Britain, and his Majesty's queen, and for nine more of the queens of Scotland, their portraits, which are in the hall of Balloch (now Taymouth), the sum of two hundred and threescore pounds. More: The said Sir Colin gave to the said George Jameson, for the knight of Lochore's lady, and the first Countess of Argyle, and six of the ladies of Glenorchy, their portraits, and the said Sir Colin, his own portrait, which are set up in the chamber of Deas, at Balloch, one hundred and fourscore pounds.'

In spite of all this apparent penury of prices, Jameson died rich. His works still maintain their original reputation, and he goes down to posterity as the first native of this island who excelled in works of art as large as life.

SIR PETER LELY.

Our next remarkable artist is Sir Peter Lely. By birth he was a foreigner, being born in 1617 in Westphalia, but by professional practice and reputation he is every way entitled to rank as a British painter. The first field in which he exercised his genius was the court of Charles I. He had arrived in England in 1641, and had had the good fortune to succeed Vandyke, and to gain great credit with all lovers of art of his day.

Sir Peter Lely did not wholly dedicate his pencil to the condescending beauties of Charles' court; he has preserved the features of statesmen who contrived to walk upright even in these slippery times. Nor did he neglect the men of genius who flourished in his day. He painted Clarendon, Cowley, Butler, Selden, and Otway. He maintained the state of a gentleman, and preserved the dignity due to his art in his intercourse with the court. Of the numerous works which he painted—for he was a diligent and laborious man—upwards of seventy are still in the island, portraits of ladies of rank or note, and of men of birth or genius.

Cromwell once sat to Lely, and when he did so, he said, 'I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all, but remark all those roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything you see about me; otherwise I will never pay one farthing for it.' When the softer customers of Charles' palace sat to the same painter, they laid his talents under no such restrictions.

After the Restoration, Lely was appointed state painter to Charles II., and the king conferred on him the honour of knighthood. His practice was so great, that he acquired a con-

siderable fortune, and he deported himself in a manner worthy of his success. He laid out a large portion of it in collecting pictures and drawings, which, at his death in 1680, were sold by auction, and produced £26,000. The sale lasted forty days.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Sir Godfrey Kneller was another artist of foreign birth who made his mark in England. He was born at Lubeck about 1646. In 1674 he came to this country, without intending to reside here; but being recommended to Mr. Banks, a Hamburg merchant, he painted him and his family. Mr. Vernon, secretary to the Duke of Monmouth, seeing the pictures, sat to Kneller, and persuaded the Duke to do the same. His Grace was delighted, and engaged the King his father to have his portrait painted by the new artist, at a time when the Duke of York had been promised the King's picture by Lely. King Charles, to save trouble, proposed that both artists should paint him at the same time. Lely, as the established painter, chose his light and station. Kneller took the next best he could, and performed his task with so much expedition, that he had nearly finished his piece when Lely's was only dead-coloured. This gained Kneller great credit, and Lely obtained no less honour; for he had the candour to acknowledge and admire the abilities of his rival. This success fixed Kneller in England; and the immense number of portraits he executed proves the stability of his reputation.

The works of Kneller are numerous: they are almost exclusively portraits; and over whatever he produced he threw an air of freedom and a hue of nature not unworthy of Vandyke. All the sovereigns of his time, all the noblemen of the court, all the ladies of rank or of beauty in England, sat to him for their portraits. When he painted the head of Louis the Fourteenth, the King asked him what mark of his esteem would be most agreeable to him; the painter answered modestly and genteelly that he should feel honoured if his Majesty would bestow a quarter of an hour upon him, that he might execute a drawing of his face for himself. It was granted.

He painted Dryden in his own hair, in plain drapery, holding a laurel, and made him a present of the work. The poet repaid this by an epistle containing encomiums such as few painters deserve: —

'Such are thy pictures, Kneller! such thy skill,
That nature seems obedient to thy will
Comes out and meets thy pencil in the draught,
Lives there, and wants but words to speak the thought.'

To the incense of Dryden was added that of Pope, Addison

Prior, Tickell, and Steele. No wonder the artist was vain.

The vanity of Kneller was redeemed by his naïveté, and rendered pleasant by his wit. 'Dost thou think, man,' said he to his tailor, who proposed his son for a pupil—'Dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No! God Almighty only makes painters.'

He was one day conversing about his art, and gave the following neat reason for preferring portraiture. 'Painters of history,' said he, 'make the dead live, and do not begin living themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live.'

Kneller was equally encouraged by Charles II., James II., and William. He had the honour of painting the portraits of ten sovereigns, viz. Charles II., James II. and his queen, William and Mary, Anne, George I., Louis XIV., the Czar Peter the Great, and the Emperor Charles VI.,—a list that Lawrence did not live to rival. His best friend was King William, for whom he painted the beauties of Hampton Court, and by whom he was knighted in 1692, and presented with a gold medal and chain worth £300. Kneller died in 1723.

SIR JAMES THORNHILL.

Thornhill the eminent painter enjoys all the advantages of the praise of Pilkington and the approbation of Lord Orford. 'His genius,' says the former, 'was well adapted to historical and allegorical compositions. He possessed a fertile and fine invention, and sketched his thoughts with great ease, freedom, and spirit. He was so eminent in many parts of his profession, that he must for ever be ranked among the first painters of his time.' 'Sir James Thornhill,' says Walpole, 'a man of much note in his time, who succeeded Verrio, and was the rival of La Guerre in the decorations of our palaces and public buildings, was born at Weymouth in Dorsetshire, was knighted by George the First, and was elected to represent his native town in Parliament.

'His chief works were the dome of St. Paul's; the altar-piece of the chapel of All Souls at Oxford; another for Weymouth, of which he made them a present; the hall at Blenheim; the chapel at Lord Orford's at Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire; the saloon and other things for Mr. Styles, at More Park, Hertfordshire; and the Great Hall of Greenwich Hospital.

'Yet, high as his reputation was, and laborious as his works were, he was far from being generously rewarded for some of them, and for others he found it difficult to obtain the stipulated prices. His demands were contested at Greenwich; and though La Fosse received £2000 for his works at Montague House, and was allowed £500 for his diet besides, Sir James could obtain but forty shillings a square yard for the cupola of St. Paul's,

and I think no more for Greenwich.'

Sir James Thornhill was born in 1676, and died in 1734.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

A great original genius came upon the stage of this world in the person of William Hogarth, who was born in the Old Bailey, London, about 1697.

His youth was rather unpromising. He was bound apprentice to a mean engraver of arms on plate, but did not remain long in this occupation, before an accidental circumstance discovered the impulse of his genius, and that it was directed to painting. One Sunday he set out with two or three companions on an excursion to Highgate. The weather being hot, they went into a public-house, where they had not been long before a quarrel arose between two persons in the room, one of whom struck the other with a quart pot, and cut him very much. Hogarth drew out his pencil, and produced an extremely ludicrous picture of the scene. What rendered this piece the more pleasing was, that it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with the portrait of his antagonist, and the figures in caricature of the persons gathered round him.

In 1730 Hogarth married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill. It was a stolen match, and very much against the inclination of the parents, the father being much offended. The rising fame of his son-in-law softened the old gentleman's feelings gradually into kindness and affection. About this time Hogarth designed and etched the first portion of 'The Harlot's Progress,' so much to the gratification of Lady Thornhill, that she advised her daughter to place it in her father's way. 'Accordingly, one morning,' says Nichols, 'Mrs. Hogarth conveyed it secretly into his dining-room. When he rose, he inquired from whence it came, and by whom it was brought? When he was told, he cried out, "Very well! very well! the man who can make works like this, can maintain a wife without portion." He designed this remark as an excuse for keeping his purse-strings close; but soon after, became both reconciled and generous to the young people.' The reconciliation was sincere. Hogarth was ever the earnest admirer and the ready defender of the conduct and reputation of Sir James Thornhill.

'The Harlot's Progress' was commenced in 1731, and appeared in a series of six plates in 1734. It was received with general approbation. Compliments in verse and prose were poured upon his prints and upon his person; and as money followed fame, his father-in-law was relieved from his fears, and Hogarth from his necessities. The boldness of the attempt, the fascinating originality and liveliness of the conception, together with the rough, ready vigour of the engraving, were

felt and enjoyed by all. The public saw with wonder a series of productions framed and set forth in one grand moral and satiric story, exhibiting in truth a regular drama, neither wholly serious nor wholly comic, in which fashionable follies and moral corruptions had their beginning, their middle, and their end.

About twelve hundred names were entered in the subscription book for 'The Harlot's Progress.' It was made into a pantomime, and represented on the stage. Fans were likewise engraved, containing miniature representations of all the six plates.

In 1745 Hogarth published his six prints of 'Marriage à la Mode.'

'The famous set of pictures,' says Thackeray, 'called "Marriage à la Mode," and which is exhibited at Marlborough House in London, contains the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarth comedies. The care and method with which the moral ground of these pictures is laid, is as remarkable as the wit and skill of the observing and dexterous artist.

'He has to describe the negotiations for a marriage pending between the daughter of a rich citizen alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the dissipated son of a gouty old earl. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the earl. He sits in gold lace and velvet—as how should such an earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere: on his footstool, on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and looking-glasses; on the dogs; on his lordship's very crutches; on his great chair of state, and the great baldaquin behind him, under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from the loins of William the Conqueror, and confronting the old alderman from the city, who has mounted his sword for the occasion, and wears his alderman's chain, and has brought a bag full of money, mortgage-deeds, and thousand-pound notes, for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them.

'Whilst the steward (a Methodist, therefore a hypocrite and cheat; for Hogarth scorned a papist and a dissenter) is negotiating between the old couple, their children sit together, united, but apart. My lord is admiring his countenance in the glass, while his bride is twiddling her marriage-ring on her pocket-handkerchief, and listening with rueful countenance to Counsellor Silvertongue, who has been drawing the settlements. The girl is pretty; but the painter, with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a likeness to her father, as in the young viscount's face you see a resemblance to the earl, his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is

supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly hints indicating the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the ancestor of the house (in the picture of the earl himself as a young man) with a coronet over his head, indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief.

'In the second picture the old lord must be dead, for Madame has now the countess' coronet over her bed and toilet-glass, and sits listening to that dangerous Counsellor Silvertongue, whose portrait now actually hangs up in her room, whilst the Counsellor takes his ease on the sofa by her side, evidently the familiar of the house, and the confidant of the mistress. My lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns jaded and tipsy from the Rose, to find his wife yawning in her drawing-room, her whist-party over, and the daylight streaming in; or he amuses himself with the very worst company abroad, whilst his wife sits at home listening to foreign singers, or wastes her money at auctions, or, worse still, seeks amusement at masquerades.

'The dismal end is known. My lord draws upon the Counsellor, who kills him, and is apprehended whilst endeavouring to escape. My lady goes back *perforce* to the alderman in the City, and faints upon reading Counsellor Silvertongue's dying speech at Tyburn, where the Counsellor has been executed for sending his lordship out of the world.

'Moral: Don't listen to evil, silver-tongued counsellors; don't marry a man for his rank, or a woman for her money; don't frequent foolish auctions and masquerade balls unknown to your husband; don't have wicked companions abroad and neglect your wife, otherwise you will be run through the body, and ruin will ensue, and disgrace and Tyburn.'

Another set of prints issued by Hogarth was 'The Rake's Progress.' In it a loose life is ended by a sad catastrophe similar to that of 'Marriage à la Mode.' It is the spendthrift coming into possession of the wealth of the paternal miser; the prodigal surrounded by flatterers, and wasting his substance on the very worst company; the bailiffs, the gambling-house, and Bedlam in the end.

In Hogarth's famous story of *Industry and Idleness*, the moral is pointed in a manner similarly clear. Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, whilst naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of *Whittington* and *The London 'Prentice*, whilst that reprobate Tom Idle prefers *Moll Flanders*, and drinks hugely of beer. Frank goes to church of a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the

gallery, while Tom lies on a tombstone outside, playing at halfpenny-under-the-hat with street blackguards, and is deservedly caned by the beadle: Frank is made overseer of the business, whilst Tom is sent to sea.

Frank is taken into partnership, and marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his night-cap and gown, with the lovely Mrs. Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the city bands and the marrow-bones and cleavers; whilst idle Tom, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets.

The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq., becomes Sheriff of London, and partakes of the most splendid dinners which money can purchase or aldermen devour; whilst poor Tom is taken up in a night cellar, with that one-eyed and disreputable accomplice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday.

What happens next? Tom is brought up before the justice of his country in the person of Mr. Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognises his old brother 'prentice, as Tom's one-eyed friend peaches on him, and the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes: Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it, whilst the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to his Mansion House in his gilt coach, with four footmen and a sword-bearer, whilst the companies of London march in the august procession, whilst the train-bands of the city fire their pieces and get drunk in his honour; and oh! crowning delight and glory of all, whilst his Majesty the King looks out from his royal balcony with his ribbon on his breast and his queen and his star by his side, at the corner house of St. Paul's Churchyard.

About the year 1757 Hogarth became serjeant-painter to the King, on the resignation of his brother-in-law. This was the only public favour or honour he ever received.

Hogarth has always possessed the power of attracting two classes — the literary and the artistic, and for both his achievements still hold a remarkable significance. Charles Lamb has compared him with Shakespeare. He has set 'The Rake's Progress' by the side of *Timon of Athens*, and has not feared to follow out the comparison, even claiming for the final scene of Hogarth's invention a sublimity not reached in Shakespeare's satire. The comparison may perhaps be overwrought, but the praise which prompted it rests upon a sure foundation. As a critic, Lamb seldom erred, and in his appreciation of Hogarth there was little fear of error. The genius of the artist may be wrongly described; it can scarcely be

overrated. And although we may shrink from the association of Shakespeare's name, we must admit in the presence of those designs that satire could scarcely go deeper. The relentless passion of Hogarth's satiric genius, presented to the age a picture which it could not but quickly recognise as a portrait. In his designs we see the precise spirit of the most artificial century, frightened out of its formal decorum. The satirist has penetrated further than his audience meant he should go, and suddenly, when they fancy themselves in the pursuit of laughter, they come upon a sight that is terrible. Considering the literary side of his genius, this must always be remembered of Hogarth. He lived in a century that affected to understand the very subjects he dealt with. Imagination of the highest order it had not, but from nearly every one of its eminent writers we may get something of bitter comment upon manners, something also of moral instruction. Hogarth's genius bears the mark and the fetters of his age. But weapons that others only played with, he used with relentless effect. His satire is passion; his laughter loud as theirs, but relentless. With the keen edge of a morality that is both fierce and humorous, he penetrated the outward manners that men of less strength could only mockingly describe. His is the most serious expression of an age that *was not* serious. He could not rest satisfied with any flippant reproval to be contained within the limits of a heroic couplet, but what others thought folly he must turn into an image of terror. In strength of satiric genius he had one superior in Swift, but he had scarcely an equal.

A few anecdotes of Hogarth's career have been preserved, and will bear repetition: Being one day, early in life, distressed to raise so trifling a sum as twenty shillings, in order to be revenged on his landlady, who strove to compel him to payment, he drew her as ugly as possible, and in that single portrait gave marks of the dawn of superior genius.

It was his custom to sketch out on the spot any remarkable face which particularly struck him, and of which he wished to preserve the remembrance. A gentleman, being once with the artist at the Bedford Coffee-house, observed him to draw something with a pencil on his nail. Inquiring what had been his employment, he was shown the whimsical countenance of a person who was then sitting in company.

It happened in the early part of Hogarth's life that a nobleman, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed, came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with a skill that did honour to the artist's abilities; but the likeness had in it not a grain of flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of himself, never once thought of paying for a reflector that would

only insult him with his deformities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money; but afterwards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment without success. The painter, however, at last hit upon an expedient which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride, and by that means answer his purpose. He sent him the following card: 'Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——; finding he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. H.'s necessity for the money. If, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man, Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture on his lordship's refusal.' This intimation had the desired effect. It was sent home, and committed to the flames.

A few months before Hogarth was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its brightest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the 'Tail Piece.' The first idea of this picture is said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. 'My next undertaking,' said Hogarth, 'shall be the *end of all things*.' 'If that is the case,' replied one of his friends, 'your business will be finished; for there will be an end of the painter.' 'There will be so,' answered Hogarth, sighing heavily; 'and therefore the sooner my work is done the better.' Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live to complete it. This, however, he did, and in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything that could denote the end of all things: a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the butt-end of an old musket; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled in pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern called 'The World's End' falling down; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken; a tobacco-pipe, with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play-book opened, with *Exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse; and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. 'So far so good,' said Hogarth on reviewing his performance; 'nothing remains but this,'— taking his pencil and sketching the resemblance of a painter's palette broken. 'Finis!' he then exclaimed, 'the deed is

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done: all is over.' It is a very remarkable fact, and not generally known, that Hogarth never again took the palette in his hand, and that he died about a month after he had finished this 'Tail Piece.'

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the greatest English portrait painter, and first President of the Royal Academy, was the son of the rector of Plympton, in Devonshire, where he was born in 1723. He was educated at the Grammar School of his native place, and early discovered a predilection for drawing, which induced his father to place him, at the age of seventeen, with Hudson, then the most famous portrait painter in London, with whom he remained two years. After practising several years as a portrait painter, first at Plymouth and afterwards in London, he went in 1751 to Italy, visited Rome and all the principal cities, and studied the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, and other great masters. On his return from Italy in 1752, Reynolds established himself as a professional man in St. Martin's Lane, London. He found such opposition as genius is commonly doomed to meet with, and does not always overcome. The boldness of his attempts, the freedom of his conceptions, and the brilliancy of his colouring, were considered as innovations upon the established and orthodox system of
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By the time he was thirty years old, Reynolds' fame was spread far and wide, and the number of his commissions augmented daily. In the force and grace of expression, and in the natural splendour of colouring, no one could rival him; success begot confidence in his own powers; he tried bolder attitudes and more diversified character, and succeeded in the attempt.

The price which he at first received for a *head* was five guineas: the rate increased with his fame, and in the year 1755 his charge was twelve. Some years afterwards he raised it to twenty guineas.

The year 1758 was perhaps the most lucrative of his professional career. The account of the economy of his studies and the distribution of his time at this period is curious and instructive. It was his practice to keep all the prints engraved from his portraits, together with his sketches, in a large portfolio: these he submitted to his sitters; and whatever position they selected, he immediately proceeded to copy it upon his canvas, and paint the likeness to correspond. He received six sitters daily, who appeared in their turns; and he kept regular lists of those who sat, and of those who were waiting till a finished portrait should open a vacancy for their admission. He painted them as they stood on his list, and often sent the work home before the colours were dry.

Of lounging visitors he had a great abhorrence; and as he reckoned up the fruits of his labours, 'Those idle people,' said this disciple of the grand historical school of Raphael and Angelo—'Those idle people do not consider that my time is worth five guineas an hour.' This calculation incidentally informs us that it was Reynolds' practice, in the height of his reputation and success, to paint a portrait in four hours.

Commissions continued to pour in: the artist engaged several subordinate labourers, who were skilful in draperies, raised his price in 1760 to twenty-five guineas, and began to lay the foundation of a fortune.

In the following year, his accumulating thousands began to have a visible effect on his private establishment. He purchased a fine house on the west side of Leicester Square, furnished it with much taste, added a splendid gallery for the exhibition of his works, and an elegant dining-room; and finally taxed his invention and his purse in the production of a carriage, with wheels carved and gilt, and bearing on its panels the four seasons of the year. Those who flocked to see his new gallery were sometimes curious enough

to desire a sight of this gay carriage, and the coachman, imitating the lackey who showed the gallery, earned a little money by opening the coach-house doors. His sister complained that it was too showy. 'What!' exclaimed the painter, 'would you have one like an apothecary's carriage?'

His table was now elegantly furnished, and round it men of genius were often found. He was a lover of poetry and poets; they sometimes read their productions at his house, and were rewarded by his approbation, and occasionally by their portraits. Johnson was a frequent and welcome guest: though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines. Percy was there too, with his ancient ballads and his old English lore; and Goldsmith with his latent genius, infantine vivacity, and plum-coloured coat. Burke and his brothers were constant guests, and Garrick was seldom absent; for he loved to be where greater men were. It was honourable to the distinguished artist, that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honour which their society shed upon him; but it stopped not here—he often aided them with his purse, nor insisted upon repayment.

Sir Joshua once gave some good advice on the subject of *success* in a letter, which at the request of Burke he addressed to Barry. It made a strong impression on the mind of that singular young man. 'Whoever,' says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'is resolved to excel in painting, or, indeed, in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment that he rises till he goes to bed; the effect of every object that meets a painter's eye may give him a lesson, provided his mind is calm, unembarrassed with other objects, and open to instruction.'

He was skilful in compliments. When he painted the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, he wrought his name on the border of her robe. The great actress, conceiving it to be a piece of classic embroidery, went near to examine, and seeing the words, smiled. The artist bowed, and said, 'I could not lose this opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment.' He painted his name in the same manner on the embroidered edge of the drapery of Lady Cockburn's portrait. When this picture was taken into the exhibition room, such was the sweetness of the conception, and the splendour of the colouring, that the painters who were busied with their own performances acknowledged its beauty by clapping their hands. Such eager admiration is of rare occurrence amongst brothers of the trade.

The tardy praise which he wrung from artists was amply

compensated by that of others. The surly applause of Johnson, and the implied admiration of Goldsmith, were nothing compared to the open and avowed approbation of Burke. That extraordinary man possessed a natural sagacity, which opened the door of every mystery in art or literature; his praise is always warm, but well placed; he feels finely, and thinks in the true spirit. His debt of gratitude to Sir Joshua was never liquidated by affected rapture. The artist had reason to be proud of the affection of Burke.

Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, once observed in the hearing of Reynolds, that a pin-maker was a more useful and valuable member of society than Raphael. 'That,' retorted Reynolds, 'is an observation of a very narrow mind,—a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce, that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure; the end is rational enjoyment by means of the arts and sciences.'

Let us conclude this notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds with the words of Burke. They are a little loftier than necessary, and somewhat warmer; but much less cannot be said when a colder tale comes to be told:—

'Sir Joshua Reynolds was on many accounts one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest masters of the renowned ages. In portraiture he went beyond them, for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere.

'In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse.

'His talents of every kind, powerful by nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters—his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of

a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence not to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow. Hail! and farewell!'

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

Thomas Gainsborough, the next great name in British art, was born in the year 1727 at Sudbury, in Suffolk. The memory of him as a boy was still strong in Suffolk when Allan Cunningham wrote his famous *Lives of British Painters*. A beautiful wood of four miles' extent was shown, whose ancient trees, winding glades, and sunny nooks inspired him, while he was but a schoolboy, with the love of art. Scenes were pointed out where he used to sit and fill his copybook with pencillings of flowers, and trees, and whatever pleased his fancy; and it is said that those early attempts of the child bore a distinct resemblance to the mature works of the man. At ten years old he had made some progress in sketching, and at twelve he was a confirmed painter. Good scholarship was under such circumstances out of the question; yet his letters at that time showed no want in the art of expressing clear thoughts in clear language. His knowledge was obtained from his intercourse with mankind, and by his spirit of ready observation he supplied the deficiencies of education.

The sketches which he made were concealed for a time: the secret, however, could no longer be kept. He had ventured to request a holiday, which was refused, and the audacious boy imposed his own penmanship on the master for the usual written request of his father of 'Give Tom a holiday.' The trick was found out: his father looked upon the simulated paper with fear, and muttered, 'The boy will come to be hanged!' But when he was informed that those stolen hours were bestowed upon the pencil, and some of Tom's sketches were shown to him, his brow cleared up, and he exclaimed, 'The boy will be a genius!'

Other stories of his early works are not wanting. On one occasion he was concealed among some bushes in his father's garden, making a sketch of an old fantastic tree, when he observed a man looking most wistfully over the wall at some pears. The slanting light of the sun happened to throw the eager face into a highly picturesque mixture of light and shade, and Tom immediately sketched his likeness, much to the poor man's consternation afterwards, and much to the amusement of his father, when he taxed the peasant with the intention of plundering his garden, and showed him how he looked.

In 1760 he removed to Bath. He was now in the thirty-first year of his age, and his fame was in some degree established. Gainsborough gave all his time to portrait-painting, to landscape, and to music. Portrait-painting, like the poet with the two mistresses, had his visits, but landscape and music had his heart. His price for a head rose from five guineas to eight, and as his fame increased, the charge augmented till he had forty guineas for a half, and a hundred for a whole, length. Riches now flowed in, for his hand was ready and diligent.

In 1774 Gainsborough went to London, took a house in Pall Mall, which was built by Duke Schomberg, and removing all his paintings and drawings, and musical instruments, of which he had a host, bade farewell to Bath for ever. In the metropolis he continued his career in portraiture and landscape, with fresh feeling and increasing success. His house was ample, his gallery was fit for the reception of the first in rank; and as the fame of his work had gone before him, he soon found good employment. Sir Joshua Reynolds was then high in favour, but even the rapid execution of the President could not satisfy the whole demand; and there was room for another, who to just delineation of character added a force and a freedom which approached and sometimes rivalled Vandyke. A conversation or family piece of the King, the Queen, and the three royal sisters, was much admired; indeed, the permanent splendour of the colours, and the natural and living air which he communicated to whatever he touched, made him already, in the estimation of many, a rival, and a dangerous one, for the President himself.

Gainsborough died on the 2d of August 1788. His last words were extremely characteristic: 'We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company.'

Soon after his death, Sir Joshua Reynolds said of him, 'that if ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire for us the honourable distinction of an English School, the name of Gainsborough would be transmitted to posterity in the history of the art, as the first of that rising name.' Whether he most excelled in portraits, landscapes, or fancy picture, it is difficult to determine: whether his portraits were most admirable for exact truth of resemblance, or his landscapes for a portrait-like representation of nature, such as we see in the works of Rubens, Ruysdael, or others of those schools. Upon the whole, we may justly say that whatever he attempted he carried to a high degree of excellence.

'Nothing,' remarks one writer, 'could have enabled Gainsborough to reach so elevated a point in the art without the most ardent love for it. Indeed, his whole mind seems to have been devoted to it, even to his

dying day; for then his principal regret was his leaving his art, when, as he said, he saw his deficiencies, and had endeavoured to remedy them in his last works. In the time of health he was continually referring to this subject, pointing out to those who happened to be about him whatever peculiarities of countenance, accidental combination of figures, and happy effects of light and shadow occurred, either in prospects, in the sky, in walking the streets, or in company. If in his excursions he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him to his house; and from the fields he also brought into his painting-room stumps of trees, weeds, and animals of various kinds, and designed them not from memory, but immediately from the object. He even framed a kind of model of landscapes on his table, composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking-glass, which he magnified and improved into rocks, trees, and water, all exhibiting the solicitude and extreme activity that he had about everything relative to his art; so that he wished to have everything embodied as it were, and distinctly before him, neglecting nothing that could contribute to keep his faculties alive, and drawing fruits from every sort of occupation. He was also in the constant habit of painting by night, a practice *very advantageous* to an artist; for by this means he may acquire a new perception of what is great and beautiful.'

BENJAMIN WEST.

Benjamin West is a notable example of the fact that a happy genius is the gift of nature, but that without industry this gift would be nugatory. This great artist was born at Springfield, about ten miles from Philadelphia, on the 10th of October 1738. His parents were Quakers, but not rigid ones.

The first display of talent in the infant mind of West was curious, and still more so from its occurring where there was nothing to excite it. America, his native spot, had scarcely a specimen of the arts, and being the son of a Quaker, he had never seen a picture or a print: his pencil was of his own invention; his colours were given to him by an Indian savage; his whole progress was a series of invention; and painting to him was not the result of a lesson, but an instinctive passion.

When only seven years of age, he was one day left in charge of an infant niece in the cradle, and had a fan to flap away the flies from the child. After some time it happened to smile, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure which he had never before experienced; and observing some paper on a table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agita-

tion, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait, although at this period, as we have said, he had never seen a picture. Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavoured to conceal what he had been doing; but the old lady observing his confusion, inquired what he was about, and asked him to show her the paper. He obeyed, entreating her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, 'I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally,' and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say that, if it would give her any pleasure, he would make pictures of the flowers which she held in her hand; for his genius was awakened, and he felt that he could imitate the forms of any of those things which pleased his sight.

Young West continued to make drawings with pen and ink, until camel hair pencils were described to him, when he found a substitute in the tapering fur of a cat's tail. In the following year a cousin sent him a box of colours and pencils, with several pieces of canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings.

The box was received with delight, and in the colours, the oils, and the pencils young West found all his wants supplied. He rose at the dawn of the following day, and carried the box to a room in the garret, where he spread his canvas, prepared a palette, and began to imitate the figures in the engravings. Enchanted with his art, he forgot the school hours, and joined the family at dinner without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to his study in the garret, and for several days successively he thus withdrew, and devoted himself to painting. Mrs. West suspecting that the box occasioned the neglect of school, went into the garret, and found him employed on a picture. Her anger was soon appeased by the sight of the performance. She saw not a mere copy, but a composition, from two of the engravings. She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would intercede with his father to pardon him for absenting himself from school. Sixty-seven years afterwards, this piece, finished when the artist was in his eighth year, was exhibited in the same room with the sublime painting of 'Christ Rejected'; and Mr. West declared that there were inventive touches in his first and juvenile essay, which all his subsequent experience had not enabled him to surpass.

These juvenile attempts led to further exertions in the same way: the boy grew up, exercised his pencil in different parts of America, and went to Italy in 1760. On his arrival at Rome, he was introduced to some emi-

nent characters, who, wishing to see what effect the works of art which adorned the Vatican would produce on him, appointed a day for the exhibition. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view: the statue was enclosed in a case, and when the keeper threw open the doors, West unconsciously exclaimed, 'How much it resembles a young Mohawk warrior!' The Italians were surprised and mortified with the comparison of their noblest statue to a wild savage; and West, perceiving the unfavourable impression, proceeded to remove it. He described the Mohawks — the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons—the elasticity of their limbs, and their free and unrestrained motions. 'I have seen them often,' he continued, 'standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intense eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow.' The Italians cleared their moody brows, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced. West was no longer a barbarian.

Of his claim to mix with men of genius, however, he had as yet submitted no proof: he had indeed shown his drawings to Mengs the artist, and to Hamilton; but they were, as he confessed, destitute of original merit. Nor, indeed, could they be commended for either neatness or accuracy. He waited on Lord Grantham: 'I cannot,' said he, 'produce a finished sketch, like the other students, because I have never been instructed in drawing; but I can paint a little; and if you will do me the honour to sit for your portrait, that I may show it to Mengs, you will do me a great kindness.' His lordship consented, the portrait was painted; and, the name of the artist being kept secret, the picture was placed in the gallery of the Crespigni, where amateurs and artists were invited to see it. It was known that Lord Grantham was sitting to Mengs, and to him some ascribed the portrait, though they thought the colouring surpassed his other productions. Dance, an Englishman of sense and acuteness, looked at it closely: 'The colouring surpasses that of Mengs,' he observed, 'but the drawing is neither so fine nor so good.' The company engaged in the discussion; Crespigni seized the proper moment, and said, 'It is not painted by Mengs.' 'By whom, then?' they exclaimed; 'for there is no other painter in Rome capable of doing anything so good.' 'By that young gentleman,' said the other, turning to West, who sat uneasy and agitated. The English held out their hands—the Italians ran and embraced him.

Mengs himself soon arrived: he looked at the picture, and spoke with great kindness. 'Young man, you have no occasion to come to Rome to learn

to paint.' He then advised West as to the course he ought to pursue; but a dangerous illness interposed, and for a time prevented the young artist from following his sensible advice.

On his recovery, he visited Florence, Bologna, Parma, and Venice, studiously observing the works of the great masters of the different schools. After an absence of fifteen months, he returned to Rome, and there painted a portrait which gained him so much honour, that the fame of it spread to America, and drew from his friends there, letters of unlimited credit.

On the 20th of June 1763, West arrived in London. At this time he had no intention of remaining in England, nor of practising his profession for the time he stayed. By degrees he began to love the land and the people. He was introduced to Reynolds, and a letter from Mengs made him acquainted with Wilson. Intercourse with artists, and an examination of their works, awakened his ambition: he consulted no one, but took chambers in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and set up his easel. When his determination was known, his brethren in art came round him in a body, welcomed him with much cordiality, and encouraged him to continue his career as an historical painter.

The works which West at first exhibited were well received: the conception was good, and the colouring clear, and his love of serious and solemn subjects attracted the special notice of some of the dignitaries of the Church. He painted for Dr. Newton the painting of 'Hector and Andromache,' and for the Bishop of Worcester the 'Return of the Prodigal Son.' His reputation rose so much with these productions, that Lord Rockingham tempted him with the offer of a permanent engagement and a salary of £700 a year to embellish with historical paintings his mansion in Yorkshire. West consulted his friends concerning this alluring offer: they were sensible men: they advised him to confide in the *public;* and he followed for a time their salutary council.

Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York, a dignified and liberal prelate, and an admirer of painting, invited West to his table, conversed with him on the influence of art, and on the honour which the patronage of genius reflected on the rich; and opening Tacitus, pointed out that fine passage where Agrippina lands with the ashes of Germanicus. He caused his son to read it again and again, commented upon it with taste and feeling, and requested West to make a painting of the subject. The artist went home: it was then late, but before closing his eyes he formed a sketch, and carried it early next morning to his patron, who, glad to see that his own notions were likely to be embodied in

lasting colours, requested that the full-size work might be proceeded with. Nor was this all: the munificent prelate proposed to raise three thousand pounds by subscription, to enable West to relinquish likenesses, and give his whole time and talents to historical painting. Fifteen hundred pounds were accordingly subscribed by himself and his friends; but the public refused to co-operate, and the scheme was abandoned.

The Archbishop regarded the failure of this plan as a stigma on the country. His self-love, too, was offended. He disregarded alike the coldness of the Duke of Portland and the evasions of Lord Rockingham, to whom he communicated his scheme, sought and obtained an audience of his Majesty, then young and unaccompanied with cares, informed him that a devout American and Quaker had painted at his request such a noble picture, that he was desirous to secure his talents for the throne and the country. The King was much interested in the story, and said, 'Let me see this young painter of yours, with his Agrippina, as soon as you please.' The prelate retired to communicate his success to West.

Now all this happened to be overheard by one of those officious ladies who love to untie the knots of mysteries, and anticipate the natural disclosure of all secrets. Away flew her *ladyship to* the house of the artist, refused to disclose either her name or condition, acquainted him with the application of Drummond and the kindness of the King, and retired. She was not well away, when a gentleman came from the palace to request West's attendance with the picture of Agrippina. 'His Majesty,' said the messenger, 'is a young man of great simplicity and candour, sedate in his affections, scrupulous in forming private affections, good from principle, and pure from a sense of the beauty of virtue.' Forty years' intercourse, we might almost say friendship, confirmed to the painter the accuracy of these words.

The King received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favourable light, removed the attendants, and brought in the Queen, to whom he presented the Quaker. He related to her Majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the colouring. 'There is another noble Roman subject,' observed his Majesty — 'the departure of Regulus from Rome. Would it not make a fine picture?' 'It is a magnificent subject,' said the painter. 'Then,' said the king, 'you shall paint it for me.' He turned with a smile to the Queen, and said, 'The Archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself

—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus.' So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted.

The Society of Incorporated Artists, having become about this time the seat of contention, was dissolved, and the Royal Academy was founded. In the establishment of this institution West took a leading part, and till the period of his death he was a regular contributor to its annual exhibitions.

Among the first of West's productions to create anything like a public sensation was his 'Death of General Wolfe.' What attracted most notice in it, perhaps, was the rational innovation introduced, of painting historical persons in a modern dress. Previous to that time, historical painting had appeared in a masquerading dress: the actions of Englishmen seemed all to have been performed, if costume was to be believed, by Greeks or by Romans. West dismissed at once this pedantry, and in his noble work restored nature and propriety. The multitude acknowledged its excellence at once. The lovers of old art, the manufacturers of compositions called by courtesy classical, complained of the barbarism of boots and buttons and blunderbusses, and cried out for naked warriors with bows, buckles, and battering-rams. Lord Grosvenor, disregarding the frowns of the amateurs and the at-the-best cold approbation of the Academy, purchased this work, which, in spite of laced coats and cocked hats, is one of the best of our historical pictures. The Indian warrior in this composition, watching the dying hero to see if he equalled in fortitude the children of the deserts, is a fine stroke of nature and poetry.

The death of Reynolds vacated the President's chair of the Academy, and no one then living was more worthy to fill it than Mr. West. To the choice of the Academy the King gave his ready sanction, and West took his place on the 24th of March 1792, and delivered his inaugural address to an audience which much applauded a composition which could have cost him little thought, since it dwelt but on two topics—the excellence of British art, and the gracious benevolence of his Majesty.

It must not be supposed that West enjoyed without envy the threefold blessing of magnificent subjects, high prices, and kingly favour. Barry was famishing, and his complaints were loud and eloquent. Fuseli, with all his wit, learning, and imagination, could barely live; and Opie had been taught the severe though common lesson, that nothing is so unstable as the patronage of the powerful. The very calmness and moderation with which the King's historical painter carried himself was something provoking. He

went from his gallery in Newman Street, to Windsor and back again, with the staid looks of one of the brethren going to or returning from chapel. Of his importance at court, however, he was willing to speak, though in a meek and mild way; and as to high matters in general, he affected somewhat of the vague diplomatic language of official men. West had probably no State secrets to conceal: if he had, his conversation kept them a mystery.

Among his last works was 'Christ Healing the Sick.' The history of this picture deserves to be told. The Quakers of Philadelphia requested West to aid them in erecting an hospital for the sick of his native town. He told them his circumstances scarcely admitted of his being generous, but he would aid them after his own way, and paint them a picture, if they would provide a place to receive it in their new building. They were pleased with this, and 'Christ Healing the Sick' was painted for Philadelphia. When exhibited in London, the crush to see it was very great, the praise it obtained was high, and the British Institution offered him three thousand guineas for the work. West accepted the offer,—for he was far from being rich,—but on condition that he should be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for his native place. He did so; and when the copy went to America, the *profits* arising from its exhibition enabled the committee of the hospital to enlarge the building and receive more patients. West died on the 11th of March 1820.

JAMES BARRY.

We come now to an artist of a different stamp, the original painter James Barry.

The first public transaction of James Barry distinguished his character. He was born in 1741 in the city of Cork, where there is no school of painting, nor of any of the fine arts; and yet on this spot, and unassisted by any direct instruction, he in his nineteenth year designed and executed a picture, the fate of which seems more proper to embellish a romance, than to be, as it really is, the ornament of a true history.

Among the legends of his country he found a tale, which struck him as a fine subject for painting. He immediately began to embody the story on canvas; and having finished it, he proceeded to Dublin, where he arrived on the eve of an exhibition of pictures at the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. He went immediately to their room, without even a solitary letter of recommendation; and in company only of a friend and schoolfellow as obscure as himself, he at once obtained his request to have his picture placed on the wall. By its side were two historical paintings by

men of the highest reputation in Ireland, one of whom had long studied in the schools of Italy. Whatever Mr. Barry's hopes had been, and they could not be small to lead him to such an enterprise, they fell far short of his exultation when he reviewed his picture, and then looked at his rivals'. He predicted success, and withdrew to his inn with feelings that compensate for years of painful toil.

On the following day, Mr. Barry hastened to the exhibition, and stood unknown in the midst of the company. All eyes were fixed on 'The Baptism of the King of Cashel,' for that was the name afterwards given to the picture. A murmur of applause ran through the room; conversation on its merits succeeded; and at length admiration and praise gave way to curiosity, and 'Who is the painter?' was inquired by a number of voices. As no one knew more than his neighbour on the subject, the attendants on the exhibition were asked. They could only say that a young man brought the picture the day before. Barry, who could no longer restrain his feelings, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the whole room, 'It is my picture!' 'Your picture!' said a visitor. 'What do you mean? Not that you painted this picture?' 'Yes,' said Barry, 'I painted it.' 'You! a raw boy,' exclaimed the stranger. 'Yes! why do you doubt me? I can paint a better,' replied the artist. He was, however, treated as an impostor, and his pretensions were by some ridiculed, and by others insulted, until a gentleman who knew Barry stepped forward, and confirmed the painter's declaration.

It will probably be concluded that the evidence of the spectators of this picture affords no very correct idea of its real merit. The painting no longer remains to be evidence for itself, but the subsequent part of its history may be allowed to speak in its behalf. Although the Dublin Society had not offered any premium for painting that year, yet they voted Mr. Barry twenty pounds. The picture was shortly afterwards purchased by three distinguished members of the Irish Commons, who presented it to the House as an honour to Ireland; and it was consumed by the fire which some years after destroyed the Parliament House in Dublin.

He continued to reside for some time in Dublin. The way to fame, and perhaps fortune, lay before him. Sudden success unsettled him for a time: the fame of his work brought a crowd of those unsafe companions who clap their hands at the sight of a new favourite of fortune, and flutter about the prodigy like moths round a candle. In their company he sometimes forgot himself: he was sensible of the folly, and on his way home from a deep carouse, determined on imme-



...ver, Tan home, and
his interrupted studi
afterwards related thi
outspoken friend: 'Ah
man,' said he, 'you thre
your luck—you never ha
gold or good temper tc
afterwards.'

In his twenty-third y
repaired to London, on t
vitation of Burke, who had
him in hand; and in the fo
ing year the same great fi
furnished him with the m
of visiting Italy, where he
veyed the noble monument
art with the eye of a cr
though, at the same time, i
to be regretted that his reside
was rendered uncomfortable
that capriciousness of tem
which embittered almost
whole of his life.

It was proposed during Bar
lifetime to decorate St. Pa
but the scheme fell through.
was then suggested that the
who were to

fects of drawing and colouring.' Barry died in 1806.

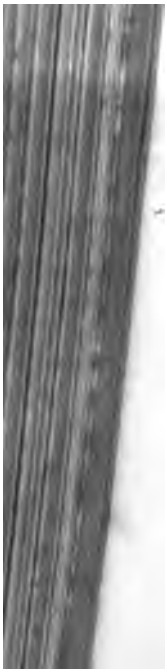
WILLIAM BLAKE.

Of William Blake the following notice is given by Mr. Pilkington, in his *Dictionary of Painters:* 'On the 28th November 1757 he came into a world which sympathized but little with his fancies. He was born in London, and designed by his family for a hosier; but an ungovernable impulse drove him to the pencil while almost a boy, and the first fruits of his talents were "The Songs of Innocence and Experience," a work strange and beautiful, containing lyrics of great sweetness, and drawings of greater beauty. To these succeeded a work equally wild and lovely, called "The Gates of Paradise," a sort of devout dream, and which, like a holy dream, leaves impressions pleasant and abiding.

'His pencil was now in request, and he illustrated Young's *Night Thoughts* in a way which startled the serious; and he made designs for Blair's *Grave* much in the spirit of that very original poem.

'These were fanciful creations, yet full of feeling and delicacy, and though now and then a little too mystical for the multitude, were looked on with wonder and respect by the world. But his next work, entitled "Jerusalem," soared higher than even romantic sympathy could follow, and Blake would have been considered as visionary or mad had he not imagined his fine designs—he called them inventions—for the Book of Job. In these he pictures the Man of Uz sustaining his dignity amid the inflictions of the devil, the reproaches of his friends, and the insults of his wife. The Scripture overawed his imagination, and he was too devout to attempt more than a literal embodiment of the most wondrous history ever unfolded by genius. Blake goes step by step with the narrative, always simple, and often sublime, and never burdening the text by the exuberance of his fancy. The colours with which he gave brilliancy and effect to these conceptions are so rare and so lustrous, as to countenance the assurance of the artist that they were taught him by the spirit of a deceased brother whom he loved. But whatever world the revelation came from, the secret has perished with the artist himself, who died, without revealing it, on the 12th of August 1827, in very straitened circumstances.'

Allan Cunningham, in estimating Blake's genius, remarks that though he was the companion of Flaxman and Fuseli, and sometimes their pupil, he never attempted that professional skill, without which all genius is bestowed in vain. He was his own teacher chiefly: and self-instruction, the parent occasionally of great beauties, seldom fails to produce great deformities. His works were



'The Songs of Innocence
Experience,' 'The Gates
Paradise,' and the 'Inventi
for Job,' was the possessor
very lofty faculties, with
common skill in art, and, mo
over, that both in thought a
mode of treatment he was
decided original. But shoul
we, shutting our eyes to th
merit of these works, determin
to weigh his worth by hi
'Urezin,' his 'Prophecies o
Europe and America,' and his
'Jerusalem,' our conclusion would
be very unfavourable: we would
say that, with much freedom of
composition and boldness of
posture, he was unmeaning,
mystical, and extravagant, and
that his original mode of work-
ing out his conceptions was
little better than a brilliant way
of animating absurdity. An
overflow of imagination is a
failing uncommon in this age,
and has generally

dation. He was asked what he had painted to acquire him the village reputation he enjoyed. His answer was, 'I ha' painted Duke William from the signs, and stars and such like things for the boys' kites.' Wolcott told him some time after that he should paint portraits, as the most profitable employment. 'So I ha'; I ha' painted Farmer So-and-so, and neighbour such a one, etc., wi' their wives, and their eight or ten children.' 'And how much do you receive?' 'Why, Farmer So-and-so said it were but right to encourage *genus*, and so he ga' me half a guinea!' 'Why, sir, you should get at least half a guinea for every head.' 'Oh, na'! that winna do: it would ruin the country.' So strikingly humble and characteristic were the first steps of Opie.

In his twentieth year, our limner formed the resolution of visiting London, and set out for the great city under the protection of Wolcott. When he arrived there, he was presented to Sir Joshua Reynolds. He had not yet determined on having himself announced, in the blazonry of prose and verse, as the 'Wonderful Cornishman,' on whom nature had spontaneously, without study, dropped down the gifts of art: the President received him courteously, gave him some advice, and desired to see him again.

To rise by silent and slow degrees to fame suited ill with the rustic impatience of Opie, and worse with the vanity of Wolcott, who desired to amaze the town by proclaiming a prodigy. Peter Pindar was right for once. He took his measures, and the wealthy and titled hordes, who professed taste, and were absolute in art and literature, came swarming out to behold the 'Cornish Wonder'; for as such the patron announced the painter.

Of the success of this manœuvre Northcote gives this graphic account: 'The novelty and originality of manner in his pictures, added to his great abilities, drew a universal attention from the *connoisseurs*, and he was immediately surrounded and employed by all the principal nobility of England. When he ceased, and that was soon, to be a novelty, the capricious public left him in disgust. They now looked out for his defects alone, and he became in his turn totally neglected and forgotten; and instead of being the sole object of public attention, and having the street where he lived so crowded with coaches of the nobility as to become a real nuisance to the neighbourhood, "so," as he jestingly observed to me, "that he thought he must place cannon at the door to keep the multitude off from it," he now found himself as entirely deserted as if his home had been infected with the plague. Such is the world.'

His popularity, however, was not so very brief as this de-



venture to a very comfortab. sum ; had furnished a house i Orange Court, Leicester Fields and was every way in a condi tion to bid immediate wan defiance.

The first use he made of his success was to spread comfort round his mother, and then he proceeded with his studies, like one resolved to deserve the distinction which he had obtained. His own strong natural sense and powers of observation enabled him to lift the veil which the ignorant admiration of the multitude had thrown over his defects: he saw where he was weak, and laboured most diligently to improve himself. His progress was great and visible to all, save the leaders of taste and fashion. When his works were crude and unstudied, their applauses were deaf

GEORGE MORLAND.

After the great but dissolute genius George Morland, born in London in 1763, left his father's roof, and became his own master, his first employer was an Irishman in Drury Lane, who kept him constantly at his easel by being always at his elbow. His meals were carried up to him by the shop-boy; and when his dinner was brought, which generally consisted of six pennyworth of meat from a cook's shop, and a pint of beer, he would sometimes venture to ask if he might have a pennyworth of pudding. If he asked at any time for five shillings, the Hibernian would reply, 'D'ye think I'm made of money?' and give him half-a-crown. Morland, however, painted for this taskmaster pictures enough to fill a room, the price of admittance to which was two shillings and sixpence.

From this state of bondage he was released by an invitation from Mrs. Hill, a lady of fortune, then at Margate, to paint portraits there for the summer season. Morland stole away from his Irish keeper to Margate, and was there introduced to abundance of lucrative employment.

In the ensuing winter he returned to London. He was now rising so much in repute, that the prints engraved from his pictures had an unparalleled sale both at home and abroad. In a short time, so great was the demand for anything from his hand, that though often ill paid, he could earn from seventy to a hundred guineas a week. Unfortunately, no man could be more regardless of money; and while affluence was at his command, he scarcely ever knew what it was to be out of want. He was in the constant habit of giving bills of credit; and when they became due, he rarely had the ready cash to discharge them. In order to have a note of twenty pounds renewed for a fortnight, he has been known to give a painting that has been immediately sold in his presence for ten guineas. Morland's easel was always surrounded by associates of the lowest cast, horse-dealers, boxers, jockeys, cobblers, etc. He had a wooden frame placed across his room, similar to that in a police office, with a bar that lifted up, to allow those to pass with whom he had business, or who enjoyed his special favour. He might have been said to live in an academy in the midst of models. He would get one to stand or sit for a hand, another for a head, an attitude, or a figure, according as their countenance or character suited. In this manner he painted some of his best pictures, while his companions were regaling on gin and red herrings around him. Morland never let slip an opportunity which he could turn to his professional advantage. Just as he was about to begin his four pictures of the *Deserter*, a sergeant,

drummer, and private, on their way to Dover in pursuit of deserters, came in for a billet. Morland seeing that these men would answer his purpose, treated them plentifully, while he was making inquiries on the different modes of recruiting, with every particular attendant on the trial of deserters by court-martial, and on their punishment. He then took them to his house, where he gave them plenty of ale, wine, and tobacco, and caroused with them all night, employing himself busily in sketching and noting down whatever was likely to serve his purpose.

Nature was the grand source from which Morland drew all his images. He was fearful of becoming a mannerist: with other artists he never held any intercourse, nor had he prints of any kind in his possession; and he often declared that he would not go across the way to see the finest assemblage of paintings that ever was exhibited. He was once induced to make a journey with Mr. Ward, on purpose to view Lord Bute's collection; but having sauntered through one of the rooms, he refused to see any more, declaring that he was averse to contemplate any man's works, lest he should become an imitator.

At the death of his father, Morland was advised to claim the dormant title of Baronet, which had been conferred on *one* of his lineal ancestors by *Charles II.* Finding, however, that there was no emolument attached to it, he relinquished the distinction, observing that a 'plain George Morland would always sell his pictures, and there was more honour in being a fine painter than a titled gentleman; that he would have borne the vanity of a title had there been any income to accompany it, but as matters stood, he would wear none of the fooleries of his ancestors.'

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, the most celebrated portrait-painter of his age, was born at Bristol in 1769, and was the son of an innkeeper in poor circumstances. When but a child of six years old, he evinced remarkable aptitude and skill in taking portraits, and his father would often introduce him to the guests in the inn parlour, who were chiefly farmers of the vicinity, that he might turn his gift to profitable account. The lad was able to dash off an excellent likeness in a few minutes, and the good-natured farmers were so well pleased to have their 'pictures in little'—a luxury procurable only by the rich in those pre-photographic days—that the little artist's fees formed a considerable adjunct to his father's income. From that period until he was about eight years of age the boy went to school, but beyond this and a few lessons in languages, his education was self-acquired.

During the few years that his

father remained at Bristol, Lawrence most industriously used his privilege of admission into many of the galleries of the neighbouring gentry, to add to his artistic experience by copying the subjects which commanded his admiration; and a copy of Raphael's 'Transfiguration' which he executed procured him the prize of five guineas and a silver palette, from the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts.

In the year 1782 he removed with his family to Bath, where he actively employed himself in taking crayon portraits. Luckily for Lawrence, not only was he a painter, but he was handsome in face and figure, attractive in manner, and cheerful and amusing in company. These advantages, coupled with his facilities for communicating pleasure by his pencil, secured him a welcome reception in private families, and caused him to be admitted on terms of familiarity and fondness, where, without his good qualities, no professional talent would have introduced him.

When Lawrence came to London, in 1787, still but a lad of eighteen, he had no ordinary names to compete with. His opponents were such as Reynolds, Barry, Opie, and Hopner, then in the fulness of their celebrity. From 1787 to 1791, the first four years of his residence in London, the gradations of proficiency and the steps of his career are comparatively obscure. But a portrait of Miss Farren, the celebrated actress (afterwards Countess of Derby), which he painted, brought Lawrence more particularly into notice; and in 1791 he was sent to the Royal Academy, by the desire of the Queen, and by direct command of the King. From that time the tide of business set in, and one happy hit led to another, till he left all competitors behind him.

He now entered upon an exceptionally brilliant career. Succeeding Sir Joshua Reynolds as painter-in-ordinary to George III., and having the patronage and friendship of the Prince of Wales, very many of the prominent men of the day sat to him. Amongst their number were Louis XVIII. and Charles X. of France, Pius VII., Cardinal Gonsalvi, Blucher, Wellington, and many members of the royal family and the nobility, besides numerous other celebrities.

Knighthood was conferred on him at the instance of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., who sat to him several times. In 1820 Lawrence was made President of the Royal Academy, being the third occupant of the chair since the foundation of that institution in 1768, and replacing Benjamin West, who had succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds.

For many years Sir Thomas Lawrence derived from his works an income approaching the large amount of £15,000 per annum; but so eagerly did



died in straitened circumstan
His death occurred in 1
and his memory was honou
by his being buried in St. Pa
Cathedral.

The following anecdote
from a letter written by Sir G
Ouseley, and is a striking illust
tion of Sir Thomas' skill as
artist. He had been employ
to paint the portrait of Mirz
the Persian ambassador in En
land, and which Sir Gore Ous
ley took with him when he wen
on his embassy to Persia. I
must be remarked that the Per-
sians were not much accustomed
to pictorial illusion, and there-
fore the prime minister of Persia
paid the same sort of testimony
to his executive powers as the
birds did to those of Zeuxis,
when they attacked that artist's
grapes. Sir Gore says: 'His
Excellency Mirza Shefi, prime
minister of the King of Persia,
called on me one morn
Teher

was most violent, and I was obliged to bring him close to the picture before he was undeceived. In the course of my life I think I never met with such a flattering, natural, and unsophisticated tribute to superior talent. On approaching the picture, he passed his hand over the canvas, and, with a look of unaffected surprise, exclaimed, "Why, it has a flat surface! Yet at a little distance I could have sworn by the Koran that it was a projecting surface — in truth, that it was Abul Hassan Khan himself!"'

JOSEPH TURNER.

The most distinguished English landscape painter, Joseph Turner, was born in 1769. His father was a hairdresser in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, who gave him an ordinary education. In his earliest years he exhibited a marked predilection for drawing and colouring.

From the very outset of his career he was diligent in the pursuit of his profession, and soon began to turn it to profitable account. It is said that he used to exhibit his juvenile performances for sale in the windows of his father's shop; that he was employed to colour prints for Raphael Smith, the engraver, and to wash in backgrounds for the architects, a practice more resorted to half a century ago than in our day.

'Even at this early time,' remarks one of his biographers, 'and under such unpromising circumstances, there was an originality in his work. We are told that he was employed by a Mr. Dobson, an architect, to colour the perspective front of a mansion, and that in putting in the windows, Turner showed the effect of reflected light from the sky contrasting with the inner dark of the room on the uneven surface of the panes. This was a new treatment, and his employer objected to it, declaring that the work must be coloured as usual—that is, the panes an unvarying dark grey, the bars white.

'"It will spoil my drawing," objected Turner.

'"Rather that than my work," answered the architect; "I must have it done as I wish."

'Turner doggedly obeyed, and, when he had completed the work, left his employer altogether.'

The sequel of the story is curious. Some time afterwards, it occurred to the architect to try a drawing on the principle he had disapproved, and remembering Turner's work, he coloured it nearly the same. It was sent to the Royal Academy, and accepted, and was so much admired by Smirke that he sought the acquaintance of Dobson, which led to a union between the families. So much for genius in the mere colouring of a window.

'To us,' says Mr. Redgrave, 'one of Turner's most poetical

works is the "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," which he exhibited in 1829, with the following quotation from Pope's *Odyssey*:—

"Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear,
With taunts the distant giant I accost:
Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigured thus that eyeless face,
Say 'twas Ulysses, 'twas his deed declare—
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.

Thus I, while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the starry skies."

'Far in the east the morning is breaking; the horses of the chariot of the sun spring wildly upwards with the "car of day;" the luminary is just rising above the blue hills that bound the ocean's shore, flinging a fan of radiant beams up the vault of heaven, whose arch is underhung with fleecy clouds. Here and there are openings in the far blue depths beyond, and, flitting like birds with golden plumage athwart the space, are severed cloudlets tipped with the gold and purple hues of morn.

'On the other side of the *picture*, the gilded galley in which the hero and his friends escape is just standing out of a little dark cove in the mountain chain. Ulysses is on the poop, with hands uplifted, shouting derisively to the blinded giant, while his companions, thickly clustered on mast and yard, unfurl in haste the vast sails, and one by one the red oars are thrust forth from the vessel's burnished sides, ready to sweep away from the inhospitable shore, and out of reach of the missiles the monster may hurl after them. The undulating sea, dyed by the rising sun to golden green, reflects on its burnished waves the galley, with its flags and pennons, the brawny sailors and the creamy sails. The nymphs of the ocean sympathize with the island hero, and gambol round the vessel's prow, while shoals of flying-fish herald his way from the dangerous shore.

'On the beach he has left the fires still burning in which the sharpened stake was heated, and far above, on a steep promontory of rock, the wounded monster dimly seen, large in the purple mists of morn, "lies many a rood," bellowing and writhing in his anguish, so that the ravines echo to his groans. The snowy mountains, whose tops are mingled with the amber sky, shake with the sound, and roll their avalanches to the plains below.

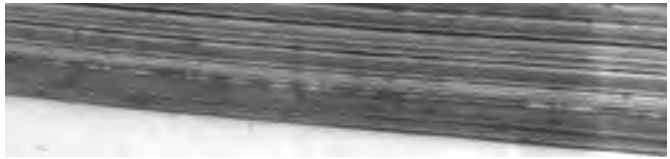
'It is impossible to go beyond the power of colour here achieved: it is on the very

verge of extravagance, but yet is in no way gaudy. How near it is, is seen in any attempt to copy the picture: such copies are more surely failures than those from any other of the painter's works. The mere handling is a marvel: the ease and freedom of the work, the thick impaste of tints that are heaped on the upper sky, making the lower parts recede in true perspective to the rising sun; the grand way in which the vessel moves over the "watery floor;" the dream-like poetry of the whole, make up a picture without a parallel in the world of art.'

'Turner's art,' observes the same writer in his *Century of Painters*, 'even at the time when he finished his works most, differed entirely from the pre-Raphaelite school and its theorists. They seek the whole by a gradual agglomeration of parts painted imitatively, bit by bit, while he treated his work from the beginning as a whole, adding just as much detail in the parts as was consistent with the general effect, and that sense of *mystery* which he ever studied to preserve.

'This quality of mystery is most valuable to the painter, as Turner very well knew. "Hang that fellow's works," said a great living painter on looking at a pre-Raphaelite picture; "one sees them all at once, and there is nothing left to find out." In the somewhat allied art of landscape gardening, how much may be obtained by intricacy and mystery! A small place may be made large, and the visitor invited, by hidden terminations, to seek out what he imagines may be beauties, rarer than those he at first sees. So it is with the landscape painter. His office is to lead his spectator on into his picture; to place before him passages of his work which he would desire to search into,—passages like those in nature, which, seen afar, suggest delightful glades, sunnier and fairer than those which are near, and which we long to reach and range in. The suggestiveness of a work of art is one of its richest qualities; and the veriest blot of Turner's is suited to suggest more than the most finished picture of imitative details. . . .

'The wonderful industry of Turner is apparent even from his exhibited works. Rodd, who published in 1856 a catalogue of the paintings painted by Turner and exhibited at the Royal Academy, gives a list from 1787 to 1850 of 259 pictures; to which he adds 16 more, exhibited between 1806 and 1846 at the British Institution,—making in all 275 pictures. This, which might well represent the whole life of an ordinary man, was but a fraction of Turner's labours. How many fine easel pictures by him were never exhibited! and how shall we estimate the addition which should be made to the list by the drawings made solely for



CHAPTER X.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT SCULPTORS AND ARCHITECTS.

'Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance.'
DR. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM — INIGO JONES — SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN — GRINLING GIBBONS — JOHN BACON — JOHN FLAXMAN — SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.

OUR first architect was a churchman, and Lord High Chancellor of England.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

William of Wykeham, the illustrious founder of New College, Oxford, was born at Wykeham, in Hampshire, in 1324. He was about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age when first introduced at court, but in what employment has not been ascertained, although it was probably of the same nature with those which he afterwards so ably filled. There is every reason to think, that his skill in drawing recommended him to a sovereign who was bent on adding to his country the ornament and utility of magnificent and durable structures. The first office he held, or the first of which we read, had evidently a reference to this object. In May 1356 he was appointed clerk of all the King's works, at the castle and in the park of Windsor. It was by his advice that the King was induced to pull down great part of this castle, and by his skill that it was rebuilt.

Of this, the first recorded specimen of his ability, no very satisfactory account can now be rendered; for little of his work has survived the waste of time, the change of taste, and that love of levelling the old and raising the new which comes to

monarchs as well as to others. The pile which gave place to the designs of our architect was a rude and massive one, more resembling a fortress on the borders of a hostile kingdom, than a mansion for princes in the centre of their kingdom. The castle-palace which Wykeham raised on Windsor hill was at once strong and spacious, inaccessible yet beautiful, adapted to the swelling and varied nature of the site, and with its numerous peaks and towers overlooking one of the loveliest valleys in the island. It was seen at a great distance, and was for many centuries considered a miracle of magnificence. Little now remains of Wykeham's workmanship save the round tower.

Another great work of Wykeham's was Queenborough Castle. The difficulties arising from the nature of the ground chosen for the site, and the unpromising lowness of the situation, did not disconcert him; and the result —a lofty and noble building— served to confirm the confidence which the King reposed in his abilities.

He now rapidly rose to the highest dignities both in Church and State. In 1357 he was presented to the rectory of Pulham, in Norfolk, to which was added a prebend in the church of Lichfield; and in 1360 he was made dean of the collegiate church of St. Martin le Grand, London. He was also successively appointed Keeper of the Privy Seal, Secretary to the King, and President of the Council. In 1366 he was advanced to the bishopric of Winchester, and in the following year was made Chancellor of England. These high dignities he supported with honour, dedicating a large portion of his temporalities to the restoration of the numerous palaces belonging to his see. He resigned the seals in 1371.

In 1386 he completed his munificent foundation of New College, Oxford; and it is this noble action which has immortalized his memory in England. Being somewhat deficient in classic lore himself, and feeling, probably, the want of it to sustain him in conversation with priests and prelates, who, without a tithe of his understanding or his knowledge of human nature, would no doubt eclipse him occasionally on professional topics, he resolved that others should be strong where he was weak, and accordingly determined to found and amply endow a splendid seat of education. Strict in his household, and economical in his ordinary outlay, he had not escaped the reproach of parsimony; but ere long the Church and the Court heard, with equal surprise, that the methodical prelate had resolved to build a college for the perpetual maintenance and education of 200 scholars; that he had purchased land, and made splendid plans; that stones were squaring in the quarries and timber felling on the hills, and eminent workmen engaged to

carry his designs into execution.

Nearly five centuries have elapsed since this edifice had a right to the title which it still retains, that of *New* College. The architectural beauty of the building is subordinate to its fitness for instruction; and both are surpassed by the plan of education which Wykeham laid down, which is great and original in its kind. 'In the first place,' says Lowth, 'he formed his society, appointed them a governor, allowed them liberal maintenance, provided them with lodgings, and gave them rules and directions for their behaviour; not only that his beneficence might not seem to lie fruitless and ineffectual while it was only employed in making purchases of land and raising his buildings, which would take up a considerable time, but that he might bestow his earliest attention and his greatest care in forming and perfecting the principal part of his design, and that the life and soul, as it were, might be ready to inform and animate the body of his college as soon as it could be finished, and so the whole system be at once completed in every part of it.'

The foundation-stone was laid at eight o'clock in the morning of the 5th of March 1380. The building was finished in six years, and the society made their public entrance into it with much solemnity and devotion, singing litanies, and marching in procession, with the cross borne before them, at nine o'clock in the morning on the 14th of April 1386.

Not satisfied with this magnificent benefaction to his country, Wykeham had already determined on connecting his college at Oxford, with a preparatory one at the capital of his bishopric. Much time and a princely treasure were now devoted by the generous prelate to planning and founding the St. Mary College of Winchester, and endowing it so as to maintain a warden, seventy poor scholars, ten secular priests, perpetual fellows, three priest's chaplains, three clerks, and sixteen choristers; and for the instruction of the scholars, a schoolmaster and an under-master or usher.

Having seen the college at Winchester completed, the indefatigable bishop, now in his seventieth year, began the greatest of his architectural labours, the restoration of his cathedral. He calculated that eleven years would complete the undertaking, and hoped to live till the last stone was laid. He had more than his wish, for it was after ten laborious years that the good bishop had at length the satisfaction of seeing the doors thrown open, and the wonders he had wrought displayed at large to his people. 'There is no fabric of its kind in England,' says Lowth, 'after those of York and Lincoln, which excels the nave and aisles of the cathedral church of Winchester

in greatness, stateliness, and majesty.' It was but just finished when the bishop died; but he had provided in his will for the entire completion of his design by his executors in case of his death. He allotted 2500 marks for what then remained to be done, besides 500 marks for the glass windows.

'Wykeham,' says one writer, 'was the Cardinal Wolsey of Edward the Third, with more than Wolsey's munificence, and nothing of his worldly ambition. He was a wise and sagacious minister to the State, and a watchful and faithful one to the Church, bringing to either service strong good sense, a wonderful aptitude for business, eloquence full of persuasion, a temper whose serenity nothing could disturb, a courage which no trials dismayed, and, last and best of all, a character of unsullied honesty. Though a rigid Romanist, he was merciful to the Wickliffites when his brethren set an example of severity. He adorned and enriched the churches, which others of the clergy desired to plunder; and he laid out his wealth on colleges and schools, that knowledge might increase in the land.'

His merits as an architect are of no questionable kind. The waste of time, internal peace, and new systems of fortification have swept away his castles, but they were undoubtedly worthy of the martial magnificence of *Edward* and his nobles. His chief excellence, however, lay in buildings of a far different kind. He was one of a band of consummate architects, whose genius adorned our land with those cathedrals, which are yet unrivalled for beauty and splendour in any country. His practice, indeed, in ecclesiastical structures, was confined a little too much to repairs and alterations, in which the character of the original work directed him what to do; yet it is extraordinary how much peculiar beauty and stateliness he has engrafted and raised upon the common and the mean, and how he has got over the difficulties of working with the new, in the spirit of the old.

INIGO JONES.

If a tablet of fame were to be formed for men of real and indisputable genius in every country, Inigo Jones would save England from the disgrace of not having her representative among the arts. This celebrated architect was bound apprentice to a joiner; but even in this obscure situation, the brightness of his genius burst forth so strongly, that he was patronized by the Earl of Arundel, who sent him to Italy to study landscape painting, to which his inclination then pointed. When at Rome, he found that nature had not formed him to decorate cabinets, but to design palaces. After remaining some time in Italy, Christian IV. invited him

o Denmark, and appointed him is architect. He afterwards eturned to England, and was mployed in repairing St. Paul's n 1603. He also designed the Palace at Whitehall, and erected he Banqueting-House, the Church and Piazza at Covent Garden, and several other private buildings. Jones was surveyor-general of the King's works to James the First, but he refused to accept any salary until the heavy debts contracted under his predecessor had been liquidated. Upon the accession of Charles, he was continued in his office, when his salary as surveyor was eight shillings and fourpence per day, with an allowance of forty-six pounds a year for house-rent.

Lord Burlington was so impressed with the beauty of the portico which Inigo Jones added to the old fabric of St. Paul's, that on seeing the completion of the present Cathedral by Sir Christopher Wren, he cried out: "When the Jews saw the second Temple, they reflected on the beauty of the first, and could not refrain from tears.'

'In knowledge of design,' says Allan Cunningham, 'Inigo Jones had merits of a high order. There is a singular strength and elegance of combination in his structures, an unity and harmony of parts, such as no English architect has ever surpassed. He was often massive, but seldom heavy; and where his plans were not modified by mingling with other works, he has shown an accuracy of eye, and a happy propriety of taste, which Wren alone approaches.

'In criticising his numerous works, we must reflect that, in common with all architects, he had to soothe and manage perverse and parsimonious employers, who thought of barns when he dreamed of palaces, and that he had often to yield his own judgment to the influence of opposing taste and the obstinacy of established opinion. The King, courtiers, and learned men formed a sort of inspecting committee, who, amid much good sense and skill, indulged nevertheless in a sort of theoretical pedantry, which perplexed the more because it was backed by much Latin and no little Greek, and which the compasses and rule of the experienced architect sought in vain to confute or convince. In addition to this, the hands of both James and Charles were tied by poverty. The Parliament were already in heart and spirit disposed to discountenance the monarchy and the hierarchy, and to show the strength and spirit of the nation in other things than churches and palaces. The public works of Inigo Jones were thus "curtailed of their fair proportions," and he never had a fair field for exhibiting his genius save on paper.

'He had other difficulties to encounter: he was a reformer in architecture; he desired to *remove* the Gothic and estab-

lish the Grecian; and though the Reformation in religion and the increasing love of classical lore prepared the way a little, he found prejudices in his way which seemed almost insurmountable. This induced him to attempt a sort of compromise between those adverse styles.'

Jones was born in London about 1572, and died on the 21st of July 1652.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Sir Christopher Wren was born in 1632, just in time to have a splendid opportunity for the display of his great talents. His most famous work, and the only one we can here notice at length, was the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. We shall waste no space in preliminary observations.

To prepare the foundations for a building as massive as St. Paul's requires judgment and sagacity. The old walls being completely rooted out, the ground was found to be hard and dry, and all was expected to be sure and solid. At the north-east corner, however, of the dome, Wren came upon a pit, out of which the potters of old had dug their loam; it had been loosely filled up with broken urns and fragments of pottery, and was found to be of considerable depth. After penetrating through this layer of potter's loam, he discovered there was no other [illegible]ood solid ground to be got [illegible] *he* came to the low-water mark of the Thames, at least forty feet deeper. His assistants proposed to pile, which he refused, saying, 'Piles may last for ever when always in water; but if they are driven into sand, and kept between wet and dry, they will rot. I desire to build for eternity.' He caused his workmen to sink a pit eighteen feet square, till they reached the sand and shells of low-water mark, where they found what he called 'a firm sea-beach,' confirming his opinion that the sea had formerly flowed uninterrupted between Camberwell on one side and the hills of Essex on the other. He bored through this beach till he came to the original clay, raised on that a pier of solid masonry within fifteen feet of the present surface, and then, turning a short arch from the pier to the line of foundation, rendered all level and sure.

He next bethought himself of the proper kind of stone for such a structure. The best quality and the greatest dimensions required to be combined. Portland, he found, produced the largest blocks, and orders were issued by Government, to whom the island belongs, commanding proper stones to be quarried. Portland stone was in those days hard and solid, and, what was as valuable, very equal in texture.

The removal of the old walls and the sinking of the new foundations proceeded slowly. Men were not obliged to toil so hard in those days for their bread as

they are now; their periods of rest were longer, their holidays more frequent; yet, as Wren and his men wrought slow, the King and the clergy seemed resolved to rival them. The fire of London happened in 1666, and it was not till 1675, full nine years after, that the approved plan was returned to the hands of the patient architect, with the long-expected authority to proceed with the Cathedral. It is likely that the tardiness with which the coal duty at first came in, had its share in this tedious delay.

Fortune has been called the mother of fame; and no question, the fire of London, by sweeping away such a city, with all its civil and ecclesiastical buildings, prepared for Wren's genius a nobler field than he could otherwise have hoped for. His fame otherwise might have had to rest on some petty patch-work to the Cathedral, or a new wing to Whitehall. But the carelessness of a citizen enabled him to build the noblest church in Europe save one.

On the 14th of May he was called to set about his magnificent task. On that day King Charles issued his warrant under the Privy Seal, commanding the work to be commenced. 'Among divers designs,' says this royal document, 'presented to us, we have particularly pitched upon one, as well because we found it very artificial, proper, and useful, as because it was so ordered that it might be *built* and finished by parts.' Wren had had the sagacity to make several designs, for there were several judges: he desired to show that he was alike prepared for all tastes, from the simple to the magnificent. The form of the classic temple, he imagined, suited the reformed religion best, being compact and simple, without long aisles, our religion not using long processions like that of Rome. He accordingly planned a church of moderate size, of good proportion, a convenient choir, with a vestibule and portico, and a dome conspicuous above the houses. 'This design,' says his son, 'was applauded by persons of good understanding, as containing all that was necessary for the church of the metropolis, of a beautiful figure, and of an expense that reasonably might have been compassed; but being contrived in the Roman style, was not so well understood and relished by others. Some thought it not stately enough, and contended that, for the honour of the nation and city of London, it ought not to be exceeded in magnificence by any church in Europe.' Much as this plan was approved, it was nevertheless one of those which he sketched, 'merely,' as he said, 'for discourse's sake.' He had bestowed his study upon two designs, both of which he liked, though one of them he preferred, and justly, above the other. The ground plans of both were *in the* form of the cross; that

which pleased Charles, the Duke of York, and the courtiers, retained the primitive figure, with all its sharp advancing and receding angles: the one after Wren's own heart substituted curves for these deep indentations, by which one unbroken and beautiful winding line was obtained for the exterior, while the interior accommodation which it afforded, and the elegance which it introduced, were such as must have struck every beholder. But if we may credit Spence, taste had no share in deciding the choice of the design. He says, on the authority of Harding, that the Duke of York and his party influenced all: the future King even then contemplated the revival of the Popish service, and desired to have a cathedral with long side aisles, for the sake of its processions. This not only caused the rejection of Wren's favourite design, but materially affected the other, which was approved. The side oratories were proposed by the Duke; and though this narrowed the building, and broke in upon the breadth and harmony of the interior elevation, and though it was resisted by Wren even to tears, all was in vain,—the architect was obliged to comply. He made the proposed changes with a heavy heart and an unwilling hand: he knew that he was injuring the unity of the structure; that he was sacrificing, for the sake of the unnecessary oratories, much *that* conduced to the beauty and lucid arrangement of the parts; he felt that his fame would suffer; and as he was a sincere and pious man, he might mourn for the land, which he suspected was, at no distant day, to experience the revival of religious strife.

As soon as the King had approved of the plan, Wren resolved to make no more models, nor publicly expose his drawings, which, experience taught him, occasioned much loss of time and much idle controversy with incompetent judges. The approved design has been called a free imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, avoiding the defects of that structure, and including more than its beauties.

Wren, after many years of sketching and controversy, having seen all obstacles removed, commenced building with great spirit and under favourable auspices. 'In the beginning of the new works of St. Paul's,' says his son, 'an accident was taken notice of by some people as a memorable omen. When the surveyor in person had set out upon the place the dimensions of the great dome, and fixed upon the centre, a common labourer was desired to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish, such as should come first to hand, to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons. The stone which was immediately brought and laid down for that purpose happened to be a piece of a grave-stone, with nothing remaining of the in-

scription but this single word, in large capitals, RESURGAM.' This omen has the look of premeditation.

The Church of St. Peter's at Rome had twelve architects, and took 145 years to build: that of St. Paul's was built in thirty-five years, and had but one architect. There are other differences still. On the artists who conceived and raised the Roman fabric, nineteen successive Popes showered honours, wealth, and indulgences: on the architect of St. Paul's the King bestowed £200 a year; his brother injured the unity of the design out of love for oratories; the clerical and lay commissioners harassed him with captious and ignorant criticisms; and, before the last stone was laid, persecuted him with ridiculous and groundless charges.

Such was the excellence of Wren's regulations, such the supply of stone from the quarries, and such the activity of his workmen, that in ten years the walls of the choir and side aisles were finished, with the north and south circular porticos, and the great pillars of the dome brought to the same height. He earned his paltry £200 a year abundantly: he attended in person frequently, and watched over the rise of the Cathedral with unremitting solicitude.

In the memorable year of the Revolution, the Cathedral of St. Paul's had proceeded so far that timber was purchased for roofing the aisles of the choir. Twenty-two more years elapsed, and we come to the year 1710. The genius of Wren had now for long been watchfully inspecting the progress of the great monument of his fame; nor had the nation at large, though shaken sometimes by civil commotions, been a cold or careless looker-on. The report had long spread, not only through England, but through Europe, that a fabric rivalling all in the world save that of St. Peter's at Rome, was rising on the ruins of the old metropolitan church, and now the general curiosity was quickened by the news that the great work was nearly finished. Of the original patrons of the design many were dead, some had been banished, and there remained but few of the commissioners who had so often impeded the early progress of the undertaking. In 1710 Sir Christopher Wren, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, by the hands of his son, laid the highest stone of the lantern on the cupola of St. Paul's. The pious architect performed this in humility and prayer; and as it was publicly known, London poured out its vast population to witness the ceremony.

A variety of knowledge proclaims the universality, a multiplicity of works the abundance, and St. Paul's Cathedral the greatness, of Sir Christopher Wren's genius. The noblest temple, the largest palace, the most sumptuous hospital in Great Britain, are all the work

of the same hand. Besides St. Paul's, Hampton Court, and Greenwich Hospital, all of which were erected by him, he built above fifty parish churches, and designed the Monument, on which he intended to erect the statue of Charles II., instead of the pot of flames which we now see; but in this, as in many other instances, he was overruled by men of inferior judgment. When Sir Christopher had lived to see the completion of St. Paul's, the fabric and the event left such an impression of content on the mind of the good old man, that, being carried to see it once a year, it seemed to recall a memory that was almost deadened to every other use. He died at the great age of ninety-one, and was buried under the dome of St. Paul's, where the following inscription comprehends his merit and his fame:—

'*Si quæris monumentum, circumspice!*'

GRINLING GIBBONS.

By a lucky accident, Grinling Gibbons, who was born about the middle of the 17th century, was discovered at Deptford, to which place he had removed from Belle Sauvage Courts, by the accomplished John Evelyn. The diarist thus relates the interview and its consequences:—

'1671, *January* 18.—This day I first acquainted his Majesty with that incomparable young man Gibbons, whom I lately met with in an obscure place, by *mere* accident, as I was walking near a poor, solitary, thatched house, in a field in our parish Deptford, near Sayes Court. I found him shut in; but, looking in at the window, I perceived him carving the large cartoon of Tintoret, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original painting remains.

'I asked if I might enter, and he opened the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as, for curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness, I had never before seen in all my travels. I asked him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me it was that he might apply himself to his profession without interruption, and wondered not a little how I had found him out. I asked him if he was unwilling to be made known to some great man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit. He answered that he was but as yet a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell that piece; on demanding his price, he said an hundred pounds. In good earnest, the very frame was worth the money, there being in nature nothing so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the work was very strong; in the piece were more than an hundred figures of men. And I found he was likewise musical, and very civil, sober, and discreet in his discourse. There was only an old woman in his house.'

The genius of the man and

the gentleness of his manners made such an impression on Evelyn, that he acquainted King Charles with the discovery he had made at Deptford, and requested leave to bring Gibbons and his sculpture to Whitehall. The King declared he would go to Deptford and see him; but the artist anticipated his Majesty, and came with his work to the palace. Evelyn shall tell the conclusion of the story: 'The King saw the carving at Sir R. Browne's chamber, who was astonished at the curiosity of it, but was called away, and sent it to the Queen's chamber. There was a French peddling woman, who used to bring baubles out of France for the ladies, began to find fault with several things in it, which she understood no more than an ass or a monkey. So, in a kind of indignation, I caused it to be taken back and sent down to the cottage again. He not long after sold it to Sir G. Viner for eighty pounds: it was well worth an hundred without the frame.' This repulse did not daunt the worthy Evelyn. He recommended Gibbons to Sir Christopher Wren, a more competent judge of his merit than the French peddling woman; and he was forthwith employed in the embellishment of Windsor.

Gibbons made a magnificent tomb for Baptist Noel, Viscount Camden, in the church of Exton, in Rutlandshire. It cost £1000, is twenty-one feet high and fourteen wide. Gibbons also carved the wooden throne at Canterbury, and the foliage in the choir of St. Paul's.

Gibbons died on the 3d of August 1721, at his house in Bow Street, Covent Garden; and in November of the following year his collection, a very considerable one, of pictures, models, etc., was sold by auction.

JOHN BACON.

We now come to another eminent name, that of John Bacon. This famous sculptor was descended from an ancient family in Somersetshire, and was the son of Thomas Bacon, a cloth-worker in Southwark. He was born in 1740. At the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to a Mr. Crispe, of Bow Church Yard, where he was employed in painting on porcelain, and forming the models of shepherds, shepherdesses, and other ornamental pieces for his master's china manufactory at Lambeth. Such was his skill and industry in this humble employment, that he was at this early age enabled to gratify his filial piety by supporting his parents from the produce of his labours, although at the expense of those enjoyments which children of less affection and thought cannot easily resign. How long he continued in this occupation we are not told. We find him a successful labourer in Coade's Artificial Stone Manufactory, Lambeth, soon after its establishment in 1769,

and in great favour with its proprietor.

It would appear that Bacon had endeavoured to unite the profits of his engagement at Coade's manufactory, with those arising from employments of his own. For some time before the period of his admission to the Academy, he had attempted to work in marble; and as he was an assiduous student, he began in the course of time to acquire the skill of hand necessary for that delicate task. He had a small studio in the city, where he laboured in the evenings. Gradually his name became known, commissions both of the ornamental and of the monumental kind were entrusted to his hand, and he began to look beyond the contracted circle in which he had hitherto moved.

The city was of course an unfavourable situation, and accordingly Bacon now went to live in what his reverend biographer politely calls the West End of the town: in truth, he took a little shop and lodgings in Wardour Street, a thoroughfare of no great dignity. It was here—in a studio half above ground and half below—that he commenced his contest for bread and fame, and he soon was master of both.

In this place he was found by Dr. (afterwards Archbishop) Markham, who had come up from Oxford commissioned to get a bust of the King carved for the hall of Christ Church. *The divine*, a most learned and generous man, having seen the statues of Mars and Venus, thought so favourably of their sculptor that he inquired his address, and now, with his other works before him, desired to know if he made busts, and if he would like to model one of his Majesty for Oxford.

'I make busts,' said the sculptor modestly; 'I would willingly make one of his Majesty, if he would condescend to sit.'

'I shall manage that for you,' said Dr. Markham; and, waiting on the King, soon summoned the sculptor to come to the palace and commence his work.

Bacon dressed himself plainly and neatly, took the purest clay, his best modelling tools, a silver syringe for spirting water on the model instead of spouting it discourteously from the mouth, and was conducted into the royal chamber by Dr. Markham. No man of his day excelled Bacon in that nice tact, which, discriminating between the overstrained and the polite, gives to each person what his rank or his sense of his own importance induces him to expect. The King, always a lover of simplicity, was pleased with the looks and still more with the address of the artist, and said, as he proceeded with the model, 'Bacon, have you studied in Rome? did you learn your art out of England?' 'I have never studied out of your Majesty's dominions,' replied the sculptor.

'I am glad of it, I am glad of it,' answered the King; 'you

will be the greater honour to us.'

The skill which Bacon showed in this royal bust, and the modest and unaffected bearing of the man, gained much upon the King, who desired him to prepare a copy of it as a present to the University of Gottingen. A third was subsequently carved for the succeeding sovereign, and a fourth for the Society of Antiquaries.

The road was now opened to Bacon, and he was not slow in availing himself of the facilities it offered of winning the confidence of his sovereign, and keeping it secure against all rivalry.

He was soon after employed by the Dean and scholars of Christ Church, to form several busts for them. In 1777 he was asked to prepare a model of a monument to be erected in Guy's Hospital, Southwark, to the memory of the founder. It was this work that chiefly recommended him for the execution of Lord Chatham's monument in Guildhall. One of his grandest efforts is his monument to Lord Chatham in Westminster Abbey, which was begun in 1778 and finished in 1783.

In almost the vigour of life, and when his fame was at its height, Bacon was suddenly cut off. He died on the 7th of August 1799, in the 59th year of his age.

JOHN FLAXMAN.

'The best history of an artist,' remarks the author of a brief memoir of Flaxman, 'is undoubtedly to be found in an account of his principal works; for in these are usually displayed the qualities of his mind, the nature of his studies, and the depth of his knowledge; and when the subjects are chosen by himself, they are fair transcripts of his thoughts and affections, and present as true a reflex of his heart and mind as a clear mirror would of the features of his face. Never was this more strongly exemplified than in the present instance; for in the works of Mr. Flaxman, wherever are found the representations of wisdom, magnanimity, piety, or any of the Christian virtues and charities that exalt human nature, they were his own.'

This excellent man and admirable artist was born on the 6th of July 1755, in the city of York, where his father at that time resided, but which he quitted while his son was yet an infant. He very early gave indications of that observation, and love for works of art, by which he was distinguished in maturer life. While yet a child, he made a great number of small models, both in plaster-of-Paris, wax, and clay, some of which were long preserved, and showed considerable merit.

In early youth his health was very precarious, but when he was about ten years of age it greatly improved; and though not strong, he had become a lively, active boy, with great

enthusiasm of character, which chiefly displayed itself on the subjects of generosity, courage, and humanity.

He now modelled and drew most assiduously, but never received more than two lessons from a master, being hurt at having (according to rule) a drawing of eyes only given him to copy, which having done, he showed them to Mr. Mortimer, a very clever artist, who asked if they were flounders. This jest not being at all encouraging, his father allowed him to choose his own examples, and pursue his studies in his own way; which he did so successfully, that at the age of eleven years and five months he gained the first prize from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, etc. (which was the silver palette), for a model. At thirteen he gained another prize, and the following year was admitted a student at the Royal Academy, then newly established, and the same year received their silver medal.

Among his other engagements in art, he was much employed by Mr. Wedgwood in modelling for his manufactory; and from the good taste and persevering spirit of the one, and the genius, ability, and industry of the other, was produced the great improvement in every description of vase, dish, cup, etc., whether for ornament or use, and which has been acknowledged throughout the civilised *world.* A set of chess-men were the most beautiful things of the kind ever produced.

One of Flaxman's most admired works, previous to his going to Italy, was a beautiful group of Venus and Cupid, which was executed for Mr. Knight of Portland Place; another was a monument in Gloucester Cathedral to the memory of Mrs. Morley, who with her infant died at sea: the mother and her babe are rising from the waves, and being received by descending angels. It is an exquisite thing, full of that more than mortal beauty so proper to the subject, and at the same time quite affecting from the sentiment and expression of the whole composition.

In 1782 Flaxman married Miss Ann Denman, an amiable and accomplished woman, who accompanied him to Italy in 1787. Fortunately, his wife possessed such intelligence of mind and love of art, that her society assisted, rather than impeded, the progress of the artist through the studies and difficulties of his profession.

It was not known to any but Flaxman's nearest friends what it was that determined him to visit Rome. The fact was this: When Sir Joshua Reynolds heard from himself that he was married, he exclaimed, 'Oh, then, you are ruined for an artist!' This observation (which was really unworthy of the great man who uttered it) decided what had hitherto been with him a question, whether he should quit

England and study for a time in Italy. He therefore began to contemplate it as a thing to be done, and set about closing his concerns — that is to say, finishing the works he had in hand, without undertaking others.

At length everything was concluded, and knowing that his pecuniary resources would allow him to go without imprudence, he resolved on an absence of two years, a period which he thought would be sufficient for his purpose. But when two years had passed away, he found that the business he had undertaken would not as yet permit him to leave Rome; and one engagement succeeded another, until the intended absence of two years became seven.

Throughout this interesting journey, as well as during his residence in Rome, Mr. Flaxman's application was incessant. Whether he was drawing from the antique, or making studies from the living groups and figures abounding in the venerable city and its environs, each object, animate and inanimate, was beautiful or noble or all-inspiring: no day was lost, and, except his health and strength failed, no hour of the day was suffered to pass without improvement.

In Rome he executed a group of colossal size, consisting of four figures, for Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry. The subject was the fury of Athamus, from Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. For this great work he received a sum so small that he was a considerable loser by it; indeed, the great loss and vexation this commission brought, made the mentioning the subject afterwards disagreeable to him.

In Rome he made those designs from Homer, Æschylus, and Dante, so well known and admired throughout Europe, more particularly on the Continent.

In 1794 Flaxman and his wife returned to their native land, where his first work was the monument of Earl Mansfield for Westminster Abbey, the order for which he received previous to his leaving Rome. The figure of the Earl is in his judicial robes, sitting, and in the act of giving judgment. He is supported on each side by Wisdom and Justice, as represented by the ancients; the youth behind the pedestal with the inverted torch is a classical personification of Death.

In Westminster Abbey is a noble monument, with a statue of Captain James Montague, crowned by Victory, which possesses an unusual combination of aerial grace with dignity. The lions on the base are admirable portraits of the magnificent animal from which they were studied, at that time living in the Tower. The flags behind the statue were added by Flaxman at his own cost, as he found they would greatly improve the composition,—the excellence of the work being

always with him a prior consideration to the profit.

In St. Paul's, Flaxman's monument of Lord Nelson has a striking portrait of the hero, wrapped in a pelisse, and leaning on an anchor. Britannia is pointing out the noble example to two young sailors. In the same cathedral is a monument to Earl Howe: above is a sitting figure of Britannia, holding a trident; the Earl stands below her on her left; the British lion is watching by him on the other side. Fame is recording the achievements of the admiral, while Victory, leaning over her, places a crown on the lap of Britannia.

Perhaps the most striking family monument ever executed by Flaxman, was to the family of Sir Francis Baring, in Micheldever Church, Hants.

Flaxman's grandest work in this country was the group of the Archangel Michael and Satan, for the Earl of Egremont, and was one of the last productions of the sculptor. This is a work which, in after ages, will be a glory to the nation, to the memory of the artist, and the name of the truly noble proprietor.

The 'Shield of Achilles' by Flaxman is a proof of the high classical knowledge, the perfect acquaintance with the human figure, and the truly poetic spirit of him who made the composition. For the variety of its beauties and its skilful execution *it is unrivalled*, and truly worthy of adorning the palace of a sovereign.

In 1797 Flaxman was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, in 1800 an Academician, and in 1810 he was appointed Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy, where he gave his lectures every season, with but few omissions, until the last year of his life, 1826, when his health only permitted him to deliver one.

He died on the 7th of December 1826, having entered the seventy-second year of his age. Well might Sir Thomas Lawrence say, in his most eloquent and feeling address to the students, that the death of this exemplary man was a deep and irreparable loss to art, to his country, and to Europe.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.

The famous sculptor Sir Francis Chantrey was born at Norton, near Sheffield, in 1781. His taste for art was early displayed. When a mere child, he astonished his friends by his talents in drawing and modelling. He was apprenticed to a carver and gilder in Sheffield, and all his leisure hours were devoted to the study and practice of his favourite pursuits. After a short visit to London, where he attended the school of the Royal Academy, he returned to Sheffield; and his career of fame and fortune did not begin till the year 1809, when he received an order from Mr. Alexander, the

architect, for four colossal busts of Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson, for Trinity House, and for the Greenwich Naval Asylum. From this time he was unrelaxing in his efforts, and continually successful. In 1817 there appeared the exquisite group of 'The Sleeping Children,' in Lichfield Cathedral. Among his numerous works are busts of Lord Castlereagh, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Canning, George IV., William IV., Queen Victoria, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, and statues of James Watt, Dr. Cyril Jackson, Grattan, Washington, etc.

We can hardly do better than conclude this brief notice of the labours of this great sculptor by quoting the following eulogium from the *Quarterly Review*, said to be from the pen of Mr. Allan Cunningham :—

'England may justly be proud of Chantrey. His works reflect back her image as a mirror. He has formed his taste on no style but that of nature, and no works of any age or country but his own can claim back any inspiration which they may have lent him. He calls up no shapes from antiquity, he gives us no established visions of the past; the moment he breathes in is his, the beauty and the manliness which live and move around him are his materials, and he embodies them for the gratification of posterity. He seems to work as if he were unconscious of any other rival but nature: the antique is before him, but he prefers flesh and blood, and it would certainly cost him far more labour to imitate the work of another school than to create an image from the impulse of his own feeling. Robert Burns said that the Muse of his country found him, as Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him; and the same may be said of Chantrey. It was in a secluded place, a nameless spot, into which art had never penetrated, that the inspiration of sculpture fell upon him. The desire of the art came over him, before he knew to what toil he was tasking his spirit. Nature had taken possession of his heart, and filled it with forms of English loveliness, before he knew that the works of Greece existed; and to this we attribute his success and his fame. An air of freedom and ease, of vigour which comes not from the muscle, but from the mind of sentiment making action her auxiliary, and a look of life and reality, are stamped on all his statues, busts, and groups. He courts repose; he seems not averse to gentle action, but has never yet sought in violent motion for elements either of sadness or solemnity. We call this not only the true, but the classic sculpture of our country. The Greeks charmed the whole earth by working in this spirit. But the liberties which the Greeks took with their Olym-

pus gave them advantage over modern sculptors. A Christian artist allows not his fancy to invade the sanctities of heaven; he presumes not to embody its shapes; he dares not define the presence of God. Our best sculpture is therefore of a grosser nature, less ethereal in form, and less godlike in sentiment.

'The works of Chantrey are all of a domestic or historical kind. He has kept the preserve of pure poetry for the time when his hand may have uninterrupted leisure, and the cares of providing for existence shall no longer have any right to interfere with fancy. His statues are numerous, and we like his sitting ones the best. Meditation and thought are at their freedom when the body is at rest; and though some of our poets have conceived and composed in the act of walking, we hold that a man who thinks seated will always look more like a man in grave thought than one who stands, let him think ever so stoutly. James Watt is still living, so far as sculpture can prolong life; his perfect image, meditating on the extraordinary power which man wields so easily and profitably, is preserved to the world. The statue of Chief Baron Dundas is graceful and unaffected; that of Dr. Anderson is the literal and perfect image of the happy and benevolent old man; and that of Dr. Cyril Jackson must please all who knew the Dean, or love flowing draperies and the memory of Christ Church walks. Of his erect figures, Washington is our favourite: the hero of American independence seems the very personification of one wrapt up in thought—a man of few words, of prompt deeds, with a mind and fortitude for all emergencies. Grattan is a being of another class—earnest, voluble, in motion more than any other of the artist's works, and yet with something both of dignity and serenity beyond what the orator possessed. Horner is anxious, apprehensive, and mildly grave. You look, expecting him to speak. General Gillespie is a fine, manly, martial figure.

'In all these works we admire a subordinate beauty, a decorous and prudent use of modern dress. All its characteristic vulgarities are softened down or concealed. There is no aggravation of tassels, no projection of buttons. Though we are conscious that there is no art used in hiding these deformities, the skill of the sculptor has contrived to conceal it in nature.'

CHAPTER XI.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT MUSICIANS.

'Music, which gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.'—TENNYSON.

THOMAS TALLIS—ORLANDO GIBBONS—DR. JOHN BULL—HENRY LAWES—JOHN BLOW—DR. ALDRICH—HENRY PURCELL—CAROLAN—WILLIAM CROFT—DR. ARNE—DR. BOYCE—CHARLES DIBDIN—LORD MORNINGTON—NEIL GOW—JONATHAN BATTISHILL—DR. ARNOLD—JOHN WALL CALLCOTT—DR. CROTCH—BALFE.

'MUSIC,' says Luther, 'is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music,' adds Luther, 'and would not for a great matter be without the little skill which I possess in the art.'

As a nation, we are far behind some of our neighbours in regard to this divine art. The list of our native musicians, it is true, is extensive enough, but the talent it contains is not profound; it is only a few degrees above respectable. We are improving, however, and he would be a rash prophet who would predict that we will not some of these days produce a Handel, a Mozart, or a Mendelssohn of our own.

THOMAS TALLIS.

Thomas Tallis, the master of Bird, and one of the greatest musicians, not only of this country but of Europe, during the sixteenth century, in which so many able contrapuntists were

produced, was born early in the reign of Henry VIII. It has been frequently asserted that he was organist of the Chapel Royal during the reign of that monarch, and also in that of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth; yet it would be difficult to prove that in the first three of these reigns laymen were ever appointed to any such office. In the reigns of Henry and his daughter Mary, when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, the organ in convents was usually played by monks, and in cathedrals and collegiate churches and chapels by the canons and others of the priesthood. The first lay organists of the Chapel Royal upon record, were Dr. Tye, Blithman, the master of Dr. Bull, Tallis, and Bird—all during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Though the melody of the cathedral service was first adjusted to English words by Marbeck, yet Tallis first enriched it with harmony.

But the most curious and extraordinary of all his labours was his song of forty parts, which is still subsisting. This wonderful effort of harmonical abilities is not divided into choirs of four parts—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass in each—like the compositions *a molti cori* of Benevoli and others, but consisted of eight trebles placed under each other, eight mezzo-soprano or mean parts, eight counter-tenors, eight tenors, and eight basses, with one line for the organ. All these *several* parts, as may be imagined, are not in simple counterpoint, or filled up in mere harmony without meaning or design, but have each a share in the short subjects of fugue and imitation, which are introduced upon every change of words.

Tallis died in the year 1585, and was buried in the old parish church of Greenwich, in Kent. The following epitaph, which Dr. Boyce has printed in the first volume of his collection of cathedral music, Strype, in his continuation of Stowe's *Survey*, printed in 1720, says he found engraved in Gothic letters on a brass plate in the chancel:—

'Enterred here doth ly a worthy wyght,
Who for long time in musick bore the bell;
His name to show was Thomas Tallis hyght,
In honest, vertuous lyff he dyd excell.

'He served long tyme in chappel with grete prayse
Fower sovereygnes reignes (a thing not often seene),—
I mean king Henry and prince Edward's dayes,
Quene Marie, and Elizabette our quene.

'He maryed was, though children he had none,
And lyv'd in love full three and thirty yeres
With loyal spowse, whose name yclept was Jone,
Who here entombed, him company now bears.

'As he dyd lyve, so also dyd he dy,
In myld and quyet sort, O happy man!
To God ful oft for mercy did he cry;
Wherefore he lyves, let Death do what he can.'

ORLANDO GIBBONS.

One of the most celebrated English musicians of his time was Orlando Gibbons. He was a native of Cambridge, and was born in the year 1583.

At the age of twenty-one he was appointed organist to the Chapel Royal, and in 1622 (along with Dr. Heyther) obtained the degree of Doctor of Music in the University of Oxford. Three years after this, being ordered to go to Canterbury for the purpose of attending the marriage solemnity between King Charles I. and Henrietta of France (for which he had composed the music), he was seized with the small-pox, and died there at the age of forty-two. He was buried in the cathedral church of that city.

In 1612 he published 'Madrigals in four parts, for voices and viols'; but the most excellent of his works are his compositions for the Church—namely, his services and anthems, of which there are many extant in the cathedral books. His anthem of 'Hosannah' is one of the most perfect models of composition in the church style now to be found. He composed the tunes to the 'Hymns and Songs of the Church, translated by George Withers'; and some of his lessons for the virginal are preserved in the collection entitled 'Parthenia.'

The compositions of Orlando Gibbons are for the most part truly excellent, and the study of them cannot be too strongly recommended. The characteristics of his music are fine harmony, unaffected simplicity, and an almost unexampled grandeur. In choice of subjects, for skill in the management of them, and for flow of melody in all the parts, this great master was inferior to none of his contemporaries, and infinitely superior to most of them.

DR. JOHN BULL.

It is not a little remarkable, that to a composer with our national patronymic we should be indebted for our national anthem of 'God Save the King.'

Few subjects connected with literature or the fine arts have been more amply discussed than the authorship of this anthem, and it has been attributed to various composers, from the reign of James the First to that of George the Second. It seems, however, exceedingly probable that this national anthem was set to music by Dr. John Bull, at the particular request of the Merchant Tailors' Company, and that it was first sung in their hall by the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, who were in attendance, at a sumptuous entertainment given by that company to King James the First, on Thursday, July 16, 1607. The object of the dinner was to congratulate his Majesty on his escape from the gunpowder plot, and for this occasion the anthem was composed.

It further appears that 'Non nobis, Domine,' was first sung on the same occasion by the children standing at the King's table.

Dr. Bull was the first Gresham Professor of Music, and was appointed to that office upon the special recommendation of Queen Elizabeth; but though a skilful musician, he was not able to read his lectures in Latin, and therefore, by a special provision in the ordinances respecting the Gresham Professors, made in 1599, it is declared 'that because Dr. Bull is recommended to the place of Music Professor by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, being not able to speak Latin, his lectures are permitted to be altogether English so long as he shall continue Music Professor there.'

After the decease of Queen Elizabeth, Bull was appointed chamber musician to James the First; and when his Majesty and Prince Henry dined at Merchant Tailors' Hall in 1607, on the occasion above referred to, the royal guests were entertained with music, both vocal and instrumental, as well as with several orations. And while his Majesty was at table, according to Stowe, 'Dr. Bull, who was free of that company, being in a citizen's gowne, cappe, and hood, played most excellent melody upon a small payre of organs, placed there for that purpose only.'

In 1613 Dr. Bull finally quitted England, and entered into the service of the Archduke in the Netherlands. He seems afterwards to have settled at Lubeck, from which place many of his compositions in the list published by Dr. Ward are dated, one of them as late as 1622, the supposed year of his decease.

Dr. Bull has been censured for quitting his establishment in England; but it is probable that the increase of health and wealth was the cause and consequence. Indeed, he seems to have been praised at home more than rewarded; and it is no uncommon thing for one age to let an artist starve, to whom the next would willingly erect statues.

The national anthem does not seem to have come into notoriety till the first successes of Prince Edward Stuart, in the autumn of 1745, called forth a burst of loyalty, that is, anti-Popish feeling, in the populace of London. To gratify this sentiment, the song was brought upon the stage in both Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres.

The *Daily Advertiser* of Monday, September 30, 1745, contains this statement: 'On Saturday night last, the audience at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was agreeably surprised by the gentlemen belonging to that house performing the anthem of "God save our noble King." The universal applause it met with — being encored with repeated huzzas — sufficiently de-

noted with how just abhorrence they held the arbitrary schemes of our insidious enemies, and detest the despotic attempts of Papal power.'

HENRY LAWES.

Henry Lawes is celebrated for having introduced the Italian style of music into this country. He was a native of Salisbury, and was born in the year 1600. In the month of January 1625 he was made pisteller, and in November following a gentleman of the Chapel Royal. After this he was appointed clerk of the check, and a gentleman of the private music to Charles I.

With reference to his claim to having introduced the Italian style of music into England, it has been remarked that it rests on no better foundation than his having been educated under Coperario, and having composed a song on the story of Theseus and Ariadne, in which there are some passages that a superficial peruser might mistake for recitative. This song is published among his 'Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three voices,' printed in London in 1653.

In the preface to this collection the author mentions his having formerly composed some airs to Italian and Spanish words. He speaks of the Italians as being great masters of music, but at the same time says that his own nation had produced as many able musicians as any in Europe. He censures the partiality of the age for songs sung in a language which the hearers do not understand; and, in ridicule of it, speaks of a song of his own composition, printed at the end of the book, which was nothing more than an index of the initial words of some old Italian song or madrigal. He says that this index, which he had set to a varied air, and, when read together, was a strange medley of nonsense, passed with a great part of the world as an Italian song.

The first composition in the above collection is 'The Complaint of Ariadne' (before mentioned), the music to which is neither recitative nor air, but in such a medium between the two that a name is wanting for it. The circumstance which contributed to recommend it to notice cannot now be discovered, but the applauses that attended the singing of it almost exceed belief.

Lawes also composed tunes to Mr. Sandys' paraphrase on the Psalms, published in 1638, and afterwards in 1676. Milton's *Comus* was originally set to music by Lawes, and was first represented on Michaelmas night, 1634, at Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, for the entertainment of the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, and others of the neighbourhood. Lawes himself played in it the character of the attendant spirit, who, about the middle of the drama, appears to the brothers habited like

a shepherd. The music never appeared in print.

The songs of Lawes, to a very great number, are to be found in the collection entitled 'Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues,' by Dr. Wilson, Dr. Charles Colman, Henry Lawes, and William Webb, published in 1652; 'Ayres and Dialogues,' published by himself in the year following; 'The Treasury of Music,' 1669, and several others printed about that time.

In these are contained the songs of Waller, all or nearly all of which were set to music by Lawes; and as an acknowledgment of the obligation, that poet has celebrated his skill in the following lines:—

'Let those who only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with ut, re, mi;
Let words of sense be set by thee.'

Lawes continued in the service of the King no longer than the breaking out of the rebellion. From that time he employed himself in teaching ladies to sing. He, however, retained his place in the Chapel Royal, and composed the coronation anthem for King Charles II. He died in 1662, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

JOHN BLOW.

Charles II., who was very fond of music, perceiving genius in many of the children of the Chapel Royal, encouraged them to try to compose pieces by themselves. Many of the children composed anthems and services which would do honour to mature age, particularly John Blow, afterwards Doctor in Music, who attracted the notice of the King by his talents, and was asked by him if he could imitate a little duet of Carissimi to the words 'Dite o Cieli.' Blow modestly answered he would try, and composed in the same measure and the same key that fine song, 'Go, perjured man;' and afterwards he composed another, little inferior, to the words, 'Go, perjured maid.'

In 1673 Blow was sworn one of the gentlemen of the chapel, and in the following year he was appointed master of the children. In 1685 he was appointed one of the private musicians to King James II., and in 1687 he was likewise appointed almoner and master of the choristers in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul.

Blow had his degree of Doctor of Music conferred on him by the special grace of Archbishop Sancroft, without performing an exercise for it in either of the Universities. On the decease of Purcell, in 1695 he was elected organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and in 1699 was appointed composer to the chapel of their Majesties King William and Queen Mary, at a salary of £40 a year, which afterwards was augmented to £73.

Dr. Blow died in 1708, at sixty years of age; and though

he did not arrive at great age, yet, by beginning his course and mounting to the summit of his profession so early, he enjoyed a prosperous and eventful life. His compositions for the Church, and his scholars who arrived at eminence, have rendered his name venerable among the musicians of his country.

DR. ALDRICH.

Dr. Aldrich was not less eminent as a musician than as a divine. By the happy talent which he possessed of naturalizing the compositions of the old Italian masters, and accommodating them to an English ear, he increased the stores of our own Church with many of the notes of Palestrina, Carissimi, Victoria, and other distinguished composers, and many of his anthems and other services of the Church are still frequently sung in our cathedrals.

Though the Doctor chiefly applied himself to the cultivation of sacred music, yet, being a man of humour, he could divert himself by producing pieces of a lighter kind. There are two catches of his—the one, 'Hark, the bonny Christ Church bells;' the other, entitled 'A smoking catch,' to be sung by four men smoking their pipes, which is as difficult to sing as it is amusing.

The admirable choral discipline Dr. Aldrich preserved in his college at Oxford for upwards of twenty years, was long remembered. Indeed, without neglecting more important concerns, he seems to have interested himself in the cultivation and prosperity of the musical art with as much zeal and diligence as if his studies and pursuits had been devoted to that alone.

HENRY PURCELL.

Henry Purcell was born in 1658. His father Henry and his uncle Thomas Purcell were both musicians, and gentlemen of the Chapel Royal at the time of the Restoration. At this time of day it cannot be ascertained from whom Henry received his first instructions in music. As his father died in 1664, when he was only six years old, it is probable that he was qualified for a chorister by Captain Cook, who was master of the children from the Restoration till his death, in 1672. Purcell was appointed organist of Westminster Abbey at the age of eighteen, so he must have learned the elements of his art at a very early period of life. He certainly was taught to sing at the King's Chapel, and received lessons from Pelham Humphrey, Cook's successor, till his voice broke—an accident which usually happens to youth at sixteen or seventeen years of age.

After this perhaps he had a few lessons on composition from Dr. Blow, which were sufficient to cancel all the instruction he

had received from other masters, and to occasion the boast inscribed on Dr. Blow's tombstone, that he had been 'Master to the famous Henry Purcell.'

Purcell is said to have profited so much from his first lessons and early application, as to have composed, while a singing boy in the chapel, many of his anthems, which have been constantly sung in our cathedrals ever since.

Eighteen was a very early age for the appointment of organist at Westminster Abbey, one of the first cathedrals in the country for choral compositions and performances. It was not likely he would stop here: the world is more partial to promising youth than to accomplished age. In his twenty-fourth year, in 1682, he was promoted to one of the three places of organist of the Chapel Royal, on the death of Edward Low, the successor of Dr. Gibbons in the same station.

After this he produced so many admirable compositions for the church and chapel of which he was organist, and where he was certain of having them better performed than elsewhere, that his fame soon extended to the remotest parts of the kingdom. From this time his anthems were procured with eagerness, and heard with pious rapture wherever they could be performed. Nor was he long suffered to devote his talents exclusively to the service of the *Church*. He was very early in life solicited to compose for the stage and the chamber; in both which undertakings he was so decidedly superior to all his predecessors, that his compositions seemed to speak a new and more intelligible language. His songs contain whatever the ear could then wish or heart feel. In fact, no other vocal music was listened to with pleasure for nearly thirty years after Purcell's death, when they gave way only to the favourite opera songs of Handel.

The unlimited power of Purcell's genius embraced every species of composition that was then known with equal felicity. In writing for the Church, whether he adhered to the elaborate and learned style of his great predecessors Tallis, Bird, and Gibbons, in which no instrument is employed but the organ, and the several parts moving in fugue, imitation, or plain counterpoint, or, on the contrary, giving way to feeling and imagination, adopted the new and more expressive style, of which he was himself one of the principal inventors, accompanying the voice parts with instruments to enrich the harmony and enforce the melody and meaning of the words, he manifested equal abilities and resources. In compositions for the theatre, though the colouring and effects of an orchestra were then but little known, yet, as he employed them more than his predecessors, and gave to the voice a melody more interesting

and impassioned than during that century had been heard in this country, or even, perhaps, in Italy, he soon became the delight and darling of the nation. And in the several species of chamber music which he attempted, whether sonatas for instruments, or odes, cantatas, songs, ballads, and catches for the voice, he so far surpassed whatever our country had produced or imported before, that all other musical compositions seemed to have been instantly consigned to contempt and oblivion.

Had Purcell's short life been protracted, we might, perhaps, have had a school of secular music of our own, which we cannot to this day boast of. In many instances he has surpassed even Handel in the expression of English words and national feeling, and we may fairly sum up his merits as a musician in a single sentence. His beauties in composition were entirely his own, while his occasional barbarisms may be considered as unavoidable compliances with the false taste of the age in which he lived. The following epitaph, written by Dryden, is placed on the tomb of Purcell:

HEre lies
HENRY PURCELL, Esquire,
Who left this life,
And is gone to that blessed place
Where only his harmony
Can be exceeded.
Obiit 21mo die Novembris,
Anno ætatis suæ 37mo.
Anno Domini 1695.

CAROLAN.

The celebrated Irish bard Carolan lived towards the close of the seventeenth century, and was blind from his infancy. He seems, from the description we have of him, to have been a genuine representative of the ancient bards. Though blind and untaught, yet his attainments in music were of the highest order. At what period of his life Carolan commenced as itinerant musician is not known; nor is it ascertained whether, like many others, he *n'eût abord d'autre Apollon que le besoin*, or whether his fondness for music induced him to betake himself to that profession. Dr. Campbell, indeed, seems to attribute his choice of it to an early disappointment in love. But wherever he went, the gates of the nobility and gentry were thrown open to him, and a distinguished place was assigned him at table. Carolan thought the tribute of a song due to every house where he was entertained; and he seldom failed to pay it, choosing for his subject either the head of the family, or the loveliest of its branches. Indeed, on every occasion the emotions of his heart, whether of joy or grief, were expressed in his harp. Many a favourite fair has been the theme of a beautiful planxty; and as soon as the first excess of grief for the loss of his wife had subsided, he composed a monody on her death, teeming

with harmony and poetic beauties.

The fame of Carolan soon extended over Ireland, and, among others, reached the ears of an eminent Italian music-master in Dublin, who, putting his abilities to a severe test, became convinced how well his reputation was merited. The Italian singled out an excellent piece of music, but in several places either altered or mutilated the piece, although in such a manner as that no one but a real judge could make the discovery. It was then played to Carolan, who bestowed the deepest attention on the performance, although he was not aware of its being intended as a trial of his skill, or that the critical moment was then at hand which was to determine his reputation. When it was finished, and Carolan was asked his opinion, he declared that it was an admirable piece of music; but, said he, very humorously, in his own language, 'Ta se air chois air bacaighe,' that is, 'Here and there it limps and stumbles.' He was then requested to rectify the errors; and this he did immediately, to the astonishment of the Italian, who pronounced Carolan to be a true musical genius.

Carolan had, from an error in his education, at an early period of life contracted a fondness for spirituous liquors, which he retained even to the last stage of it. But inordinate gratifications bear their own punishment; and Carolan was not exempt from this general imposition. His physicians assured him that, unless he corrected this vicious habit, he would soon put an end to his mortal career. He obeyed with reluctance, and seriously resolved upon never tasting that forbidden though to him delicious cup. The town of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, was at that time his principal place of residence. There, while under so severe regimen, he walked, or rather wandered about in a reverie; his usual gaiety forsook him; no sallies of a lively imagination escaped him; every moment was marked by a dejection of spirit approaching to the deepest melancholy; and his harp, his favourite harp, lay in some obscure corner of his habitation, neglected and unstrung. Passing one day by a grocer's shop in the town, our Irish Orpheus, after a six weeks' quarantine, was tempted to step in, undetermined whether he should abide by his late resolution, or whether he should yield to the impulse which he felt at the moment. 'Well, my dear friend,' cried he to the young man who stood behind the counter, 'you see I am a man of constancy. For six long weeks have I refrained from whisky: was there ever so great an instance of self-denial? But a thought strikes me, and surely you will not be cruel enough to refuse one gratification which I shall earnestly solicit. Bring hither a

measure of my favourite liquor, which I shall smell, but indeed shall not taste.' The lad indulged him on that condition; and no sooner did the fumes ascend to his brain, than every latent spark within him was rekindled. His countenance glowed with an unusual brightness, and the soliloquy which he repeated over the cup was the effusion of a heart newly animated, and the ramblings of a genius which a Sterne would have pursued with raptures of delight. At length, to the great peril of his health, and contrary to the advice of his medical friends, he once more quaffed the forbidden draught, and renewed the brimmer until his spirits were sufficiently exhilarated, and until his mind had fully resumed its former tone. He immediately set about composing his much-admired song, which goes by the name of 'Carolan's (and sometimes Stafford's) Receipt.' For sprightliness of sentiment and harmony of numbers, it stands unrivalled in the list of our best modern convivial songs. He commenced the words, and began to modulate the air in the evening at Boyle, and before the following morning he sang and played this noble offspring of his imagination in Mr. Stafford's parlour at Elfin.

Carolan's inordinate fondness for Irish wine, as Peter the Great used to call whisky, will certainly not admit of excuse: it was a vice of habit, and therefore might have been corrected. But he seldom drank to excess; and he seemed to think, nay, was convinced from experience, that the spirit of whisky was grateful to his muse, and for that reason he generally offered it when he wished to invoke her. 'They tell me,' says Dr. Campbell, 'that in his latter days he never composed without the inspiration of whisky, of which, at that critical time, he always took care to have a bottle beside him.'

It is somewhat remarkable that Carolan, in his gayest mood, and even when his genius was most elevated by 'the flowing bowl,' never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett, in the county of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp with a mixture of rage and grief, and addressing himself in Irish, of which he was a pleasing and elegant speaker, 'Madam,' said he, 'I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty, in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me. There is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long among us; nay;'

said he emphatically, 'she will not survive twelve months.' The event verified the 'prediction,' and the young lady died within the period limited by the unconsciously prophetic bard.

WILLIAM CROFT.

William Croft was born in 1677 at Nether Eatington, in Warwickshire, and received his musical education in the Chapel Royal under Dr. Blow. His first preferment, after quitting the chapel, on the loss of his treble voice, was to the situation of organist of St. Ann's, Westminster, where an organ had been newly erected.

In 1700 he was admitted a gentleman extraordinary of the Chapel Royal, and in 1707, on the decease of Jeremiah Clarke, was appointed joint organist with his master, Dr. Blow. When Dr. Blow died, in the following year, he not only obtained the whole place of organist, but was appointed master of the children and composer of the Chapel Royal, as well as to the place of organist of Westminster Abbey.

All these appointments at so early a period of life, being then but thirty-one years of age, occasioned no diminution of diligence in the performance of his duty, or of zeal in the study and cultivation of his art; and indeed he seems to have gone through life in one even tenor of professional activity and propriety of conduct. We hear of no illiberal traits of envy, malevolence, or insolence. He neither headed nor abetted fiddling factions, but insensibly preserved the dignity of his station, without oppressing or mortifying his inferiors by reminding them of it. The universal respect he obtained from his talents, and eminence in the profession, seems to have been blended with personal affection.

In the year 1711 he resigned his place of organist of St. Ann's Church in favour of John Isham; and in the following year published anonymously, under the title of *Divine Harmony*, a similar book to that of Clifford, containing the words only of select anthems used in the Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, etc., with a preface giving a short account of our church music, and an encomium on Tallis and Bird.

In 1715 he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Music in the University of Oxford. His exercise for this degree, which was performed in the theatre on the 13th of July by the gentlemen of the chapel and other assistants from London, consisted of two odes, one in English and one in Latin, written by Dr. Joseph Trapp.

During the successful war of Queen Anne, the frequent victories obtained by the Duke of Marlborough occasioned Dr. Croft, as composer to Her Majesty, to be called upon to furnish hymns or anthems of thanksgiving. Several of these,

and other occasional compositions for the Church, were printed, and are still performed in our cathedrals.

Dr. Croft's music never reaches the sublime, though he is sometimes grand, and often pathetic. His allegros are always more feeble than his slow movements. This pleasing composer and amiable man died in 1727, in the fiftieth year of his age, of an illness occasioned by his attendance on his duty at the coronation of George II.

DR. ARNE.

The eminent composer Dr. Arne was at an early period of life put to the study of the law, a profession equally inconsistent with his genius and his inclination. Having privately procured an old violin, he used to steal to his garret, in order to learn to play upon that instrument; and such was his assiduity, that, without the aid of any tutor, he soon acquired such facility of execution as to play in a band with judgment and precision. His father, who had never received the least intimation of his strong propensity to music, being accidentally invited to a concert, was astonished to find his son flourishing in the orchestra as one of the principal performers.

The father of young Arne, finding the bent of his inclination, emancipated him from the dry and irksome study of the law, and placed him under the tuition of Festin, an excellent performer on the violin, where he soon rivalled the eminent abilities of his master. His talents soon brought him into a familiar intimacy with Farinelli, Senesino, Geminiani, and the other great Italian contemporary musicians.

At the early age of eighteen, Mr. Arne produced the opera of *Rosamond*, but it was not very successful; however, his masques of *Alfred* and *Comus*, altered from Milton, soon established his reputation as a composer; and he afterwards gave a series of operas to the public, which displayed the skill and talent of a great master. He was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Music by the University of Oxford, on which occasion he composed an admission ode, which has not been printed.

During the residence of Dr. Arne at Ditton, near Hampton Court, he received a visit from Mr. Garrick, chiefly with a view of hearing Miss Brent, whose taste the Doctor had cultivated with uncommon pains, and on whose vocal powers he justly set a high value. Garrick readily acquiesced in her superior merit; but, said he, in his usual familiar way, 'Tommy, you should consider that music is at best but pickle to my roast beef.' 'It is so, Davy,' replied the Doctor, in a strain of equal jocularity; 'your beef, then, shall be well pickled before I have done.'

Miss Brent accordingly made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre in the *Beggar's Opera*, which was repeated with such success, that Drury Lane house was nearly deserted, except on those nights that Garrick himself performed; and he was compelled to introduce operas, in order to rival the other theatre.

Dr. Arne died in 1778. A modern critic of high authority thus speaks of him: 'He was a singular instance of that predestinate taste which is to be accounted for only by peculiar organization, the existence of which, among other less splendid instances, has been since confirmed by Crotch, Himmel, and Mozart. His first stealthy acquisitions in musical science, made chiefly during the night, contrary to the direction of the principal pursuit of his life, and in opposition to the will of his father, are proofs of that irresistible propensity by which genius, perhaps universally, governs its possessors. This was the pure and unbought love of the art, generated by the pleasurable perception of sweet sounds; for although Handel's operas had begun to draw the attention of the public, Arne was too young to comprehend or to covet the chances of profitable exertion, when he resorted to the means by which he obtained the first rudiments of his future professional skill.

'There are in Arne's compositions a natural ease and elegance, a flow of melody which steals upon the senses, and a fulness and variety in the harmony which satisfies, without surprising the auditor by any new, affected, or extraneous modulation. He has neither the vigour of Purcell, nor the grandeur, simplicity, and magnificence of Handel; he apparently aimed at pleasing, and he has fully succeeded.'

DR. BOYCE.

About the year 1743 Dr. Boyce produced the serenetta of *Solomon*, which was long and justly admired as a pleasing and elegant composition. His next work was twelve sonatas or trios for two violins and a bass, which were longer and more generally purchased, performed, and admired, than any productions of the kind in this kingdom, except those of Corelli. They were not only in constant use as chamber music in private concerts, for which they were originally designed, but in our theatres as act-tunes, and at public gardens as favourite pieces during many years.

In 1749 he set to music the ode written by the Rev. Mr. Mason for the installation of the then Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, at which time he was honoured with the degree of Doctor in Music by that University.

Soon after this event, he set for Drury Lane Theatre *The*

Chaplet, a musical drama in one act, the dialogue of which is carried on in recitative. It had a very favourable reception and long run, and continued many years in use among the stock pieces of that theatre. Not long after the first performance of this drama, his friend Mr. Beard brought on the same stage the secular ode written by Dryden, and originally set by Dr. Boyce for Hickford's room, or the Castle concert, where it was first performed. This piece, though less successful than *The Chaplet*, by the animated performance and friendly zeal of Mr. Beard, was many times exhibited before it was wholly laid aside.

These compositions, with occasional single songs for Vauxhall and Ranelagh, disseminated the fame of Dr. Boyce throughout the kingdom as a dramatic and miscellaneous composer; while his choral compositions for the King's chapel, for the feast of the sons of the clergy at St. Paul's, for the triennial meetings at the three cathedrals of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, at the performance in all which places he constantly presided till the time of his death, established his reputation as an ecclesiastical composer and able master of harmony.

Dr. Boyce, with all due reverence for the abilities of Handel, was one of the few of our church composers who neither pillaged nor servilely imitated him. There is an original and sterling merit in his productions, founded as much on the study of our own old masters, as on the best models of other countries, that gives to all his works a peculiar stamp and character, for strength, clearness, and facility, without any mixture of styles, or extraneous and heterogeneous ornament.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Charles Dibdin early in life acquired reputation as a musical composer. He wrote the greater part of the music in *Love in the City*, which was produced in 1767. The drama failed, but Dibdin's music was much applauded, and several of the pieces, having been transferred to the popular opera of *The Romp*, enjoyed a long popularity.

He next composed a considerable portion of the music of *Lionel and Clarissa*, and afterwards the whole of that of *The Padlock*. These three operas were written by Bickerstaff, whose reputation as a musical dramatist was deservedly high. It was in *The Padlock* that Dibdin's musical genius shone out in all its lustre. The drama is clever and amusing; and such was the charm of Dibdin's fresh and graceful melodies, that the piece acquired vast and lasting popularity. The extent of this may be estimated from the fact stated by Dibdin in his *Professional Life*, that the author of the words kept the copyright in

his own hands, and that 28,000 copies had been sold in 1779. From this source, and from his benefits, Bickerstaff cleared at least £1700; while the author of the music, to which the immense success of the piece was owing, received for it, in all, only the sum of forty-five pounds.

For long Dibdin had to struggle against adverse fortune, and at last, abandoning hope of getting along in this country, he thought of going out to India, where he hoped to be kindly received by the friends and connections of a brother who had lately died. To raise money for his voyage, he made a tour through various parts of England, giving entertainments consisting of songs and recitations, —the embryo, as they may be called, of the entertainments which afterwards were so famous. This tour was not very profitable, one of the obstacles to Dibdin's success being an odd one: he was very generally taken for an impostor, an itinerant adventurer who was trying to make money by personating the celebrated Mr. Dibdin; and strange to tell, Dibdin, with all his talent, failed in various places to persuade the public that he was the real Simon Pure.

His account of this musical tour, a lively gossiping book, was published in 1787, with a list of six hundred subscribers, the Prince of Wales being at their head. To raise as much money as possible, he sold off the musical compositions he had on hand, on which occasion the music publishers seem to have taken a shameful advantage of his necessities.

'"The Waterman,"' says he, 'better known by the title of "My Poll and my Partner Joe," which certainly cleared the publisher two hundred pounds, I was compelled to sell for *two guineas;* and "Nothing like Grog," also a very popular song, yielded me no more than *half a guinea!*' Dibdin was then in the fulness of his fame and popularity. The purchasers knew pretty well what his songs were worth to them; and while their offer of such prices indicates an almost incredible degree of effrontery on their part, his acceptance of their offers is a melancholy proof of his destitute condition.

'In 1788,' says Mr. Hogarth, 'Dibdin sailed for India; but the vessel in which he embarked having been driven by adverse winds into Torbay, he landed there, and gave up further thoughts of his voyage. At Torbay he commenced a sort of musical lecture or soiree, which he repeated in various country towns, consisting of an entertainment which, with alterations, became the first of the series of entertainments which he afterwards gave in London. It was called, probably from the circumstances under which it was projected, *The Whim of the Moment*, and was brought out at Hutchin's auction-room, in King Street, Covent Garden—at first

with very little success, the public being unaware of its nature and excellence.

'He published twelve of the songs in this entertainment, but finding that, being issued on his own account, they had no sale, he sold them to a musicseller for sixty pounds. Among them was the celebrated "Poor Jack," which immediately became popular all over the kingdom, and must have produced to its proprietor many hundred pounds.

'The public were now awakened to the merit of this novel species of entertainment, and the next of the series, *The Oddities*, was fully successful. During its second season it was performed seventy-nine nights. The sale of the music was immense, and the author's profits commensurate. Of the "Greenwich Pensioner" alone he sold, from first to last, 10,750 copies, which yielded him a profit of more than £400; and on the above song, with "Poor Tom" and "The Lamplighter," he cleared (as he himself says) more money in four months than he had in his whole life received for the sale of music.

'In 1791 Dibdin removed the place of his entertainment to a room opposite Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, to which he gave the name of *Sans Souci*. Here he brought out with great success his entertainment entitled *Private Theatricals*. This gave occasion to the following epigram:—

"What more conviction need there be
That Dibdin's plan will do,
Since now we find him Sans Souci
Who late was *Sans six-sous?*"

'The uninterrupted success of these entertainments induced Dibdin to build a small theatre in Leicester Place, which he opened in 1796 with the one called *The General Election*. This new theatre was also called *Sans Souci*. From this time, however, his success declined; and he ascribed this falling off to his having removed too far from the City, from whence he had ever drawn his most substantial support.

'During the time that he was giving his entertainments in his *Sans Souci* theatre, he occasionally made tours through England, Scotland, and Ireland, where his performances were received in all quarters with the utmost applause, and his principal songs became universally popular. They were sold in every music-shop, seen on every lady's pianoforte, and sung in every company. Dibdin's profits at this time must have been very large, but unhappily he seems to have been unable to save anything out of them, so as to make the least approach towards realizing an independence.'

LORD MORNINGTON.

Lord Mornington furnishes an instance of greater precocity in musical talents than was evinced even by Dr. Crotch.

The following account is from the pen of Daines Barrington:—

'Lord Mornington's father played well, for a gentleman, on the violin, which always delighted the child whilst in his nurse's arms, and long before he could speak. Nor did this proceed merely from a love, common to other children, of a sprightly noise, as may appear by the following anecdote:—

'When an infant, and in his nurse's arms, he was uncommonly attentive whenever his father, who was a good musician, played on the violin. A musician of the name of Dubourg, who was at that time a distinguished performer on that instrument, being once at the Earl's house, and offering to take the violin, the child manifested the strongest objections to his father's parting with it; but when he heard Dubourg play, his infant mind became so sensible of the superiority, that he would never after permit his father to play when Dubourg was present.

'At the same time he beat time to all measures of music, however difficult; nor was it possible to force him to do otherwise, the most rapid changes producing an alteration in the child's hands.

'Though passionately fond of music, from indolence he never attempted to play on any instrument till he was nine years old. But his lordship was soon so *distinguished* for his musical *abilities*, that the University of Dublin conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Music, and he was appointed King's Professor. One of his songs, "Here in cool grot," has always been much admired.'

NEIL GOW.

Scotland, with all her fame for markedly original national music, can furnish the names of few composers. Like the writers of her ballads, the composers of her tunes have for the most part surrendered their individuality, and been content to die unknown. Amongst the small band whose names are known to us, Neil Gow stands pre-eminent for originality and power.

The following account of this extraordinary musical character was written by the Rev. Principal Baird, of the College at Edinburgh:—

'Neil Gow was born in Strathband, Perthshire, of humble but honest parents, in the year 1727. His taste for music was early decided. At the age of nine he began to play, and was, it is said, self-taught till about his thirteenth year, when he received some instruction from John Cameron, an attendant of Sir George Stewart of Grandtully.

'The following anecdote of a competition, which happened a few years after this, deserves to be related, not only as a proof of natural genius assuming its station at an early period, but on account of the circumstance

with which it concludes, and which was, perhaps, the first acknowledgment of that peculiar professional ability to which he afterwards owed his fame. A trial of skill having been proposed amongst a few of the best performers in the country, young Neil for some time declined the contest, believing himself to be no match for such masters in the art. At last, however, he was prevailed upon to enter the lists, and one of the minstrels, who was blind, being made the umpire, the prize was adjudged to Neil Gow, by a sentence in the justice of which the other competitors cheerfully acquiesced. On this occasion, in giving his decision, the judge said that he could distinguish *the stroke of Neil's bow* among a hundred players.

'Having now obtained the summit of his profession at home, the distinguished patronage first of the Athole family, and afterwards of the Duchess of Gordon, soon introduced him to the notice and admiration of the fashionable world. From this period Gow's excellence was doubtless unrivalled in his department of Scotch national music, and formed, in truth, an era in the progress of its improvement which has since been completed by his sons. The livelier airs which belonged to what are called the strathspey and reel, and which have long been peculiar to the northern part of the island, assumed in his hand a style of spirit, fire, and beauty which had never been heard before.

'It is curious and interesting to inquire, on the principles of art, in what consisted the peculiar character of a performance which had thus charmed and enlivened the scenes of gaiety and innocent pleasure, with equal effect, in every rank and age of life. There is, perhaps, no species whatever of music executed on the violin in which the characteristic expression depends more on the power of the *bow*, particularly what is called the *upward* or returning *stroke*, than the Highland reel. Here, accordingly, was Gow's forte. His bow-hand, as a suitable instrument of his genius, was uncommonly powerful; and where the note produced by the *up-bow* was often feeble and indistinct in other hands, it was struck in his playing with a strength and certainty which never failed to surprise and delight the skilful hearer. As an example, may be mentioned his manner of striking the tenor C in "Athol House."

'To this extraordinary power of the bow in the hand of great original genius, must be ascribed the singular facility of expression which he gave to all his music, and the native Highland *gout* of certain tunes, such as "Tullochgorum," in which his taste and style of bowing could never be exactly reached by any other performer. We may add the effect of the *sudden shout* with which he frequently accompanied his playing in the quick

tunes, and which seemed instantly to electrify the dancers, inspiring them with new life and energy, and rousing the spirits of the most inanimate. Thus it has been well observed: "The violin in his hands sounded like the harp of Ossian or the lyre of Orpheus, and gave reality to the poetic fictions which describe the astonishing effects of their performance."

'The different publications which have appeared under the name of Neil Gow, and which contain not only his sets of the older tunes, but various occasional airs of his own composition,—for instance, his "Lamentation for Abercairney," and "Loch Eroch Side,"—are striking specimens of feeling and power of embellishment. These were set and prepared for publication by his son, Nathaniel Gow.

'In private life Neil Gow was distinguished by a sound and vigorous understanding, by a singularly acute penetration into the character of those, both in the higher and lower spheres of society, with whom he had intercourse, and by the conciliating and appropriate accommodation of his remarks and replies to the peculiarities of their station and temper. In these he often showed a high degree of forcible humour, strong sense, and knowledge of the world, and proved himself to have at once a mind naturally sagacious, and a very attentive and discriminating habit of observation.'

He died at Inver, near Dunkeld, in 1807.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.

Jonathan Battishill was the son of an attorney. He was born in the year 1738. At the age of about nine years he was placed in the choir of St. Paul's, where he received the usual instructions in singing from Mr. Savage, who was at that time the master of the boys there. At an early age he was regularly articled as apprentice or pupil to this person, and prosecuted his studies with great diligence. This anxious spirit of research, combined with constant practice on the organ, at once stored his mind with those riches of harmonic combination and evolution, on which he formed his style, and gave him a command of hand adequate to the execution of whatever his imagination suggested; and at the expiration of his engagement with Mr. Savage, he was considered one of the best extempore performers on the organ which his country could boast.

He had not been long his own master before he was solicited to compose some songs for the theatre of Sadler's Wells, and he produced for that place several of the best ballads of the time. He was next engaged to preside at the harpsichord at Covent Garden Theatre; and long afterwards was appointed organist, first of the

united parishes of St. Clement, Eastcheap, and St. Martin, Orgar, and subsequently of Christchurch, Newgate Street.

After an active career, he died at Islington in 1801, in his sixty-third year, and according to his last request, was interred near Dr. Boyce, in the vaults of St. Paul's Cathedral.

It has been stated that the memory of Battishill was such, that even the longest compositions of Handel, Corelli, or Arne, were always sufficiently present to his recollection during the time he was playing them, to render the assistance of the text unnecessary. It is said that if he had once heard music, the impression of it was almost indelibly impressed on his mind, and a very singular instance has been recited in proof of this fact. He was one day dining with Dr. Arnold, when he played from memory several passages of the Doctor's oratorio of the *Prodigal Son*, which he had not heard for thirty years, and which the Doctor himself had entirely forgotten.

With respect to the general character of Battishill's compositions, they are marked by a peculiar strength of idea, great force and justness of expression, a masterly disposition, and a happy contrivance in the parts.

DR. ARNOLD.

Dr. Arnold was very eminent as a composer, and his oratorios and operas were highly esteemed in his day. The fame of his oratorio of the *Prodigal Son* was so high, that when, in 1773, it was in contemplation to install the late Lord North Chancellor of the University of Oxford, the stewards appointed to conduct the musical part of the ceremony applied to the composer of the *Prodigal Son*, for permission to perform that oratorio on the occasion. The ready and polite acquiescence of Mr. Arnold in this request, produced him the offer of an honorary degree in the theatre; but, conscious of his own scientific qualifications, he preferred the academical mode, and, conformably to the statutes of the University, received it in the schoolroom, where he performed as an exercise Hughes' poem on the power of music. On such occasions it is usual for the musical professor of the University to examine the exercise of the candidate, but Dr. W. Hayes returned Mr. Arnold his score unopened, saying, 'Sir, it is quite unnecessary to scrutinize the exercise of the author of the *Prodigal Son*.'

When Mr. Colman purchased the Haymarket Theatre, Dr. Arnold was there engaged as musical composer, and continued to act as such till his death. On the death of Dr. Nares, in 1783, he was appointed his successor as organist and composer to His Majesty's chapel at St. James'; and at the commemoration of Handel in West-

minster Abbey, in 1784, was nominated one of the sub-directors.

In 1789 he was appointed director and manager of the performances held in the Academy of Ancient Music, a post of honour in which he acquitted himself with the highest credit. In private life he is allowed to have possessed those virtues which engage and secure social esteem. He died at his house in Duke Street, Westminster, on the 22d of October 1802, in his sixty-third year.

JOHN WALL CALLCOTT.

In John Wall Callcott we have another example of an early love for knowledge. He was born at Kensington Gravel-pits, in Middlesex, in 1766. At twelve years of age he was taken from school, and from that period may be said to have educated himself.

In the summer of 1778 he obtained an introduction to the organist of Kensington, and, constantly attending the organ-loft, acquired, as a recreation, the first rudiments of music, having first determined to follow surgery as a profession. His study of anatomy was, however, but for a short period; for, witnessing a severe operation, his feelings received such a shock that he abandoned all idea of the medical profession.

In 1779 he commenced the *practice* of music, attempted composition, and wrote several pieces for a private play. He also continued to improve himself in classical learning, and in the French, Italian, Hebrew, and Syriac languages, algebra, and some branches of mathematics.

In 1782 he was introduced to and became intimate with Dr. Arnold and Dr. Cooke. In the following year he became assistant-organist at St. George the Martyr, Hanover Square; and in 1785 Dr. Cooke introduced him to the members of the Academy of Ancient Music. The professional connections he now formed gave him his first bias towards glee-writing.

Having assiduously studied harmony and counterpoint, he in 1784 sent his first glee to the Catch Club, as a candidate for the prize. It was unsuccessful; but he was not discouraged, and diligently prepared a number of compositions for the following year, when he experienced the gratification of finding himself signally rewarded with three medals.

About this period he actively engaged with Dr. Arnold in the formation of the Glee Club; and in compliance with an invitation to take a Bachelor's degree, from Dr. Philip Hayes, Professor of Music at Oxford, he commenced Bachelor in 1785, and set for the occasion Wharton's 'Ode to Fancy.'

In 1786 two more medals were awarded him from the Catch Club, and, through the

recommendation of Dr. Arnold, he succeeded to several valuable engagements as a teacher.

In 1787 the Catch Club admitted him as an honorary member, and he sent in *nearly one hundred compositions* as candidates for the prizes. On that occasion only two pieces, a canon and a glee, were successful; but in consequence of this extraordinary influx of compositions, it was resolved that the pieces presented should be limited to three of each description. Complying with this new regulation, in 1789 Callcott offered only twelve pieces, but all the four medals were assigned him,—a circumstance unparalleled in the history of the Catch Club. In the same year he was chosen joint-organist of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

From 1789 to 1793 (after which year the Catch Club ceased to offer prizes) he never failed annually to obtain distinction, but the chief part of his time was occupied with teaching.

Amongst the projects which he entertained, was one of compiling a musical dictionary, but he never lived to do more than accumulate material. He died on the 15th of May 1821, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Callcott's compositions were very numerous, and his printed works are by no means equal in extent to those which still remain in manuscript. Many of these consist of anthems, services, odes, etc.; but his fame will chiefly rest on his admirable glees, catches, and canons.

DR. CROTCH.

Of all the instances of musical precocity that history has recorded, Dr. Crotch was perhaps the most remarkable. His talents, when a child, were so extraordinary, that his parents rather wished to conceal them than otherwise, from a fear of drawing too much of the public attention upon them; but the fact soon transpired, and Mr. Crotch's house was so crowded that he was obliged to limit the child's exhibition of his wonderful powers to fixed days and hours.

When a year and a half old, he would leave his food to listen to music. At two years he would strike the two or three opening notes of the tune he wished his father to play to him. At two years and three months he could play a great part of 'God save the King' with one hand. In a day or two he mastered the whole of it, and in a few months more he could play 'Hope, thou nurse of young desire,' from *Love in a Village*.

The first voluntary he heard with attention was performed at his father's house, when he was two years and four months old, by Mr. Mully, a music-master. As soon as he was gone, the child got to the organ, and playing in a wild and different manner from that to which his mother was accustomed, she

asked him what he was doing. He replied, 'I am playing the gentleman's fine thing;' and Mr. Mully, who afterwards heard it, acknowledged that the child had remembered several passages, which he played correctly.

Being present at a concert where a band of gentlemen performers played the overture in *Rodelinda*, he was so delighted with the minuet that the next morning he hummed part of it in bed, and by noon, without any further assistance, played the whole on the organ.

Dr. Burney, who, at the request of Sir John Pringle, drew up an account of the child, which is printed in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* for 1779, was at particular pains to put the talents of the infant Crotch to the test. 'I examined,' said he, 'his countenance when he first heard the voice of Signor Pacchiarotti, the principal singer of the Opera, but did not find that he seemed sensible of the superior taste and refinement of that exquisite performer. However, he called out very soon after the air was begun, "He is singing in *F*." This is one of the most extraordinary properties of his ear, that he can distinguish at a great distance from any instrument, and out of sight of the keys, any note that is struck. In this I have repeatedly tried him, and never found him mistaken, even in the half-notes,—a circumstance the more extraordinary, as many practitioners and good performers are unable to distinguish by the ear, at the opera or elsewhere, in what key any air or piece of music is executed.'

When, as often was the case, in consequence of the numerous visitors he attracted, he became tired of playing on an instrument, and his musical faculties seemed wholly blunted, he could be provoked to attention, even though engaged in any new amusement, by a wrong note being struck in the melody of any well-known tune; and if he stood by the instrument when such a note was designedly struck, he would instantly put down the right one, in whatever key the air was playing.

The maturity of age in Dr. Crotch confirmed the precocity of his youth, and as a serious composer, as well as a practical performer, he long held the first rank in this country. A just compliment was paid to him in nominating him Principal of the Royal Academy of Music,—an institution commenced under such favourable auspices as to promise, if it has not performed, the greatest benefit to music in this country.

A relish for simple melody has with most individuals been the first step in the attainment of musical taste, and a perception of the pleasure of harmony has been a slow and gradual acquirement. In a few instances, however, where an extraordinary ear for music has been early manifested, the power

of discriminating harmony has so rapidly followed a taste for melody, as almost to have appeared coeval with it. This was remarkably the case with Mozart, whose musical abilities were very early developed; and not less so in that of a musician of our own country, whose early history, distinguished by a wonderful prematurity of musical taste and skill, has fortunately been preserved by Dr. Burney. At the age of only eighteen months, Master Crotch showed a decided preference for the pleasure of music, by deserting his playthings, and even his food, to listen to it; and when only two years old, and unable to speak, in order to induce his father to play his favourite tunes, the child would touch the key-note on the organ, or, if that was not enough, he would play two or three of the first notes of the air. At the age of two years and three weeks he had taught himself to play the first part of 'God save the King' on the organ. In the course of a few days he made himself master of the treble and the second part, and the day after attempted the bass, which he performed correctly, with the exception of a single note. In about two months after this period, he was able to play several passages from voluntaries, which had only been once performed in his hearing by the organist of the Cathedral at Norwich. About the same time he was capable of making a bass to any melody which he had recently caught by the ear. At the age of only two years and a half, he was able to distinguish at a distance, and out of sight of the instrument, any note that was struck upon it, within half a tone; which, Dr. Burney observes, is beyond the power of many old and skilful performers. Another wonderful premature attainment was his being able to transpose into the most extraneous and difficult keys whatever he pleased, and to contrive an extemporary bass to easy melodies, when performed by another person on the same instrument. From that time he continued to advance in skill and reputation, and was long considered as the most scientific musician that Great Britain could boast.

BALFE.

Of the musical career of Balfe the following able notice by Mr. H. F. Chorley appeared in the *Athenæum* towards the close of 1870:—

'Balfe was born in Dublin on the 15th of May 1808, richly endowed with that spontaneous genius, the presence of which has so peculiarly marked the musicians and melodists of Ireland, from the days of its harpers to our own. He received his first musical instruction, we are told, from a Wexford bandmaster, subsequently from that sweet and original melodist Charles Horn, and from his father. His studies appear to

have been miscellaneous, and what may be called roving rather than special and complete.

'He became early remarkable as the possessor of a tuneable voice, and is said to have sung as a boy in concerts and oratorios. Like his countryman Vincent Wallace, he was a fair violin-player, and as such ventured to present himself to the public in one of Viotti's concertos.

'There is no trace of his having ever betaken himself seriously to learning counterpoint or harmony; and the want of solidity in this necessary structural basis of all music that is to last—no matter whether it be grave or gay, no matter whether the fancy be ever so affluent—was one of the many obvious qualities which contributed to make perishable his popularity. . . .

'In the year 1824 (to quote a contemporary, *Men of the Time*) Balfe appeared at Drury Lane Theatre in *Der Freischutz*. In the year 1825 he went to Rome; in 1826 he wrote for La Scala the music to a ballet *Perouse;* and later in the same year Signor Balfe sang, at the Italian Opera in Paris, as Figaro in *Il Barbiére*. The success did not justify the temerity of his attempt; for those were the glorious days when there were such artists abroad as Sontag, Malibran, Davide, Galli, and Lablache.

'Balfe returned into Italy. In the year 1830 he was singing at Piacenza; he went down into Sicily, again tried the stage at Palermo, and there gave his first opera, *I Rivali*. During five subsequent years he was singing and composing in Florence, Milan, and Venice, flinging out carelessly sundry operas of no worth or value; among which his *Enrico Quarto al passo della Marna* is the only work worth naming, as having been written for the *prima donna* Mdlle. Lina Roser, whom he married. . . .

'From the year 1835, when his *Siege of Rochelle* was produced at Drury Lane, on the same libretto as Ricci's *Chiara di Rosemberg*, with a dashing success, the career of Balfe was one, during many years, of unexampled popularity. If ever theatrical musician had the ball at his foot, he was the man. The immediate and brilliant success of his first venture on the English stage for a time led, if not to entire monopoly in his favour, to comparative discouragement of every other composer.'

Balfe died in 1870.

CHAPTER XII.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT ACTORS.

'Look to the actors . . .
They are the abstract and brief chroniclers of the times.'
—*Hamlet.*

THOMAS BETTERTON — COLLEY CIBBER — CHARLES MACKLIN — DAVID GARRICK — SPRANGER BARRY—SAMUEL FOOTE—GEORGE FREDERIC COOKE—JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE—JOSEPH MUNDEN—ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON—EDMUND KEAN.

THOMAS BETTERTON.

BETTERTON was the greatest actor the English stage ever possessed, with the exception, perhaps, of the more versatile Garrick. Almost incredible accounts remain to us of the effects produced by his performances. The magnetic influence of tone and expression seemed to mesmerize an audience, and make them followers of his slightest intonation. Almost without speaking, he could let them into the workings of his mind, and anticipate his next motion, as if it arose from their own volition.

On May 28, 1663, Pepys writes in his diary: 'By water to the Royal Theatre; but that was so full, they told us we could have no room, and so to the Duke's house, and there saw *Hamlet* done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton.' Isaac Disraeli tells us something of Betterton's performance of 'Hamlet' in *The Curiosities of Literature:* 'Although his face was ruddy and sanguine, the amazement and horror expressed at the presence of his father's spectre instantly turned it as white as his neckcloth, while his whole body seemed to be affected with a strong tremor. The spectators shuddered, and participated in the astonishment and horror so apparent to the actor.' In the *Richardsoniana*, we find that the first time Booth attempted the 'Ghost' when Betterton acted 'Hamlet,' the actor's

look at times struck him with such horror that he became so disconcerted he could not speak his part. Very much the same style of anecdote is recorded by Fanny Kemble, of her experiences in playing 'Ophelia' to her father's 'Hamlet': 'I have acted "Ophelia" three times with my father; and each time in that beautiful scene, where her madness and his love gush forth together, like a torrent swollen with storms that bears a thousand blossoms on its troubled waters, I have experienced such deep emotion as hardly to be able to speak. The exquisite tenderness of his voice, the wild compassion and forlorn pity of his looks, bestowing that on others which above all others he most needed, the melancholy restlessness, the bitter self-scorning, every shadow of expression and intonation, were so full of all the mingled anguish that the human heart is capable of enduring, that my eyes scarcely fixed on his ere they filled with tears; and long before the scene was over, the letters and jewel-cases I was tendering to him were wet with them!' Incidents like these are to be taken note of: they exhibit to the student the only sure way of arriving at success in acting, or indeed in any art. Betterton's art in the 'Ghost' scene was to express breathless astonishment, and a weird impatience to inquire into the wrongs which had raised his dead father from his tomb. He opened the scene with a pause of mute amazement; then, rising slowly to a solemn, trembling voice, he made the 'Ghost' as impressive to the spectators as to himself; and in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghostly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulations was still governed by decency, manly, but not braving—his voice never rising into a seeming outrage or wild defiance of what he naturally revered. Leigh Hunt thus writes in *The Town* of Thomas Betterton: 'He was the great actor of his time, as Garrick was of the last century, and Mr. Kean lately. His most admired character seemed to have been that of "Hamlet." He was a bosom friend of the poet Pope.'

Betterton was born at London in 1635. He became a member of Sir William Davenant's company soon after the Restoration, and earned so high a reputation that the King sent him to France, to gather suggestions for the improvement of theatrical representations. He opened a theatre of his own in 1695, but retired in a few years. His death occurred in 1710.

COLLEY CIBBER.

Colley Cibber, known forsome years by the name of Master Colley, made his first appearance on the stage in a very subordinate situation. After waiting

impatiently for the prompter's notice, he by good fortune obtained the honour of carrying a message on the stage to one of the principal actors of that day, whom he greatly disconcerted by his awkwardness. Betterton in anger inquired who it was that had committed such a blunder. Drones, the prompter, replied: 'Master Colley.' 'Then forfeit him,' rejoined Betterton. 'Why, sir, he has no salary.' 'No! then put him down ten shillings a week, and forfeit him five.' To this good-natured adjustment of rewards and punishments, Cibber owed the first money he received from the dramatic treasury.

Cibber, in his old age, was a little envious of Garrick's performance of 'Bayes' in *The Rehearsal*. He spoke of the Roscius with affected derogation, saying, 'To be sure Garrick is well enough, but not superior to his son Theophilus.' Mrs. Bracegirdle replied, 'Come, come, Cibber; tell me if there is not something like envy in your character of this young gentleman? The actor who pleases everybody must be a man of merit.' The old man felt the force of this sensible rebuke, and frankly replied, 'Why, faith, Bracy, I believe you are right; the young fellow is clever.'

Colley Cibber was the son of Gabriel Cibber the sculptor, and was born in London in 1671. One of his productions as a dramatist was an adaptation of Molière's *Tartuffe*, under the title of the *Nonjuror*, of which the *Hypocrite* of the more modern stage is a new version. The piece became wonderfully popular, and, in addition to the large profits Cibber derived from the performance, it procured him the post of poet-laureate. This appointment drew upon him the rancour of contemporary wits and poets, and of Pope among the number; but he who wins may laugh: Cibber had the good sense to think solid profit more important than the censure of the envious was injurious. He wore the bays and performed in his own pieces till he was seventy-four years of age. He died in 1757.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

'Charles Macklin,' says Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, 'was a strange character—an Irishman of rough humour and ability, a good fives player, and a very promising actor. His appearance was remarkable: a coarse face, marked not with "lines," but what a brother actor with rude wit had called "cordage." He was a most striking and remarkable character, and one that stands out very distinctly during the whole course of his long career, which stretched over nearly ninety years. He was quarrelsome, overbearing, even savage; always either in revolt or conflict, full of genius, and a spirit that carried him through a hundred misfortunes.'

'The great excellence,' says Boaden, 'of the veteran Macklin drew considerable audiences whenever he appeared at Covent Garden Theatre; and he had been announced to perform his *own* "Shylock" on the 10th of January 1788, at the extraordinary age of eighty-nine. I went there to compare his performance with that of my friend Henderson, whose loss I even still regret; and with some anxiety, and much veneration, secured a place in the pit, which none but the young should scuffle about, for it was much contested. . . .

'Macklin got through the first act with spirit and vigour, and, except to a very verbal critic, without material imperfection. In the second he became confused, and sensible of his confusion. With his usual manliness, and waiting for no admonition from others, he advanced to the front of the stage, and with a solemnity in his manner that became extremely touching, thus addressed his audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, within these few hours I have been seized with a terror of mind I never in my life felt before. It has totally destroyed my corporeal as well as mental faculties. I must therefore request your patience this night—a request which an old man of eighty-nine years of age may hope is not unreasonable. Should it be granted, unless my health is totally re-established, *you* may depend upon it, this will be the last night of my ever appearing before you in so ridiculous a situation."

'Thus dignified, even in his wreck, was that great man whom Pope had immortalized by a compliment, and whose humanity Lord Mansfield had pronounced to be at least equal to his skill as an actor. He recovered with the general applause of the audience, and got through the play by great attention from the prompter and his assistant.'

DAVID GARRICK.

We come now to one of whom Churchill says:

'If manly sense, if nature linked with art,
If thorough knowledge of the human heart,
If powers of acting, vast and unconfined,
If fewest faults, with greatest beauties joined,
If strong expressions, and strange powers which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye,
If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
And which no face so well as his can show,
Deserve the preference, GARRICK, take the chair,
Nor quit it till you place an equal there.'

The British Roscius, a title justly given to Garrick during his life, and which no one has since disputed, made his first appearance on the stage at Ipswich in 1741, in the character of 'Absau' in the tragedy of *Oroonoko*. After a summer

spent in the country, he determined to venture on the London stage. He applied to the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and was rejected; and he was obliged to accept an offer of playing at the theatre in Goodman's Fields. He made his first appearance there on the 19th of October 1741, in the character of 'Richard III.,' when, like the sun bursting from behind an obscure cloud, he displayed in the very earliest dawn a more than meridian brightness. His excellence dazzled and astonished every one; and the seeing a novice to the stage reaching at one single bound the height of perfection, was a phenomenon which could not but become the object of universal admiration. The theatres at the Court end of the town were deserted, persons of all ranks flocked to Goodman's Fields, and the line of carriages on an evening is said to have frequently reached in one continued line from Temple Bar to the theatre. Mr. Garrick continued to act till the close of the season, when he went to Dublin. In the ensuing winter he appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, and from that time to his quitting the stage, on the 10th of June 1776, his popularity was undiminished.

Of this great actor it has been truly said, that 'tragedy, comedy, and farce, the lover and the hero, the jealous husband who suspects his wife's virtue without a cause, and the thoughtless, lively rake, who attacks it without design, were all alike open to his imitation, and all alike did honour to his execution. Every passion of the human breast seemed subjected to his powers of expression; nay, even time itself appeared to stand still or advance as he would have it. Rage and ridicule, doubt and despair, transport and tenderness, compassion and contempt, love, jealousy, fear, fury, simplicity, all took in turn possession of his features, while each of them in turn appeared to be the sole possessor of those features. One night, old age sat on his countenance, as if the wrinkles he had stamped there were indelible; the next, the gaiety and bloom of youth seemed to overspread his face, and smooth even those marks which time and muscular conformation might have really made.'

Garrick made his theatrical appearance not long before the death of Pope, and that great poet saw him perform. The following interesting account of the event is given by Garrick himself:—'When I was told that Pope was in the house, I instantaneously felt a palpitation at my heart, a tumultuous, not a disagreeable emotion in my mind. I was then in the prime of youth, and in the zenith of my theatrical ambition. It gave me a particular pleasure that "Richard" was my character when Pope was to see and hear me. As I opened my part, I saw

our little poetical hero, dressed in black, seated in a side box near the stage, and viewing me with a serious and earnest attention. His look shot and thrilled like lightning through my frame, and I had some hesitation in proceeding, from anxiety and from joy. As "Richard" gradually blazed forth, the house was in a roar of applause, and the conspiring hand of Pope shadowed me with laurels.' Mr. Percival Stockdale says: 'Garrick was informed of Pope's opinion, and nothing could be more delightful than his praise. That young man, said Pope, never had his equal as an actor, and he will never have a rival.' This prophecy was uttered about eighty years ago. From the same authority we learn Dr. Johnson's opinion of the English Roscius. To a question put to him by Mr Stockdale, Johnson replied: 'Oh, sir, he deserves everything he has acquired, for having seized the very soul of Shakespeare, for having embodied it in himself, and for having expanded its glory over the world.'

When Garrick visited the Continent, he was received everywhere with the most distinguished marks of honour and esteem; even crowned heads vied with each other in the attentions they paid to him. Neither were those of his own profession slow in profiting by the lessons which he gave them in the dramatic art. Preville, the best actor of France, acknowledged him for his master, and looked upon him as a model for imitation. With this actor he once made a short excursion from Paris on horseback, when Preville took a fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture—he did not *make his legs drunk*. 'Hold, my friend,' said he, 'and I shall show you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse in a summer evening to go to his box in the country.' He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication; he called to his servant that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared and wheeled in every direction; at length he lost his whip, his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropped from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties; finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner that Preville gave an involuntary cry of horror, and his terror greatly increased when he found his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked him again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt? Garrick, whose eyes were closed, half opened one of them, hiccupped, and with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Preville

was astonished; and when Garrick started up and resumed his usual demeanour, the French actor exclaimed: 'My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him.'

Shakespeare's play of *King John* was a great favourite with George III., who frequently commanded it to be performed. Sheridan's success in *King John* heightened Garrick's jealousy, especially when he was informed by a very intimate acquaintance that the King was uncommonly pleased with the actor's representation of the part. This was a bitter cup; and to make the draught still more unpalatable, upon his asking whether His Majesty approved his playing the 'Bastard,' he was told, without the least compliment paid to his action, it was imagined that the King thought the character was rather too bold in the drawing, and that the colouring was overcharged and glaring. Mr. Garrick, who had been so accustomed to applause, and who, of all men living, most sensibly felt the neglect of it, was greatly struck with the preference given to another, and which left him out of all consideration; and though the boxes were taken for *King John* several nights successively, he would never permit the play to be acted. The royal opinion of *King John* contributed to dissolve the union between these rival actors.

It was about the year 1763 when David Garrick, as a 'graceful, sprightly young man,' first played 'Hamlet.' 'At that time,' says Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, 'the muscles of his face were free, and the wonderful eyes possessed their fullest lustre.' Although later he wore black velvet in the character, 'we can see him almost as he then appeared, in a dress of the most conventional type—the decent black suit which clergymen wore, the waistcoat with flaps, the black breeches and stockings.' He seems to have worn his own hair. But the interest then was in the acting rather than in the dress. The performance was clearly not very good at first, but he improved nightly, and, as he grew older, modified and corrected various readings. The critics in the pit at the Dublin and London theatres watched him narrowly, and anonymously sent him innumerable hints, some good, some bad. The faults found at first with David Garrick's reading of 'Hamlet' were a certain exaggerated warmth, testiness, and tendency to railing—the very faults which Betterton corrected. There was further a sad irregularity in his scansion, and an exaggeration in the pauses which astonished the critics of those days. He followed Betterton's awe-struck idea with the 'Ghost,' and, as was acutely remarked, 'he acted for the "Ghost" also, and made it as terrible to the audience as it was to him.' After Garrick

had said, 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' he fell into such a pause of silent stupefaction, that, at Dublin, many thought he had forgotten his part. In the scene with 'Ophelia' he was actually a little too rough and violent. He forgot he was 'Ophelia's' lover; he seemed to be 'a hot, testy fellow, for ever flying into a passion.' He did not chide Polonius like a gentleman. He coarsely snubbed him, and, as schoolboys would say, 'he shut him up.' The panegyric on man, 'How noble in reason,' etc., was, however, pronounced admirably; and the play of expression, as well as variety of voice, in the famous soliloquy, 'To be or not to be,' was one of the most remarkable features of the performance.

Garrick died on the 20th of January 1779, in his house in the centre of the Adelphi Terrace, in his sixty-third year. Dr. Johnson remarked that 'his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations.' He lay in state at his house previous to his interment in Westminster Abbey. Burke was one of the mourners at the funeral, which was conducted with great pomp. He came expressly from Portsmouth to follow the great actor's remains. There is a portrait of Garrick, painted by Pine, in the National Portrait Gallery.

'Jack Bannister,' says Rogers in his *Table-Talk*, 'told me one night he was behind the scenes of the theatre when Garrick was playing "Lear," and that the tone in which Garrick uttered the words, "O fool, I shall go mad!" absolutely thrilled him.'

There is a pithy conversation relating to Garrick reported in Rogers' *Table-Talk*: '"Mr. Murphy, sir, you knew Mr. Garrick?" "Yes, sir, I did; and no man better." "Well, sir, what did you think of his acting?" After a pause, "Well, sir, *off* the stage he was a mean, sneaking little fellow; but *on* the stage," throwing up his hands and eyes—"oh, my great God!"'

'During my two years' residence in London,' says O'Keefe, 'I often saw Garrick. The delight his acting gave me was one of the silken cords that drew me to the theatre. I liked him best in "Lear." His saying, in the bitterness of his acting, "I will do such things—what they are I know not," and his sudden recollection of his own want of power, were so pitiable as to touch the heart of every spectator. The simplicity of his saying, "Be these tears wet? Yes, faith!" putting his finger to the cheek of "Cordelia," and then looking at his finger, was exquisite. Indeed, he did not get his fame for nothing. I saw him do "Abel Drugger" the same night; and his appalled look of terror when he drops the glass drew as much applause from the audience as his "Lear" had done.'

The character of the British Roscius has been severely aspersed, on account of his reputed

parsimony. An anecdote is, however, related of him by Albany Wallis, who was his intimate friend, which shows that the accusation was somewhat unjust. 'Mr. Garrick,' says this gentleman, 'was no more a fool in charity than in other matters; he knew where and how to bestow his liberality. He came to me one morning in a violent hurry, and, without even his usual salutation, abruptly exclaimed, "My dear friend the Doctor is in want; you must instantly do me a favour. Come, come, put on your hat, and without delay go to Dr. Johnson's lodgings, and present him with these bank notes; but on your life, do not mention from whom you had them." The amount was by no means inconsiderable. In compliance with his request, I instantly waited on the Doctor, and being announced, was ushered into his apartment. Having prefaced my errand with as much delicacy as possible, I presented the notes, which the Doctor received with much agitation; and after a few moments, wiping away the tears, he pressed my hand between his with energy, exclaiming, "Mr. Wallis, I know from whence this comes. Tell Mr. Garrick that his kindness is almost too much for me. Tell him also that I shall never be able to repay this sum, much less what I have before received at his hands."'

Garrick, though not of an understanding of the first, nor of the highest cultivated mind, had great vivacity and quickness, and was very entertaining company. Though vanity was his prominent feature, and a troublesome and watchful jealousy the constant visible guard of his reputation to a ridiculous degree, yet his desire to oblige, his want of arrogance, and the delicacy of his mimicry, made him very agreeable. He had no affected reserve, but, on the least hint, would start up and give the company one of his best speeches.

When Quin and Garrick performed at the same theatre and in the same play, the night being very stormy, each ordered a chair. To the mortification of Quin, Garrick's chair came up first. 'Let me get into the chair,' cried the surly veteran, 'let me get into the chair, and put little Davy into the lantern.' 'By all means,' said Garrick; 'I shall ever be happy to give Mr. Quin light in anything.'

SPRANGER BARRY.

On Spranger Barry's last appearance in 1776, he was so infirm, that before the curtain rose it was thought he could not support himself through the play; but in spite of decay, he played 'Jaffier' with such a glow of love and tenderness, and such a heroic passion, as thrilled the theatre, and spread even to the actors on the stage with him, though he was almost insensible when, after the fall

of the curtain, he was led back to the green-room.

There was, we are told, in Barry's whole person such a noble air of command, such elegance in his action, such regularity and expressiveness in his features, in his voice such resources of melody, strength, and tenderness, that the greatest Parliamentary orators used to study his acting, for the charm of its stately grace, and the secret of its pathos.

According to some, Barry's 'Romeo' was superior to Garrick's; but it was at last nicely and accurately decided that Barry was superior in the garden scene of the second act, and Garrick in the scene with the 'Friar;' Barry, again, superior in the other garden scenes, and Garrick in the portrait of the 'Apothecary.' Barry was also preferred in the first part of the tomb, and Garrick in the dying part. Some said that Barry was an Arcadian, Garrick a fashionable lover. But the best test is that, after an interval, Garrick, with that excellent good sense which distinguished every act of his, quietly dropped the part out of his repertoire.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

The passing events of the day were at one time carried on the stage in comedies and pantomimes as objects of satire. This species of farce was brought to perfection by Foote, whose great talent was that of mimicry, and who delighted his audience by the exact manner in which he imitated the peculiarities and weaknesses of individual contemporaries. He was in all respects the great theatrical caricaturist of the age. The personality of the satire was the grand characteristic of Foote's performances, and one which rendered them dangerous to society, and certainly not to be approved. 'By Foote's buffoonery and broad-faced merriment,' says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'private friendship, public decency, and everything estimable among men were trod under foot.'

Samuel Foote was born in 1721, at Truro, in Cornwall. After a course of dissipation, to which his small fortune fell a sacrifice, he turned his attention to the stage, and appeared in *Othello;* but having little success, he struck out a path for himself, in the double character of dramatist and performer. In 1747 he opened the Haymarket Theatre with some ludicrous imitations of well-known persons; and having discovered where his strength lay, he wrote several two-act farces, and continued to perform at one of the winter theatres every season. He died in 1777.

GEORGE FREDERIC COOKE.

Few actors were more popular in their day than George Frederic Cooke, whose very

errors excited an additional interest to behold him in his favourite characters. Mr. Cooke was an instance of the advantage of an actor undergoing stage discipline in the country, before he assumes the highest walk of the drama on the metropolitan boards. He played in London, was unnoticed, and then went the round of the country theatres. Twenty years afterwards he returned to town, a theatrical star of the first magnitude.

Cooke used to say, that the highest compliment he ever received on the stage was at York, when he portrayed the base duplicity of 'Iago' so forcibly, that he was hissed, amidst cries of 'What a villain!' Criticism might perhaps doubt that this was a just conception of the character, for if the villany of 'Iago' was so obvious, 'Othello' must have been the weakest of men to be deceived by him; and yet Shakespeare describes him as 'a man not easily jealous, but being wrought upon.' Be this as it may, Cooke's 'Iago' was always considered as an unrivalled performance.

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.

John Philip Kemble, according to Byron, was 'the most supernatural of actors.'

He did not, like his sister, burst upon the town in the full maturity of his powers. He was a gentleman and a scholar, with singular advantages of person, and with almost equal defects of voice, who determined to become a noble actor, and who succeeded, by infinite perseverance and care, assisted doubtless by the reputation and the influence of Mrs. Siddons. He formed a high standard in his own mind, and gradually rose to its level. At his very last, in all characters which were within the scope of his physical capacity, he played his best, and that best seemed absolute perfection. His career, therefore, may be reviewed with that calm and increasing pleasure with which we contemplate the progressive advances of art, instead of the feverish admiration and disappointment which are alternately excited by the history of those who have played from impulse in the first vigour of youth, and in after days have been compelled languidly to retrace the vestiges of their early genius.

At first, Kemble had but a limited choice of characters. He was opposed by Henderson, to whom he was then unequal, and rivalled by Smith, who held possession of the chief parts in tragedy as well as comedy, till he left the stage. For a long time, Holman and even Pope divided public favour with him; but the seeds of greatness were deeply implanted in his nature, and the determination to cultivate and mature them.

One night, when John Kemble

was performing at some country theatre one of his most favourite parts, he was much interrupted, from time to time, by the squalling of a young child in one of the galleries. At length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn step to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on.' The effect on the audience of this earnest interference on behalf of the child may be conceived.

Although Kemble as a tragedian stood long in the highest rank of his profession, and in classical characters was 'the noblest Roman of them all,' yet there was another point of view in which he rendered more essential service to the stage than he did even by his histrionic talents, namely, the general improvement of the English theatre in propriety of costume. In the time of Garrick, Macbeth appeared in a court dress, black silk stockings, and a tye wig; but when Kemble made his first appearance in the character, he made the noble thane dress more in the costume of his country. Other alterations were also made in this play: the high-crowned hats and laced aprons of the witches were properly discarded; they were represented as preternatural beings, adopting *no* human garb, and distinguished *only* by the fellness of their purposes and the fatality of their delusions.

Extensive as the range of characters was in which Kemble shone for many years on the stage, yet they were not sufficient for his ambition. He once had it in contemplation to play 'Macheath' in the *Beggar's Opera*, and actually got Incledon to give him some instructions in singing; and he played 'Charles Surface' in the *School for Scandal*, in defiance of the advice of his best friends, until rallied out of it by one of them, who observed to him, 'Mr. Kemble, you have long given us Charles' *martyrdom;* when shall we have his *restoration?*'

JOSEPH MUNDEN.

Mr. Munden was by far the greatest comedian we ever saw, says Talfourd; his vein of humour was the richest and most peculiar, his range of character the most extensive, his discrimination the most exact and happy, and his finishing the most elaborate and complete. He received great advantages from nature, and improved them to the utmost by vigilant observation and laborious study. His power of face was most extraordinary, for he had no singularity of feature, no lucky squint or mechanical grin; but the features which, when at rest, befitted well the sedate merchant or baronet of the old school, assumed at his will the strangest and the most fantastic forms.

This almost creative faculty was associated with another power of an opposite kind—the capability of imparting to every variety of form or substance an apparent durability, as if it were carved out of a rock. His action had no less body than flavour. In the wildest parts of farce, he every minute put forth some living fantasy of his own, some new arrangement of features—creations among which Momus would have hesitated long which he should choose for his own proper use, as embodying most general traits of comic feeling. Any one of these hundred faces might serve as the model of a mask for the old Greek comedy, and looked as immoveable while it lasted.

Although Munden's humour and his flexibility of countenance were the gifts which chiefly distinguished him from others, he shared largely in that pathos which belongs, in a greater or less degree, to all true comedians. It is natural that a strong relish for the ludicrous should be accompanied by a genuine pathos, as both arise from quick sensibility to the peculiarities of our fellow-men, and the joys and sorrows by which they are affected. Those who are endowed with such qualities too often presume upon their strength, and rely on the individual effects which they can produce in their happiest moods. But Mr. Munden had a higher relish of the value of his art than to leave his success to accident, or to rest contented with doing something to make an audience laugh or weep, without reference to the precise nature of the conception which he professed to embody. He studied his parts in the best sense of the term, and with as careful and minute attention as though he were the driest and most mechanical of actors. When he had fully mastered the outlines of a part, he cast into it just so much of his resources of humour or of feeling as was necessary to give it genial life, and to discriminate its finest shades, and never enough to destroy its individuality, or melt down its distinctive features.

'There is one face of Farley,' says Charles Lamb, 'one face of Knight, one (but what a one it is!) of Liston; but Munden has none that you can properly pin down and call *his*. When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he spouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. He is not one, but legion; not so much a comedian as a company. If his name could be multiplied like his countenance, it would fill a playbill. He, and he alone, literally *makes faces;* applied to any other person, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications of the human countenance. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces, as his friend Suett used for wigs, and fetches them out

as easily. I should not be surprised to see him some day put on the head of a river-horse, or come forth a peewit or lapwing, some feathered metamorphosis.'

'Mr. Munden,' says Mrs. C. Mathews in her *Tea-Table Talk*, 'was a *great* actor, and, unlike the generality of low comedians (that is, the representatives of broad comedy and farce), was really fond of acting—a rare instance in that line of the drama. Liston, Mathews, and many others, after their early *furor* subsided, became reluctant and dejected promoters of the public mirth. Mr. Munden, however, unlike these, was an actor *per se*, and might be said to have heart and soul in his vocation. Although it was believed that for many years Mammon led him on, still it is certain, independent of any other guide than his own fancy, he followed his art *con amore*.'

Munden was one night playing with Jack Johnstone in *The Committee*. In that scene where 'Teague' plies 'Obediah' with liquor from a black bottle, Johnstone, who played 'Teague,' was surprised to remark the extraordinary grimaces Munden made over the draughts he gulped down. So irresistibly comical, indeed, were Munden's grimaces, that not only did the audience shriek with laughter, but Johnstone was almost too convulsed to proceed. When the scene was over, 'Obediah,' as usual, was borne off the stage; but no sooner was he out of sight of the audience, than he commenced bellowing for a stomach-pump. 'I'm a dead man,' he shouted. 'I'm poisoned! where's the villain that filled that bottle?' And then, in an agony of disgust, pointing to the empty bottle, still in Johnstone's hand, he said, 'Lamp-oil! lamp-oil! every drop of it.' It was true; the property-man had mistaken a bottle containing lamp-oil for one half filled with sherry and water.

When Munden had in some measure recovered, Johnstone naturally asked him why he should, after the first taste, have allowed him to pour the whole of the filthy stuff down his throat, when the slightest hint would have prevented it. Munden's reply in gasps was as follows:—'My dear boy, I was about to do so; but there was such a glorious *roar* at the first face I made on swallowing it, that I hadn't the heart to spoil the scene by interrupting the effect, though I thought I should die every time you poured the accursed stuff down my throat.'

'I have seen this gifted actor,' says Sir Christopher Curry, 'in "Old Dornton," diffuse a glow of sentiment which has made the pulse of a crowded theatre beat like that of one man; when he has come in aid of the pulpit, doing good to the moral heart of a people. I have seen some faint approaches to this sort of excellence in other players; but in the grand

grotesque of farce, Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth. Hogarth, strange to say, had no followers: the school of Munden began and must end with himself.

'Can any man *wonder* like him? Can any man *see ghosts* like him? or fight with his own shadow as he does, in that strangely-neglected thing, the *Cobbler of Preston*, where his alternations from the Cobbler to the Magnifico, and from the Magnifico to the Cobbler, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment as if some Arabian Night were being acted before him? Who like him can throw, or ever attempted to throw, a preternatural interest over the commonest daily-life objects? A table or a joint-stool, in his conception, rises into a dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia's chair. It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it with more deference if it were mounted into the firmament. "A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo," says Fuseli, "rose the Patriarch of Poverty." So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobles what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething-pots and hooks seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic vision. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering amid the commonplace materials of life, like primeval man with the sun and stars about him.'

ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON.

Robert William Elliston, the eminent comedian, was born in London in 1774. His first bow to a London audience was made at the Haymarket Theatre on the 24th of June 1796. 'No man who ever trod the stage was more at home on it; and while he excelled in a varied range of first-rate characters belonging to genteel comedy, he was more than merely respectable in tragedy.'

Elliston's peculiarity seems to have been a love of coming forward, placing his hand on his heart, and addressing the audience on every occasion. One season he had become so popular at the Haymarket, that he was obliged to take his benefit at the Opera House. The crowd was so immense, that, on the doors being opened, it swept past the check-takers, and filled the theatre. Elliston of course came forward, pointed out the loss he must sustain if the audience did not pay, and sent a number of men among them to collect the unpaid dues. When the curtain drew up, the stage was found blocked with another audience, ten file deep. The people in front hissed this violation, amid shouts of 'Off! off!' Again Elliston came forward, his hand on his heart, his

mouth wreathed with smiles. He said that as Madame Bouti, a foreigner, had been suffered on one occasion to fill *her* stage with friends, he trusted that the same indulgence would be extended to a *Briton*. The appeal was irresistible, and the people behind as well as in front cheered. He cleared £600 by this benefit.

EDMUND KEAN.

Edmund Kean was born on the 17th of March 1788. Nearly as soon as he could walk, he appeared as a boy actor on the stage, and went through all the difficulties and dangers of a young player's life. At Drury Lane Theatre, when Kemble was in the height of his glory, the obscure child, the unknown heir-apparent to the tragic throne, was used in processions and such like exhibitions. Subsequently, at the Haymarket, he delivered messages and performed in small parts, with no advantage to himself, the company, or the audience; and he was remarkable for the silence and shyness with which he took his seat in the green-room, his eye alone 'discoursing most eloquent music.'

Through various country theatres he passed with varied success, until he joined the Exeter company. Here he attracted the admiration of Mr. Drury, a gentleman of taste and influence; and through his interference, Mr. Arnold, on the part of the committee of Drury Lane Theatre, went to Dorchester for the express purpose of seeing Kean act. Of all his provincial audiences, we believe that the good people of Exeter were most alive to his transcendent merit, while the inhabitants of Guernsey distinguished themselves by disliking his acting, and literally driving him from their stage.

A graphic account of Edmund Kean's London *début*, and the circumstances which led to it, is given by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. One November night in 1814 Edmund Kean was playing at Dorchester. 'When the curtain drew up,' he says—and the reader will note in how natural and unaffected a style he, in common with most players, relates his experiences—'I saw a wretched house, a few people in the pit and gallery and three persons in the boxes showing the quality of attraction we possessed. In the stage-box, however, there was a gentleman who appeared to understand acting; he was very attentive to the performance. Seeing this, I was determined to play my best. The stage man did not applaud, but his looks told me that he was pleased.

'After the play I went to my dressing-room under the stage, to change my dress for the savage—"Kanton," a character in a pantomime—so that I could hear every word that was said overhead. I heard the gentleman of the stage-box ask Lee, who was the manager, the name

of the performer who played "Octavian."

'"Oh!" answered Lee, "his name is Kean—a wonderful clever fellow."

'"Indeed," said the gentleman, "he is certainly very clever, but he is very small."

'"His mind is large, no matter for his height," said Lee.

'By this time I was dressed for the savage, and I therefore mounted the stage. The gentleman bowed to me, and complimented me slightly upon my playing. "Well," said the gentleman, "will you breakfast with me to-morrow? I shall be glad to have some conversation with you. My name is Arnold; I am manager of Drury Lane Theatre."

'I staggered as if I had been shot. My acting the savage was done for. I, however, stumbled through the part.' On catching sight of his eldest child, who was suffering from water on the brain, he checked his delight; and he closes his narrative with this touching comment: 'If Howard gets well, we shall all be happy yet.'

Within a week the child died, and though the grand dream of his life was about to be accomplished, this loss seemed to make him indifferent. 'The joy I felt,' he wrote to Drury Lane, 'three days since at the flattering prospects of future prosperity is now obliterated by the unexpected loss of my child. Howard, sir, died on Monday last. . . . This heartrending event must delay me longer in Dorchester than I intended. Immediately I reach London, I will again, I hope, with more fortitude address you.'

When he reached town, his appearance, and some other reasons, discouraged the manager. He was treated coldly by actors at the single rehearsal which was hurried through on the morning of his performance. The stage-manager listened contemptuously to the new actor, and declared that it wouldn't do. At the close all shrugged their shoulders, and announced that failure was certain.

'The rehearsal concluded,' says Mr. Hawkins, his biographer, 'Kean returned home to enjoy with his wife the unusual luxury of a dinner. He remained at home till six o'clock, when the striking of the church clocks warned him that it was time to depart. Snatching up a small bundle containing the few necessaries with which he was bound to provide himself, he kissed his wife and infant son, and hurriedly left the house. "I wish," he muttered, "that I was going to be shot." With his well-worn boots soaked with the thickly encumbered slush, he threaded the crowded streets, as if desirous of escaping observation.'

Everything appeared against him. There was sure, he thought, to be a meagre and spiritless audience, the night was so wet and miserable. He arrived wet through at the theatre, where

he silently crept to a dressing-room, of which he was allowed only a share, dressed himself, to the amusement and even contempt of his fellows, who noticed that he was putting on a black instead of the traditional red wig of Shylock. The stage-manager did not remonstrate, giving him up as hopeless. He hardly spoke to him.

The good-natured actors Oxberry and Bannister alone gave him some encouragement; the former offered a glass of brandy and water. When dressed, he went to the wing, and saw an empty, cheerless house—in the pit about fifty people. Then the curtain rose.

Soon the audience began to awaken to enthusiasm, and by the end of the first act there was an instinct behind the scenes that genius was present, and that a success was at hand. The players began to gather about him and congratulate, but he shrank from them with a look, and withdrew into concealment.

From that moment the enthusiasm rose; the theatre began to echo with prolonged shouts. 'What now?' says Mr. Doran in a spirited passage, 'was the cry of the green-room.' The answer was, that the presence and power of genius were acknowledged with an enthusiasm that shook the very roof. 'How so few of them kicked up such a row,' says Oxberry, 'was something marvellous.'

As before, Kean remained reserved and solitary, but he was now sought after. Raymond, the acting-manager, who had haughtily told him that his innovations would not do, came to offer him oranges. Arnold, the stage-manager, who had 'young-manned' him, came to present him—'sir'—with some negus. Kean cared for nothing more now than his fourth act, and in that his triumph culminated. As he passed to the sorry and almost roofless dressing-room, Raymond saluted him with the confession that he had made a hit. Pope, more generous, avowed that he had saved the house from ruin.

'The pit rose at me,' was his own description. Trembling with agitation and excitement, he took off the Jew's dress, and resumed his old threadbare suit, turned disdainfully from the genuine applause of his fellow-actors, and left the house. Through the wet and slush he rushed home, flew up-stairs, and clasped his wife in his arms. He poured out the story of his triumph. 'Mary,' he cried, 'you shall ride in your carriage! and Charley, my boy,'—and he turned to his infant,—'you shall go to Eton.' Here his voice faltered, and he murmured the name of the child he had so lately lost.

That night was the starting-point on the great course upon which he was destined to run his splendid race. 'No one as an actor,' says an eloquent writer in the *Athenæum*, 'ever had the

ball so completely at his foot as Kean had—nay, the ball at *his* foot waited not for the impelling touch; like the fairy clue which ran before the steps of Fortunatus, leading him to happiness and fame, it speeded before him.'

Of Kean's first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre in the character of 'Shylock,' a poetical critic observes thus elegantly:

'They who have seen him when, with vengeance ripe,
He views Antonio, as he whets his knife,
Must ever feel, when thinking of that part,
The life-blood stagnate chilly round the heart;
There was a murderous smile upon his cheek,
And from his eye some devil seemed to speak;
In triumph there demoniac-like he stood,
As though his soul could drink his victim's blood.'

Kean afterwards played the principal characters in nearly all the tragedies which keep possession of the stage, as well as in other plays; but his 'Othello,' 'Richard the Third,' and 'Sir Giles Overreach' were allowed to be his most finished performances.

From January 1814 to that of 1833, Edmund Kean was the star of the British stage; and, what may be reckoned as most noticeable in this nation of shopkeepers, his individual talents drew more, and, from the exertion of these talents, he himself received more, than any *three* performers that co-existed with him. His books show a sum nearly averaging £10,000 a year for eighteen years.

It is impossible, says Hazlitt, to form a higher conception of Richard III. than that given by Kean: never was character represented by greater distinctness and precision, and more perfectly articulated in every part. If Kean did not succeed in concentrating all the lines of the character, he gave a vigour and relief to the part which we have never seen surpassed. He was more refined than Cooke, bolder and more original than Kemble. The scene with 'Lady Anne' was an admirable specimen of bold and smiling duplicity. Wily adulation was firmly marked by his eye, and he appeared like the first tempter in the garden. Kean's attitude in leaning against the pillar was one of the most graceful and striking positions ever witnessed: it would serve a Titian, Raphael, or Salvator Rosa as a model. The transition from the fiercest passion to the most familiar tone, was a quality which Kean possessed over every other actor that ever appeared. Many attempted this style, and all have egregiously failed.

Edmund Kean swept pedantry from the stage, as David Garrick had done seventy-three years before. It was his 'Hamlet' which mainly effected the reform. So natural, so exquisitely true, and so harmonious, it destroyed artificiality and

pomposity with one blow. The disfavour of the Kemble school was inevitable; the critics were all inclined to welcome genius, and the *Examiner* was the first to hail the restoration of nature to the stage. Mr. Leigh Hunt was in 'durance vile' for his strictures on the Prince of Wales, but he possessed a critic fully capable of proclaiming the downfall of the classical school. The contrast between Kemble's and Kean's performance of 'Hamlet' was complete, as given in the *Examiner*, but it is unfortunately too long to quote *in extenso:* 'In his representation of "Hamlet," Mr. Kemble showed an ignorance of the character which would have been scarcely pardonable in the first stroller picked up at a country fair. Mr. Kemble converts "Hamlet" into a dry scholastic personage, uttering wise saws with a sneer, and delivering his ironies with a spruce air and smart tone, such as is used by forward girls and boys on their introduction into the world.' He is blamed for his coarse and vulgar demeanour towards 'Ophelia,' and the critic wonders that some chivalrous fellow in the pit or boxes does not spring upon the stage and knock him down. 'What a striking and amiable contrast was Mr. Kean's management of this encounter!' He came on the stage 'with slow steps, with a fixed sorrow on his countenance, and recited the famous soliloquy on death in a tone of pathos which touched every heart. This beautiful piece, in which the feelings reason as much as the mind, is usually uttered with a solemn declamatory accent, like a sermon on a fast-day. Mr. Kean knew better: he was not a stale discourser on a stale general moral, a grim debater of the *pro* and *con* of the suicide: he was the man of misery, driven by his loathing of life and the villany of those about him to escape all further ills by death. He did not shake his mother out of her chair, nor wave his handkerchief with a dignified whirl, nor spread his arms like a heron crucified on a barn door, when he cries, "Is it the king?" The omission of these singular beauties made many people shake their heads, and prophesy that a permanent reputation was beyond the reach of the popular idol. We entreat Mr. Kean, if he should hear of such observations, to disdain them as they deserve. Let him abjure low artifices of applause, and act as he has hitherto acted, and we will undertake to promise that his fame shall last so long as the heart of man shall beat in response to the call of nature.' These are noble words, and they were echoed by the most prominent critics of the day. The *Champion* regarded the 'Hamlet' of Edmund Kean as the finest example of the art of acting that had ever been seen on the modern stage, and as indicative of the most acute intellect, the truest notions of

art, and of a very poetical imagination. The *Times* characterizes the ghost scene as highly artistic, and the parting with 'Ophelia' as both novel and beautiful. Hazlitt, in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, recorded that Kean's 'Hamlet,' in spite of the manifold difficulties of the part, had the most brilliant success, and that, high as Mr. Kean stood before in his estimation, he had no hesitation in saying that he stood higher in it, and also in that of the public, from the genius displayed in the last effort. The kissing of 'Ophelia's' hand explained the character at once as one of disappointed hope, of bitter regret, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distraction of the scene around him.

After these enthusiastic criticisms, let us set down the following by way of variety:—

When Edmund Kean paid his last visit to Ayr, his performance of 'Othello' happened to be the subject of conversation in a shop. A butcher who was present asked very gravely whether Kean spoke all he said out of his own head, or if he learned it from a book? Being told how the thing was, he objected against paying anything to hear a man repeat what every person who could read might do as well as himself.

This objection was met by some one observing that the actor 'did not only recite the play, but he delineated the various passions which belonged to the characters.'

'Passions!' exclaimed the butcher, with a sneer of contempt, 'gang to the fishmarket if ye want to see folk in a passion! That's the place for passions!'

CHAPTER XIII.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT DIVINES.

'The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric.'—HOOKER.

WICKLIFFE—HUGH LATIMER—GEORGE WISHART—JOHN KNOX—BERNARD GILPIN—ANDREW MELVILLE—RICHARD HOOKER—BISHOP BAYLY—GEORGE HERBERT—THOMAS FULLER—ROBERT LEIGHTON—JEREMY TAYLOR—RICHARD BAXTER—JOHN BUNYAN—ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON—DR. BARROW—DR. SOUTH—MATTHEW HENRY—BISHOP ATTERBURY—JOSEPH BUTLER—JOHN WESLEY—CHARLES WESLEY—GEORGE WHITEFIELD—DR. BLAIR—WILLIAM PALEY—ADAM CLARKE—THOMAS CHALMERS—EDWARD IRVING.

We can begin this chapter with no more famous name than that of

WICKLIFFE,

who has been fondly and happily designated 'The Morning Star of the English Reformation.' He was born in Yorkshire about 1324.

In some degree pioneered by Roger Bacon and other emancipators of the human mind, Providence raised up this valiant man at an opportune conjuncture. Backed by his Parliament and his people, the hero of Cressy was resisting the pretensions of the Roman Pontiff to the sovereignty of the realm; but at that period, before any churchman would take the field against Peter's successor, he needed to possess a chivalry equal to Edward's own. Such chivalry was found in the Oxford scholar, whose tracts and disputations, as well as his racy, rousing sermons, soon shook the whole of England for twenty years together; and when he died, on the last day of 1384 the cords were very feeble which continued to hold England and Rome together.

Wickliffe, though the object of the bitterest hatred, even in his own day, awed his most violent antagonists into some-

thing approaching to admiration. His austere, exemplary life has defied even calumny; his vigorous incessant efforts to reduce the whole clergy to primitive poverty have provoked no retort as to his own pride, self-interest, indulgence, inconsistent with his earnest severity.

His industry, even in those laborious days, was astonishing. The number of his books—mostly, indeed, brief tracts—baffles calculation. Two hundred are said to have been burned in Bohemia.

He was acknowledged to be a consummate master in the dialectics of the schools; he was the pride as well as the terror of Oxford. 'He was second to none,' so writes a monk, 'in philosophy; in the discipline of the schools incomparable.' In this, indeed, appear at once his strength and the source of the apparent contradictions in the style and manner of his writings.

HUGH LATIMER.

One of the first reformers of the Church of England was Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, who was born about 1490. He embraced the Reformed faith when about thirty years of age.

Augustine Bernher, Latimer's Swiss servant and faithful friend, writing from Southam, on the 2d of October 1562, his dedication to the Duchess of Suffolk of his collection of Latimer's sermons on the Lord's Prayer, gives the following sketch of his 'most dear master: —

'How manifold ways was he troubled, tossed, and turmoiled from post to pillar by the Popish bishops, whose hands he could not have escaped if God had not moved the King's Majesty's heart (that then was) [Henry VIII.] to assist him, by whose absolute power divers times he was delivered from the cruel lions. And although it did please God in process of time to suffer the King's Majesty to be deluded and circumvented by the subtle persuasions of those Popish bishops to establish by law six ungodly articles, yet this faithful servant of Christ would rather put his own life in danger than forsake and depart from that, the which afore most faithfully he had taught out of God's word. Wherefore he was contented rather to be cast into the Tower, and there to look daily for death, than to be found a wavering reed, or to deceive his prince. For they, said he, that do allow anything disagreeing from God's word, in respect to fulfil the appetites of princes, are betrayers and murderers of their princes, because they provoke the wrath of God to destroy such princes; and these flatterers become guilty of the blood of their princes, and are the chief causes of their destructions. Wherefore this faithful man of God, knowing his prince to be deluded by the false priests, and being assured the things that were allowed to be

contrary to God's word, was ready thus to adventure his life: at the which time God mercifully delivered him, to the great comfort of all godly hearts, and singular commodity of His Church.

'Now, when he was thus delivered, did he give himself up to the pleasures of the world, to delicateness or idleness? No assuredly, but even then most of all he began to set forth his plough, and to till the ground of the faithful messenger of God, being afraid of no man, telling all degrees their duties faithfully and truly, without respect of persons or any kind of flattery. In the which his painful travails he continued all King Edward's time, preaching for the most part every Sunday two sermons, to the great shame, confusion, and damnation of a great number of our fat-bellied, unpreaching prelates. For he, being a sore-bruised man, and above threescore and seven years of age, took notwithstanding all these pains in preaching, and also every morning, ordinarily, winter and summer, about two of the clock in the morning, he was at his book most diligently. And besides this, how careful he was for the preservation of the Church of God, and for the good success of the gospel, they can bear record which at that time were in authority, whom continually by his letters he admonished of their duties, and assisted with his godly counsel.'

This is evidently the testimony of an eye-witness—of one who, from his position, would have had every opportunity of knowing the exact truth as to Latimer's character; and of one, moreover, writing within fourteen years of Latimer's resumption of public life, after his release from the Tower on the accession of Edward VI. We may therefore accept it as a true picture, and as such it must suffice here for general impressions.

During the first three years of the succeeding reign of Edward VI., Latimer preached the Lent sermons before his Majesty; and such were the crowds which then resorted to hear him, that Heylin tells us the pulpit was removed out of the royal chapel into the privy garden.

His style of preaching is said to have been extremely captivating, simple, and familiar, often enlivened with anecdote, irony, and humour, and still oftener swelling into strains of the most impassioned and awakening eloquence. Of the earnestness of his manner we have the following striking specimen in one of his sermons delivered at court against the corruptions of the age:—'Take heed, and beware of covetousness; take heed, and beware of covetousness; take heed, and beware of covetousness; and what if I should say nothing else these three or four hours but these words? Great complaints there are of it, and

much crying out, and much preaching, but little amendment that I can see. Covetousness is the root of all evil. Then have at the root; out with your swords, ye preachers, and strike at the root. Stand not ticking and toying at the branches, for new branches will spring out again; but strike at the root, and fear not these great men, these men of power, these oppressors of the needy; fear them not, but strike at the root.'

GEORGE WISHART.

George Wishart, usually called the Martyr, the friend of John Knox, was originally a Scotch schoolmaster. Having received the doctrines of the Reformation, he began to preach them, probably about 1536. He afterwards took refuge in England, where he also preached, but was induced by persecution to recant. In 1543 he returned to his native land, where he distinguished himself as one of the boldest and most vehement promoters of the Reformation. Riots and destruction of churches sometimes followed his stirring discourses. He was burnt for heresy at St. Andrews, on the 28th of March 1546.

When Wishart was at one time in the neighbourhood of Ayr, he received intelligence that a contagious distemper had proved very fatal in Dundee. He immediately went thither, that he might administer consolation to the sufferers. He strengthened their fortitude by the prospects which religion discloses; he prevented all unnecessary intercourse between the healthy and the sick; and he relieved the urgent wants of those whose severe poverty rendered the visitation of disease doubly distressing. Such beneficence, alleviating to multitudes the severity of pain and the anguish of affliction, was repaid by the warmest gratitude; and the feelings with which he was now almost universally regarded, gave an energy to his instructions which alike impressed the understanding and affected the heart. His enemies, afraid to have recourse to open violence, attempted to assassinate him. A priest, impelled either by his own gloomy bigotry, or employed—as has, though without any sufficient authority, been surmised—by Cardinal Beaton, resolved to accomplish his destruction. For that purpose the priest placed himself, one day that Wishart was preaching at the foot of the pulpit, with a dagger concealed under his robe. Either the agitation of his countenance, or the peculiarity of his appearance, happily fixed the attention of Wishart; and as he descended the steps of the pulpit, he with much presence of mind seized the hand which grasped the weapon intended for his destruction. The criminal, dismayed at this intrepidity, fell at his feet and acknowledged his guilt. The multitude, agitated and inflamed by such depravi-

would at once have sacrificed the wretch to their resentment, had not Wishart restrained their violence. He clasped the culprit in his arms, that he might ensure his protection, and, calling out to the people, declared that since he had escaped injury, he ought to feel grateful for an incident which showed him what he had to fear from the inveterate animosity of his persecutors.

JOHN KNOX.

John Knox, the great champion of the Scottish Reformation, was born in 1505. Early in life he became a zealous preacher of the new doctrines. After a varied and exciting career, we find him in Switzerland, taking part with the English exiles who opposed the use of the liturgy.

After a residence of a considerable time at Geneva, in the quiet exercise of his duties and the enjoyment of much agreeable and improving society, John Knox received a letter, dated March 16, 1557, subscribed by the Earls of Glencairn, Erskine, Argyll, and Moray, which induced him to return to Scotland.

He arrived in his native land on the 2d of May 1559, being then fifty-four years of age. He preached first at Dundee, and afterwards at Perth, with great success.

About this time, says the author of the *Scots Worthies*, the Queen put some preachers to the horn, prohibiting all, upon pain of rebellion, to comfort, relieve, or assist them; which, with other things, so much enraged the multitude which attended Knox at Perth, that they would be restrained neither by the preachers nor magistrates from pulling down the images and other monuments of idolatry. This being told to the Queen, so incensed her, that she vowed to destroy man, woman, and child in that town, and burn it to the ground.

In execution of this threat, she caused her French army to march towards it; but being informed that multitudes from the neighbouring country were assembling for its defence, her impetuosity was checked, and she resolved to use stratagem where force could not avail her.

Accordingly, she sent the Earls of Argyll and Moray to learn what was their design in such commotions.

Knox in the name of the rest made answer, 'that they whom she thus persecuted were the servants of God, and faithful and obedient subjects of the realm; that the religion which she would maintain by fire and sword was not of Jesus Christ, but a superstitious device of man, and that her enterprise should not succeed in the end, for that she fought not against man only, but against the Almighty God.'

Argyll and Moray delivered this message; and in return she promised that the Reformers should be permitted to leave the town in peace. Knox preached

a sermon, exhorting his friends to constancy; adding, 'I am persuaded that this promise shall be no longer kept than the Queen and her Frenchmen get the upper hand:' which accordingly happened, for she immediately took violent possession of the town, and put a garrison of Frenchmen into it.

This breach of promise so disgusted the Earls of Argyll and Moray, that they forsook her, joined the Congregation, and withdrew into Fife. Having assembled with the Laird of Dun and others, they sent for Knox, who on his way to them preached in Crail and Anstruther, intending to preach next day at St. Andrews.

This design came to the ears of the Archbishop. He raised a hundred spearmen, and sent this message to the Lords: 'That if John Knox offered to preach there, he should have a warm military reception.'

They in their turn forewarned him of his danger, and dissuaded him from going. He made answer, 'God is my witness that I never preached Jesus Christ in contempt of any man; neither am I concerned to go thither, either out of respect to my own private interest or to the worldly hurt of any creature; but I cannot, in conscience, delay preaching to-morrow, if I am not detained by violence. In this town and church did God first call me to the dignity of a preacher, and in this town, when torn from it by the tyranny of France, I expressed my assurance that I would preach again. Therefore seeing that God, beyond expectation, has brought me to this place, I beseech your honours not to stop me from presenting myself to my brethren. And as for fear of danger to my person, let no man be solicitous about that, for my life is in the hand of Him whose glory I seek, and therefore I fear not their threats, so as to cease from doing my duty when of His mercy God offereth the occasion.'

The Lords were satisfied that he ought to fulfil his intention, which he did without any interruption, and with such boldness and success, that the magistrates and the people of the town, immediately after sermon, agreed to remove all monuments of idolatry; which they did with great expedition.

Accompanying the forces of the Congregation, Knox, in like manner, appeared in the church of Edinburgh. But being soon after obliged to leave that city, in consequence of its occupation by the Regent's army, between which and that of the Reformers several skirmishes had taken place, he undertook a tour of preaching through Scotland, and within less than two months travelled over a great part of the kingdom, diffusing the knowledge and strengthening the interests of the Protestant cause.

At this time, too, he greatly exerted himself in procuring the assistance of England for the Reformers. In this great ob-

ject he was ultimately successful. The management of the correspondence to which it led chiefly devolved upon his hands.

His exertions at this period were incredibly great. By day he was employed in preaching, by night in writing letters on public business. He was the soul of the Congregation, was always found at the post of danger, and by his presence, his public discourses, and private advices, animated the whole body, and defeated the schemes employed to corrupt and divide them.

Such zeal and activity could not but expose him to the deadly resentment of the Papists and the Queen-Regent. A reward was publicly offered to any one who would apprehend or assassinate him, and not a few, actuated by hate or avarice, lay in wait for him.

At length, however, the Queen-Regent died, and a general peace, which lasted some time, was procured, during which the Commissioners of the Scots nobility in 1560 began to settle ministers in different places. Knox was appointed to Edinburgh, where he continued till the day of his death.

Like Luther, it has been remarked, Knox was one of those extraordinary men of whom few, if any, are observed to speak with sufficient temper; all is either extravagant encomium or violent invective. When he was laid in his grave, the Earl of Morton, that day chosen Regent of Scotland, exclaimed: 'There lies one who never feared the face of man!'

Zeal, intrepidity, disinterestedness, were virtues which John Knox possessed in an eminent degree. He was acquainted, too, with the learning cultivated in that age, and excelled in that species of eloquence which is calculated to rouse and inflame. His maxims, however, are often too severe, and the impetuosity of his temper excessive. Rigid and uncomplying himself, he showed no indulgence to the infirmities of others. Regardless of the distinctions of rank and character, he uttered his admonitions with an acrimony and vehemence more fitted to irritate than to reclaim.

Those very qualities, however, which now render his character less amiable, fitted him to be the instrument of Providence for advancing the Reformation among a fierce people, and enabled him to face dangers and to surmount opposition from which a person of a more gentle spirit would have been apt to shrink back. By an unwearied application to study and to business, as well as by the frequency and fervour of his public discourses, he had worn out a constitution naturally strong. During a dangerous illness he discovered the utmost fortitude, and met the approach of death with an intrepidity inseparable from his character.

Knox bore a striking resemblance to Luther in personal intrepidity and in popular el-

quence. He approached nearest to Calvin in his religious sentiments and in the severity of his manners, and in a certain impressive air of melancholy which pervaded his character.

In 1565, Lord Darnley, who had lately married Mary Queen of Scots, consented, at the desire of his friends, to go and hear Mr. Knox preach, in hopes thereby of conciliating him; instead of which, he took occasion to declaim against the government of wicked princes, who, for the sins of the people, are sent as tyrants and scourges to torment them. Darnley complained of the insult to the Council, who interdicted the preacher from the use of his pulpit for several days.

'In the opening up of his text,' says James Melville, speaking of this celebrated preacher during the last days of his life, 'he was moderat the space of an half houre; but when he enterit to application, he made me so to *grew* and tremble, that I could not hald a pen to wryt. He was very weik. I saw him everie day of his doctrine go *dulie and fear*, with a furring of marticks about his neck, a staffe in the an hand, and gud godlike Richart Ballanden, his servand, haldin up the other sydar, from the Abbey to the parish kirk, and he, the said Richart, and another servand, lifted up to the pulpit, whar he behovit to lean at his first entrie; bot er he haid done with his sermone, he *was sa* active and vigourous that he was lyk to *ding the pulpit in blads, and flie out of it.*'

BERNARD GILPIN.

In the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, a celebrated English Reformer, Bernard Gilpin, was rector of Houghton-le-Spring. It was a living of not more than four hundred pounds a year, and being a hater of pluralities, he possessed no other. Finding it enough for all his wants, he even refused to exchange it for a bishopric of Carlisle, and many rich benefices that were offered to him at different times. On undertaking the pastoral care of this parish, he laid it down as a maxim to do all the good in his power, and by this means alone to gain the affections of his parishioners. To attain this truly sublime object, he used no servile compliances; his behaviour was free without levity, obliging without meanness, and insinuating without art. He condescended to the weak, bore with the passionate, and yielded to the scrupulous, and, in a truly apostolic manner, 'became all things to all men.'

To pass over any feature in the character of so excellent a man would partake of irreverence, otherwise it might be thought somewhat foreign to our present purpose to mention that Bernard Gilpin, to his humanity and courtesy, added an unwearied application to the instruction of those under his

care, and that with unceasing assiduity he employed himself in admonishing the vicious and encouraging those who wished to do well.

His hospitable manner of living was a theme of admiration to the whole country round. He consumed in his family every fortnight forty bushels of corn, twenty bushels of malt, and a whole ox, besides a proportionable quantity of other provisions. Strangers and travellers found a cheerful reception at the Rectory; all were welcome who came. Even their beasts had such care taken of them, that it was humorously said, 'If a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, it would immediately make its way to the Rector of Houghton's.'

Every Sunday, from Michaelmas to Easter, was a sort of public day with him. During this season he expected to see all his parishioners and their families. For their reception he had three tables well covered: the first was for gentlemen, the second for husbandmen and farmers, and the third for labourers. This admirable example of hospitality he never omitted, even when losses or a scarcity of provisions made its continuance rather difficult. Even when he was absent from home, no alteration was made in his family system; the poor were fed as usual, and all who came liberally entertained.

The celebrated Burleigh, when on his way to Scotland to transact some business for his mistress, Queen Elizabeth, happening to pass through Houghton-le-Spring, heard so much in praise of its worthy rector, that he could not resist the inclination to pay him a visit. Although Mr. Gilpin was quite unaware of the honour his lordship intended him, he received his noble guest with so much true politeness, and treated him and his retinue in so generous and affluent a manner, that the Treasurer was afterwards often heard to say, that 'he could hardly have expected more at Lambeth.' At departing, Lord Burleigh, embracing his generous host, told him 'he had heard great things in his commendation, but he had seen what far exceeded all he had heard;' and when he had got to the top of a hill which is about a mile from Houghton, he turned his horse to take one more view of the place, and broke out into this exclamation: 'There is enjoyment of life indeed! Who can blame that man for not accepting of a bishopric? What doth he want to make him greater, or happier, or more useful to mankind?'

This great apostle of the north and father of the poor, as he was called, did not confine his Christian labours to the church of Houghton, of which he was minister, but at his own expense visited the then desolate churches of Northumberland once every year, to preach the gospel. Once, when he was

setting out on his annual visitation, Barnes, Bishop of Durham, summoned him to preach before him; but he excused himself, and went on his mission. On his return, he found himself suspended from all ecclesiastical employments for contempt. The bishop afterwards sent for him suddenly, and commanded him to preach; but he pleaded his suspension, which, however, the bishop immediately took off. Gilpin then went into the pulpit, and selected for his subject the important charge of a Christian bishop. Having exposed the corruption of the clergy, he boldly addressed himself to his lordship, who was present. 'Let not your lordship,' said he, 'say these crimes have been committed without your knowledge; for whatsoever you yourself do in person, or suffer through your connivance to be done by others, is wholly your own; therefore, in the presence of God, angels, and men, I pronounce your *fatherhood* to be the author of all these evils; and I, and this whole congregation, will be a witness in the day of judgment that these things have come to your ears.' It was expected that the bishop would have resented this boldness; but, on the contrary, he thanked Mr. Gilpin for his faithful reproof, and suffered him to go his annual visitations in future without molestation.

About this period, the Northumbrians retained so much of the custom of our Saxon ancestors, as to decide every dispute by the sword; they even went beyond them, and not content with a duel, each contending party used to muster what adherents he could, and commenced a kind of petty war, so that a private grudge would often occasion much bloodshed.

In one of Mr. Gilpin's annual visitations, there was a quarrel of this kind at Rothbury. During the first two or three days of his preaching, the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together. At length, however, they met. One party had been early to church, and just as Mr. Gilpin began his sermon, the other entered. They did not stand long quiet, but, mutually inflamed at the sight of each other, began to clash their weapons. Awed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased, and Mr. Gilpin proceeded with his sermon. In a short time the combatants again brandished their weapons, and approached each other. Mr. Gilpin then descended from the pulpit, went between the combatants, and addressing their leaders, put an end to their quarrels for the time, although he could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised, however, that until the sermon was over, they would not disturb the congregation. He then returned to the pulpit, and devoted the rest of his time in endeavouring to

make the combatants ashamed of their conduct. His behaviour and discourse affected them so much, that at his further entreaty they agreed to abstain from all acts of hostility while he continued in the country.

On another occasion, Mr. Gilpin, going into the church, observed a glove hanging up, which he was told was a challenge to any one that should take it down. He ordered the sexton to give it to him, but he refused. Mr. Gilpin then reached it himself, and put it in his breast. When the congregation was assembled, he went into the pulpit, and in the course of his sermon severely censured these inhuman challenges. 'I hear,' said he, 'that one among you has hung up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who should take it down. See, I have done this,' holding up the glove to the congregation, and again inveighing in strong terms against such unchristian practices.

ANDREW MELVILLE.

The name and influence of Andrew Melville, as a Scottish reformer, is second only to that of John Knox. The following brief account of his celebrated interview with the Regent Morton faithfully exhibits the courage and unflinching intrepidity with which he bearded his theological and political opponents. The meeting took place in October 1577, between him and the Regent, when the latter, irritated at the proceedings of the General Assembly, exclaimed:

'There will never be quietness in this country till half a dozen of you be hanged or banished!'

'Hark, sir,' said Melville; 'threaten your courtiers after this manner! It is the same to me whether I rot in the air or in the ground. The earth is the Lord's. *Patria est ubicunque est bene.* I have been ready to give up my life when it would not have been half so well wared, at the pleasure of my God. I have lived out of your country ten years, as well as in it. Let God be glorified: it will not be in your power to hang or exile His truth!'

Notwithstanding the boldness of this language, Morton did not venture to resent it.

Andrew Melville was born near Montrose on the 1st of August 1545, and died at Sedan in 1622.

RICHARD HOOKER.

The latter part of the laborious days of Hooker were spent first at Boscum, whence he issued the first four books of the *Polity*, and afterwards at Bishop's Bourne, near Canterbury.

'In which parsonage of Bourne,' says Izaak Walton, 'Mr. Hooker had not been twelve months, but his books and the innocency of his life became so remarkable that

many turned out of the road, and others—scholars especially—went purposely to see the man whose life and learning were so much admired; and, alas! as our Saviour said of St. John Baptist: What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen? No, indeed; but an obscure, harmless man—a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out not with age, but study and holy mortifications; his face full of heat-pimples, begot by his inactivity and sedentary life.

'And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour: God and Nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance, so neither then nor in his age did he ever willingly look any man in the face, and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on or both off at the same time; and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short and weak sighted, and where he fixed his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended.'

One great charm of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* is the union of a truly philosophical elevation of sentiment with a no less truly Christian meekness of spirit; and another great charm is the magnificent language in which the mighty tide of thought flows along. It is hardly necessary to say that the principles of the work are a defence of the English Establishment, but it is remarkable, at the same time, for its anticipation of the political doctrines of the Whigs, deriving all government from the implied consent of the people, or the free choice and judgment of the governed. The *Ecclesiastical Polity* is to this day the armoury of the Anglican Church.

Hooker died in the rectory of Bishop's Bourne in 1600.

BAYLY.

The popular work entitled *The Practice of Piety*, by Bishop Bayly, who died in 1632, is stated to have been the substance of several sermons which the bishop preached when he was minister of Evesham, in Worcestershire. So great was at one time the popularity of this work, that John d'Espagne, a French preacher at Somerset Chapel in 1656, complained in the pulpit that the generality of the common people paid too great a regard to it, and considered the authority of it as almost equal to that of the Scriptures. The work went through a prodigious number of editions, in 12mo and 18mo, and was translated into Welsh and French in 1653.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The great triumphs of the divine are not always those which make much appearance in the eye of the world. The saintly George Herbert was born in 1593, and was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He stood high in favour at Court, and had bright expectations towards the close of the reign of James I. On the death of that monarch, several influential friends appear to have impressed his mind with a sense of the vanity of the pursuits of ambition, and their inefficiency to procure happiness; and, after mature deliberation, he determined to forsake the Court and devote himself to the service of the Church. Coming to London with this resolution, he was dissuaded by a friend, on the ground that the avocation was beneath one of his rank and talents, to whom he made this noble reply: 'It hath been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the King of heaven should be of the noblest families on earth; and though the iniquity of the late time has made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them, knowing that I can never do too much for Him who hath *done* so much for me.'

In 1630, the Rectory of Bemerton being vacated by the elevation of Dr. Carle to the see of Bath and Wells, George Herbert was presented to it by Charles I., and entered into priest's orders. On the night after his induction, he is said to have exclaimed to a friend: 'I look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and can now behold the Court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of titles and flattery; but in God and His service there is fulness of all joy and pleasure and no satiety. I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations and dependants to a love and reliance on Him who never faileth those that trust Him.'

That resolution, made in the strength of his Master, was nobly kept. His whole heart appears to have centred in his work. His efforts for the instruction of his parishioners were incessant, his charities only bounded by his means.

THOMAS FULLER.

Thomas Fuller, so well known as the author of the *Worthies of England*, and other works, on first coming to London, soon distinguished himself so much in the pulpits there, that he was invited by the master and brotherhood of the Savoy to be their lecturer. On the breaking out of the rebellion, and when the King left London in 1641 to raise an army, Mr. Fuller continued

at the Savoy, and laboured all the while, both in public and private, to promote the cause of the King. On the anniversary of his inauguration, when the King had left London with a view to commence hostilities against the rebels, March 27, 1642, Fuller preached at Westminster Abbey a sermon from 2 Sam. xix. 30: 'Yea, let them take all, so that my lord the king return in peace.' The sermon, as may well be supposed, gave great offence; and the preacher was soon afterwards forced to withdraw from London, on which he proceeded to Oxford to share the fortunes of the King.

As Charles had heard much of his abilities in the pulpit, he was now desirous of witnessing them personally; and, accordingly, Fuller preached before his Majesty at St. Mary's Church. The impression which this sermon made was singular enough. In London, Fuller had been censured for being too hot a royalist; and now he was thought to show lukewarmness to the royal cause. So far was this, however, from being the case, that he afterwards joined the royal army, and attended it from place to place, constantly exercising the duty of a chaplain; and after the battle of Cheriton-Down, March 29, 1644, being left at Basing-house, he animated the garrison to so vigorous a defence of that place, that Sir William Waller was obliged to raise the siege with considerable loss.

The circumstances of Fuller's death are interesting. On Sunday, the 12th of August 1661, being in London, he had engaged to preach a marriage sermon for a relative, whose wedding was to take place on the following day. Complaining of a dizziness in his head, his son urged him to forbear from preaching, and go to bed. But he replied that he had gone often into the pulpit sick, but had always come down well again, and insisted on fulfilling his promise.

In the pulpit, however, he became more conscious of his danger, and before commencing said, 'I find myself very ill; but I am resolved, by the grace of God, to preach this sermon to you here, though it should be my last.' With great difficulty he got through, and was carried home in a sedan to his lodging in Covent-Garden, where he expired on the following Thursday, the 16th of August.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

Robert Leighton, some time Bishop of Dunblane, and afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow, son of the persecuted Alexander Leighton, was born in London in 1613, but educated at the University of Edinburgh, where his talents were not more conspicuous than his piety and humble temper.

After leaving Edinburgh, he spent some time in France, particularly at Douay, where some of his relations lived. Our

accounts, however, of his early years are very imperfect. All we know with certainty is that, when he reached his thirtieth year, in 1643, he was settled in Scotland, according to the Presbyterian form, as minister of the parish of Newbattle, near Edinburgh. Here he remained several years, and was most assiduous in discharging the various duties of his office. 'He diligently visited the poor of the flock, was ever to be found in the chambers of the afflicted, and at the beds of the sick and dying. He promoted personal, domestic, social, and public religion to the utmost of his power by precept, example, and prayer.'

Only one solitary anecdote remains of this period :—

When Archbishop Leighton was minister of a parish in Scotland, this question was asked of the ministers at their provincial meeting—'If they preached the duties of the times?' When it was found that Mr. L. did not, and he was blamed for the omission, he answered: 'If all the brethren have preached on the *times*, may not one poor brother be suffered to preach on *eternity*? May ministers preach on the subject of eternity, and hearers hear in the view of that great and momentous concern!'

Such moderation as this could not fail to give offence, and finding his labours of no service, Leighton retired to a life of privacy. His mind was not, however, indifferent to what was *passing* in the political world, and he was one of those who dreaded the downfall of the monarchy and the subsequent evils of a republican tyranny; and having probably declared his sentiments on these subjects, he was solicited by his friends, and particularly by his brother, Sir Elisha Leighton, to change his connection. For this he was denounced by the Presbyterians as an apostate, and welcomed by the Episcopalians as a convert. In his first outset, however, it is denied that he was a thorough Presbyterian, or in his second, entirely an Episcopalian; and it is certain that his becoming the latter could not be imputed to motives of ambition or interest, for Episcopalianism was at this time the profession of the minority, and extremely unpopular.

His design, however, of retiring to a life of privacy was prevented by a circumstance which proved the high opinion entertained of his integrity, learning, and piety. The office of Principal in the University of Edinburgh becoming vacant soon after Leighton's resignation of his ministerial charge, the magistrates, who had the gift of presentation, unanimously chose him to fill the chair, and pressed his acceptance of it by urging that he might thereby be of great service to the Church, without taking any part in public measures. Such a motive, to a man of his moderation, was irresistible; and accordingly he accepted the offer, and executed the duties of his office for ten

years with great reputation. It was the custom then for the Principal to lecture to the students of theology in the Latin tongue; and Leighton's lectures delivered at this period, which are extant both in Latin and English, are very striking proofs of the ability and assiduity with which he discharged this part of his duty.

When Charles II., after the Restoration, determined to establish Episcopacy in Scotland, Dr. Leighton was persuaded to accept a bishopric. This his Presbyterian biographers seem to consider as a part of his conduct which is not to be reconciled with his general character for wisdom and caution. They deduce, however, from several circumstances that he did not enter cordially into the plan, and was even somewhat averse to it.

Although, during his holding his see, the Presbyterians were persecuted with the greatest severity in other dioceses, not one individual was molested in Dunblane on account of his religious principles. But as he had no power beyond his own boundaries, and could not approve the conduct of Sharp and others of his brethren, he certainly became in time dissatisfied with his situation, and it is possible he might be so with himself for accepting it. In an address to his clergy, in 1665, not four years after his settlement at Dunblane, he intimated to them that it *was his intention* to resign, assigning as a reason that he was weary of contentions.

Before taking this step, however, he had the courage to try the effect of a fair representation of the state of matters to the King, and, notwithstanding his natural diffidence, went to London, and being graciously received by Charles, detailed to him the violent and cruel proceedings in Scotland; protested against any concurrence in such measures; declared that, being a bishop, he was in some degree accessory to the rigorous deeds of others in supporting Episcopacy, and requested permission to resign his bishopric. The King heard him with attention, and with apparent sorrow for the state of Scotland; assured him that lenient measures should be adopted, but positively refused to accept his resignation. Leighton appears to have credited his Majesty's professions, and returned home in hopes that the violence of persecution was over; but, finding himself disappointed, he made a second attempt in 1667, and was more urgent with the King than before, although still without effect.

It may seem strange that Leighton, who was so disgusted with the proceedings of his brethren as now to think it a misfortune to belong to the order, and who had so earnestly tendered his resignation, should at no great distance of time (in 1670) be persuaded to remove from his sequestered diocese of

Dunblane to the more important province of Glasgow. This, however, may be accounted for to his honour, and not to the discredit of the Court which urged him to accept the archbishopric. The motive of the King and his ministers was, that Leighton was the only man qualified to allay the discontents which prevailed in the west of Scotland; and Leighton now thought he might have an opportunity to bring forward a scheme of accommodation between the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, which had been for years the object of his study and the wish of his heart. The King had examined this scheme, and promised his aid. It had all the features of moderation, and, if moderation had been the characteristic of either party, might have been successful. Leighton wished that each party, for the sake of peace, should abate somewhat of its opinions as to the mode of church government and worship; that the power of the bishops should be reduced considerably, and that few of the ceremonies of public worship should be retained; that the bishop should only be perpetual moderator, or president in clerical assemblies, and should have no negative voice; and that every question should be determined by the majority of the presbyters. Both parties, however, were too much exasperated and too jealous of each other to yield a single point, and the scheme came to nothing, for which various reasons may be seen in the history of the times. The only circumstance not so well accounted for is, that Charles II. and his Ministers should still persist in retaining a man in the high office of bishop whose plans they disliked, and who formed a striking contrast to his brethren whom they supported.

Disappointed in this scheme of comprehension, Archbishop Leighton endeavoured to execute his office with his usual care, doing all in his power to reform the clergy, to promote piety among the people, to suppress violence, and to soothe the minds of the Presbyterians. For this last purpose he held conferences with them at Glasgow, Paisley, and Edinburgh, on their principles, and on his scheme of accommodation, but without effect. The parties could not be brought to mutual indulgence, and far less to religious concord. Finding his new situation therefore more and more disagreeable, he again determined to resign his dignity, and went to London for that purpose in the summer of 1673.

The King, although he still refused to accept his resignation, gave a written engagement to allow him to retire after the trial of another year; and that time being expired, and all hope of uniting the different parties having vanished, his resignation was accepted. He now retired to Broadhurst, in Sussex, where

his sister resided, the widow of Edward Lightmaker, Esq., and here he lived in great privacy, dividing his time between study, devotion, and acts of benevolence, with occasional preaching. In 1679 he very unexpectedly received a letter, written in the King's own hand, requesting him to go to Scotland and promote concord among the contending parties; but it does not appear that he complied with his Majesty's pleasure. It is certain that he never again visited Scotland, nor intermeddled with ecclesiastical affairs, but remained quietly in his retirement until near his death. This event, however, did not take place at Broadhurst. Although he had enjoyed this retirement almost without interruption for ten years, he was unexpectedly brought to London to see his friends. The reason of this visit is not very clearly explained, nor is it of great importance, but it appears that he had been accustomed to express a wish that he might die from home, and at an inn; and this wish was gratified, for he died at the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane, far apart from his relations, whose concern, he thought, might discompose his mind. He was confined to his room about a week, and to his bed only three days. Bishop Burnet and other friends attended him constantly during his illness, and witnessed his tranquil departure. He expired February 1, 1684, in the seventy-first year of his age. By his express desire, his remains were conveyed to Broadhurst and interred in the church; and a monument of plain marble, inscribed with his name, office, and age, was erected at the expense of his sister.

Archbishop Leighton is celebrated by all who have written his life, or incidentally noticed him, as a striking example of unfeigned piety, extensive learning, and unbounded liberality. Every period of his life was marked with substantial, prudent, unostentatious charity; and that he might be enabled to employ his wealth in this way, he practised the arts of frugality in his own concerns. He enjoyed some property from his father, but his income as Bishop of Dunblane was only £200, and as Archbishop of Glasgow about £400; yet, besides his gifts of charity during his life, he founded an exhibition in the college of Edinburgh, at the expense of £150, and three more in the college of Glasgow, at the expense of £400; and gave £300 for the maintenance of four paupers in St. Nicholas' Hospital. He also bequeathed at last the whole of his remaining property to charitable purposes. As a preacher, he was admired beyond all his contemporaries, and his works have not yet lost their popularity.

Leighton's great work was his *Practical Commentary* on St.

Peter. 'Perhaps,' says Mr. Orme, 'there is no expository work in the English language equal altogether to the exposition of *St. Peter.* It is rich in evangelical sentiment and exalted devotion. The meaning is seldom missed and often admirably illustrated. There is learning without its parade; theology divested of systematic stiffness; and eloquence in a beautiful flow of unaffected language and appropriate imagery. To say more would be unbecoming, and less could not be said with justice.'

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor was one of the most eloquent pulpit orators that his country can boast. There was such a loftiness in his style, and such touching and heartfelt appeals to familiar life, that it has been well said of him that 'the dancing light he throws upon objects is like an aurora borealis playing betwixt heaven and earth.' Dr. Rust, who preached the bishop's funeral sermon, passes the following splendid panegyric on him: 'He had the good humour of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, the wisdom of a chancellor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel, and the piety of a saint. He had devotion enough for a cloister, learning enough for a university, and wit enough for a college of virtuosi; and had his parts and endowments been parcelled out among his clergy that he left behind him, it would perhaps have made one of the best dioceses in the world.'

Jeremy Taylor was born in 1613, and died in 1667. Coleridge pronounced him the most eloquent of divines, adding, 'Had I said of men, Cicero would forgive me, and Demosthenes nod assent.' He was accustomed to call him 'Chrysostom,' and counted him one of the few great geniuses of old English literature.

RICHARD BAXTER.

The eminent Nonconformist preacher and writer, Richard Baxter, was born at Rowden in Shropshire in 1615, and died in 1691.

Coleridge had a great admiration for some of Baxter's works. In his *Table-Talk* he says, 'Pray read with great attention Baxter's *Life of himself.* It is an inestimable work. I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory or even his competence, in consequence of his particular modes of thinking, but I could almost as soon doubt the gospel verity as his veracity.'

Preaching one Sunday, soon after the Restoration, in St Dunstan's Church, which was very old, something in the steeple fell down. The noise struck such terror into the





JOHN BUNYAN.

Great Triumphs, p. 363.

people that, in wild disorder, they began to run out of the church. In the midst of the confusion, Mr. Baxter, without any visible emotion, sat down in the pulpit. When the hurry was over, and the congregation was in some degree tranquillized, he resumed his discourse, and said, 'We are in the service of God, to prepare ourselves, that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world, when the heavens shall pass away, and the elements melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works therein shall be burnt up.'

BUNYAN.

A student of Cambridge observing a multitude flock to a village church on a working day, inquired what was the cause. On being informed that one Bunyan, a tinker, was to preach there, he gave a boy a few halfpence to hold his horse, resolved, as he said, to hear the tinker prate. The tinker *prated* to such effect that, for some time, the scholar wished to hear no other preacher, and through his future life gave proofs of the advantages he had received from the humble ministry of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Bunyan, with rude but irresistible zeal, preached throughout the country, and formed the greater part of the Baptist churches in Bedfordshire, until on *the Restoration* he was thrown into prison, where he remained twelve years. During his confinement, he preached to all to whom he could gain access; and when liberty was offered to him, on condition of promising to abstain from preaching, he constantly replied, 'If you let me out to-day, I shall preach again to-morrow.'

Bunyan, on being liberated, became pastor of the Baptist Church at Bedford; and when the kingdom enjoyed a portion of religious liberty, he enlarged the sphere of his usefulness by preaching every year in London, where he excited great attention. On one day's notice, such multitudes would assemble that the places of worship could not hold them. 'At a lecture at seven o'clock, in the dark mornings of winter,' says one of Bunyan's contemporaries, 'I have seen about 1200; and I computed about three thousand that came to hear him on a Lord's-day, so that one-half of them were obliged to return for want of room.'

Bunyan's great work as an author we have noticed elsewhere.

TILLOTSON.

The published sermons of Tillotson rank among the best in the English language; and it is probable that there would not have been a bad one from his pen to complain of, had his ability in delivering his sermons been equal to his ability in

writing them. But it happened to Tillotson (too much after the manner of the pulpit orators of his country) that he once preached his king asleep; and by way of making amends for the sleeping draught, he was ordered to publish what, had it been heard, neither king nor subject could have wished but to forget. In 1680, an extreme dread of Popery induced him to deliver before the king the sermon which bears in the published collection of his works the title of 'The Protestant Religion vindicated from the charge of Singularity and Novelty.' The King dropped asleep, and slept nearly all the time the archbishop was delivering it. When the preacher had finished, and the King rose to depart, a nobleman who was with him said, 'It is a pity your Majesty was asleep, for we have had the rarest piece of Hobbism that ever you heard in your life.' 'Have we?' replied Charles; 'then, oddsfish, he shall print it!' And so his Majesty was pleased to order, to the no small mortification of the archbishop, who knew that, designed for a temporary purpose, the sermon rested on none of those eternal principles which could enable it to appear with credit in the eyes of posterity.

In 1685, Archbishop Tillotson avowed himself a warm advocate for affording charitable relief to the French refugees. On the repeal of the Edict of Nantes, Dr. Beveridge, the Prebendary of Canterbury, having objected to reading a brief for this purpose, as contrary to the rubric, the Archbishop observed to him roughly, 'Doctor, Doctor, charity is above all rubrics.'

While this truly great man was in a private station, he always laid aside two-tenths of his income for charitable uses; and after his elevation to the mitre, he so constantly expended all that he could spare of his yearly revenues in acts of beneficence, that the only legacy which he was able to leave to his family consisted of two volumes of sermons, the value of which, however, was such, that the copyright of them brought no less a sum than £2500.

DR. BARROW.

The celebrated Dr. Barrow was not only remarkable for the excellence, but for the extraordinary length of his sermons. In preaching the Spital sermon before the Lord Mayor and the corporation, he spent three hours and a half. Being asked, after he came down from the pulpit, if he was not tired, he replied, 'Yes, indeed, I begin to be weary in standing so long.'

He was once requested by the Bishop of Rochester, then Dean of Westminster, to preach at the Abbey, and requested not to make a long sermon, for that the auditory loved short

ones, and were accustomed to them. He replied, 'My lord, I will show you my sermon,' and immediately gave it to the bishop. The text was, 'He that uttereth a slander is a liar,' and the sermon was divided into two parts, one treating on slander and the other on lies. The dean desired him to preach the first part of it only; and to this he consented, though not without some reluctance. This half sermon took him an hour and a half in the delivery.

At another time, Dr. Barrow preached in the Abbey on a holiday. It was then customary for the servants of the church upon all holidays except Sundays, betwixt the sermon and evening prayer, to show the tombs and monuments in the Abbey to such strangers or other persons as would purchase the privilege for twopence. Perceiving Dr. Barrow in the pulpit after the hour was past, and fearing to lose time in *hearing*, which they thought they could more profitably employ in *receiving*, the servants of the church became impatient, and most indecently caused the organ to be struck up against him; nor would they cease playing until the Doctor was silenced, which was not until he despaired of being heard, or of exhausting the organ-blower.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the length of Dr. Barrow's sermons was their only fault. 'In him,' says that excellent critic, Dr. *Blair*, 'one admires more the prodigious fecundity of his invention, and the uncommon strength of his conceptions, than the felicity of his execution or his talent in composition. We see a genius far surpassing the common, peculiar indeed almost to himself; but that genius often shooting wild, and unchastised by any discipline or study of eloquence. On every subject he multiplies words with an overflowing copiousness, but it is always a torrent of strong ideas and significant expressions which he pours forth.'

Charles II. was wont in his humorous way to say of Dr. Barrow, that 'he was the most unfair preacher in England, because he exhausted every subject, and left no room for others to come after him.' It was indeed too much the Doctor's way: when he got hold of a topic, he never knew how to leave anything unsaid upon it. One of his best discourses, that on 'The duty and reward of bounty to the poor,' actually took him up several hours in delivering!

DR. SOUTH.

The celebrated Dr. South, one of the chaplains of Charles II., preaching on a certain day before the Court, which was composed of the most profligate and dissipated men in the nation, perceived in the middle of his discourse that sleep had gradually taken possession of



...not sure quite
lest you awaken his Ma

On another occasio
preaching before the K
chose for his text these
'The lot is cast into
but the disposing of it i
Lord.' In this sermon
troduced three remark
stances of unexpected a
ment,—those of Aga
Masaniello, and Oliver
well. Of the latter he
'And who, that beheld
bankrupt, beggarly fell
Cromwell, first enterin
Parliament House with a
bare, torn cloak, greas
(perhaps neither of them
for), could have suspected
in the space of so few ye
should, by the murder o
King and the banishme
another, ascend the thr
At this the King is sai
have fallen into a violent
laughter, and turning to
South's

was his father's shield, it would scarcely be a figure to say that the Bible was the pillow of his infant head; and, familiar with it from his most tender years, it dwelt richly in him all his days. It was the cynosure round which his meditations—morning, noon, and evening—turned, and whatever other knowledge came in his way, he pounced upon it with more or less avidity as it served to elucidate or enforce some Bible saying. What has been remarked of an enthusiast in Egyptian antiquities — that he had grown quite pyramidical —may be said of the Presbyterian minister at Chester: he had grown entirely biblical. He had no ideas which had not either been first derived from Scripture, or afterwards dissolved in it. And as his shrewd sense, his kindly nature, his devotional temperament, and his extensive information were all thoroughly scripturalized, it needed no forcing or straining. It was but to turn the tap, and out flowed the racy exposition. 'The work,' he said, 'has been to me its own wages, and the pleasure recompense enough for all the pains.'

Much was incidentally jotted down, and the materials lay affluent about him, before he commenced writing for the press. It was the advice of the Rev. Samuel Clarke and other friends which moved him to begin; and the following entry in his journal announces the commencement of the work:—

'*Nov. 12, 1704.*—This night, after many thoughts of heart and many prayers concerning it, I began my notes on the Old Testament. It is not likely I shall live to finish it, or if I should, that it should be of public service, for I am not *par negotio;* yet, in the strength of God, and, I hope, with a single eye to His glory, I set about it, that I may endeavour something and spend my time to some good purpose, and let the Lord make what use He pleaseth of me. I go about it with fear and trembling, lest I exercise myself in things too high for me. The Lord help me to set about it with great humility.'

In September 1706 he finished the Pentateuch, and on the 21st of November that year he writes: 'This evening I received a parcel of the *Exposition of the Pentateuch.* I desire to bless God that He has given me to see it finished. I had comfort from that promise, "Thou shalt find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man."'

Every second year produced another volume, till April 17, 1714, he records: 'Finished Acts, and with it the fifth volume. Blessed be God that has helped me and spared me. All the praise be to God!'

Two months thereafter he ceased from all his labours, and Dr. Evans and others took up the fallen pen. They completed a sixth volume, but did not continue *Matthew Henry.*

The zeal with which he began his work lasted all along. So dear was the employment that it was not easy to divert him from it, and each possible moment was devoted to it. Even when roused from slumber by illness in the family, his eye would brighten at the sight of it, and he would draw in his study chair 'to do a little at the exposition.' What he says in the preface to the Prophecies—his least successful volume—will awaken the fellow-feeling of the reader, and remind him of Bishop Horne's touching farewell to the book of Psalms: 'The pleasure I have had in studying and meditating on those parts of these prophecies which are plain and practical, and especially those which are evangelical, has been an abundant balance to, and recompense for, the harder tasks we have met with in other parts that are more obscure. In many parts of this field the treasure must be digged for, as that in the mines; but in other parts the surface is covered with rich and precious products, with corn and flocks, and of which we may say, as was said of Noah, "These same have comforted us greatly concerning our work and the toil of our hands," and have made it very pleasant and delightful. God grant it may be no less so to the readers.'

As might be expected from the extent of his writings, Matthew Henry was a hard student. His plan was to rise early; he was usually in his study at five o'clock, sometimes as early as four, and, except the hour allowed for breakfast and morning worship, remained there till noon, often till four in the afternoon. Nothing more tried his meek and patient spirit than intrusions on his studying time. 'I am always best when alone,' he said. 'No place is like my own study; no company like good books, especially the book of God.' But with all his love of leisure and retirement, he was no hermit. He was rich in friends. He was much consulted by them; and besides an extensive correspondence, he showed his interest in them by his minute and affectionate intercessions. 'How sweet a thing it is to pray, minding a particular errand!' That errand was often some conjuncture in the history of a friend or a friend's family.

BISHOP ATTERBURY.

Bishop Atterbury's talents as a preacher were so excellent and remarkable, that he may be said to have owed his preferment to the pulpit. A writer of his day, who appears to have been well acquainted with him, says, 'He has so particular a regard for his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he has to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a behaviour that it must attract your attention. His person, it must be confessed, is no small recommendation; but he is

to be highly commended for not losing that advantage, and adding to a propriety of speech which might pass the criticism of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has many of his audience who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there no explanations as well as grace in his action. This art of his is used with the most exact and honest skill. He never attempts your passions till he has convinced your reason. All the objections which you can form are laid open and dispersed, before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart, and never pretends to show the beauty of holiness till he has convinced you of the truth of it.'

We may add an anecdote regarding this worthy divine.

In the debate on the Occasional Conformity and Schism Bills in the House of Lords, in December 1718, they were very warmly opposed by Atterbury, who said 'he had prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet.' Lord Coningsby, who always spoke in a passion, rose immediately after the bishop, and remarked, that 'one of the right reverends had set himself forth as *a prophet; but, for his* part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that famous prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass.' The bishop, in reply, with great wit and calmness exposed his rude attack, concluding in these words: 'Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship.' From that day forth, Lord Coningsby was called 'Atterbury's Pad.'

Atterbury was born in 1662, and died in exile in 1732.

JOSEPH BUTLER.

At the age of twenty-one, Joseph Butler wrote: 'I design the search after truth as the business of my life.' He was then a student in a Dissenting academy. Before he died, he held the richest see in England, and had refused the primacy; and, had higher honours been possible, posterity would gladly have bestowed them on the greatest light which has ever adorned the English Church.

His masterpiece in modern apologetics appeared in 1736: *The Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature.* Its place and function have been well described in the epitaph which Southey wrote, and which may now be read in

Bristol Cathedral on Butler's monument: 'Others had established the historical and prophetical grounds of the Christian religion, and that sure testimony of its truth which is found in its perfect adaptation to the heart of man. It was reserved for him to develope its analogy to the constitution and course of nature, and laying his strong foundations in the depth of that great argument, there to construct another and irrefragable proof, thus rendering philosophy subservient to faith, and finding in outward and visible things the type and evidence of those within the veil.'

Butler was born in 1692, and died in 1752.

JOHN WESLEY.

It would be difficult in the whole circle of biography to find a man who worked harder than John Wesley. Not an hour did he leave unappropriated. For fifty years he rose at four in the morning, summer and winter, and was accustomed to preach a sermon at five, an exercise he esteemed 'the healthiest in the world.' This early devotion, he said, 'is the glory of the Methodists. Whenever they drop it, they will dwindle away to nothing.'

Travelling did not suspend his industry. 'Though I am always in haste,' he says of himself, 'I am never in a hurry, because I never undertake any more work than I can go through with perfect calmness of spirit. It is true I travel 4000 or 5000 miles in a year, but I generally travel alone in my carriage, and am as retired ten hours a day as if I were in a wilderness. On other days I never spend less than three hours, and frequently ten or twelve, alone.' In this way he found time to read much and to write voluminously.

Marvellous were Wesley's powers as a leader and administrator. Never general drilled a more heterogeneous army, and never was general more reverentially obeyed. He exacted no service which he did not in his own person exceed. Who could work more than he worked? who spare himself less? His example gave life and inspiration to all who came near him. His strong will and his quick, decisive intellect naturally raised him to kingship, and gathered around him willing and joyful subjects. The constructive force of his own mind was reflected in the organization of Methodism; and in the increased permanence of that community, we discern the highest testimony to the vigour and sanctity of his character.

During the greater part of his long public career, John Wesley rarely preached less than twice, and often four or five times a day; while, besides presiding with the most minute superintendence over all the public affairs of the large and rapidly-growing community which acknowledged

him as its head, and transacting a great deal of private business, he found time to send to the press a succession of works, which, in the collected edition, amount to between thirty and forty volumes.

Southey, who has made the life of this extraordinary man one of the most interesting books in the language, has given us the following account of the manner in which he contrived to get through all this occupation: 'Leisure and I,' said Wesley, 'have taken leave of one another. I purpose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me.' This resolution was made in the prime of life, and never was resolution more punctually observed. 'Lord, let me not live to be useless!' was the prayer which he uttered after seeing one whom he had long known as an active and useful magistrate reduced by age to be 'a picture of human nature in disgrace, feeble in body and mind, slow of speech and understanding.'

He was favoured with a constitution vigorous beyond that of ordinary men, and with an activity of spirit which is even rarer than his singular endowment of health and strength. Ten thousand cares of various kinds, he said, were no more weight or burden to his mind than ten thousand hairs were on his head. His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. He rose early, and lay down at night with nothing to keep him waking or trouble him in sleep. His mind was always in a pleasurable and wholesome state of activity; he was temperate in his diet, and lived in perpetual locomotion. And frequent change of air is perhaps, of all things, that which most conduces to joyous health and long life. The time which Mr. Wesley spent in travelling was not lost. 'History, poetry, and philosophy,' said he, 'I commonly read on horseback, having other employment at other times.' He used to throw the reins on his horse's neck, and in this way he rode, in the course of his life, above a hundred thousand miles, without any accident of sufficient magnitude to make him sensible of the danger which he incurred.

'By becoming an itinerant,' says Southey, 'Wesley acquired general notoriety, which gratified his ambition, and by exciting curiosity respecting him, induced persons to hear him who would not have been brought within the influence of his zeal by any other motive. This alone would have filled the churches, if he had been permitted to preach in them. Field preaching was a greater novelty; it attracted greater multitudes, and brought him more immediately among the lower and ruder classes of society, whom he might otherwise in vain have wished to address. He has forcibly shown, in one of his appeals, the usefulness and necessity of the

practice: "What need is there," he says, speaking for his antagonists, "of this preaching in fields and streets? Are there not churches enough to preach in?—No, my friend, there are not—not for us to preach in. You forget, we are not suffered to preach there; else we should prefer them to any place whatever.—Well, there are ministers enough without you!—Ministers enough and churches enough for what? To reclaim all the sinners within the four seas? If there were, they would all be reclaimed; but they are not reclaimed. Therefore it is evident there are not churches enough."'

'This, methinks,' says Coleridge, in a note on this passage, 'is field *logic* as well as field *preaching*.'

Although John Wesley is generally considered as the founder of the Methodists, yet the basis was laid by Mr. Whitefield, who was preaching to large assemblies in London, Bristol, Gloucester, and other places, while Mr. Wesley was unsuccessfully attempting to convert the heathen in Georgia. It is therefore apparent that, though the Wesleys had never existed, Whitefield would have given birth to Methodism. When Whitefield, however, having excited this powerful sensation in England, had departed for Georgia, to the joy of those who dreaded the excesses of his zeal, no sooner had he left the metropolis than Wesley arrived there, to deepen and widen the impression which Whitefield had made. Had their measures been concerted, they could not more entirely have accorded.

The first sermon which Wesley preached in London, was upon these strong words:—'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature;' and though he himself had not yet reached the same stage in his progress as his more ardent coadjutor, the discourse was so high-strained that he was informed that he was not to preach again in that pulpit from which it was delivered.

On the next Sunday he preached at St. Andrew's, Holborn, but in a style to which the pulpit of that church was so unused, and so contrary to the passive and compatible views which then so generally regulated the practice of the clergymen of the Establishment, that he was in like manner informed that he must preach there no more.

Wesley, thus driven from the pulpits of the Church, was led to form that separate yet kindred establishment which has since been productive of such great results.

Even at this period, however, Wesley appears to have had doubts as to his call to preach the gospel. We learn this from the account he gives of his conversations with Peter Boehler, a Moravian, who accompanied him on a visit of some days to Oxford. During these days he conversed much with the Moravian, but says that he under-

stood him not; and least of all when he said, '*Mi frater, mi frater, exeoquenda est ista tua Philosophia.*' Boehler possessed one kind of philosophy in a higher degree than his friend. The singularity of their appearance and manner excited some mockery from the undergraduates; and the German, who perceived that Wesley was annoyed by it, chiefly on his account, said with a smile, '*Mi frater, non adhæret vestibus*'—'it does not even stick to our clothes.' This man, a person of no extraordinary powers of mind, became Wesley's teacher. It is no slight proof of his commanding intellect, that he was listened to as such, and by him. 'In the hands of the great God,' says Wesley, 'I was clearly convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved.' A scruple immediately occurred to him, whether he should leave off preaching, and Boehler answered, 'By no means.' 'But what can I preach?' said Wesley. The Moravian replied, 'Preach faith *till* you have it; and then *because* you have it, you *will* preach faith.' Accordingly he began to preach this doctrine, though, he says, his soul started back from the work.

In the early period of Methodism, the preachers appeared to have relied very confidently on the hospitality of the people wherever they went. One of them, a Mr. John Jane, being summoned from Bristol *by Mr.* Wesley to meet him at Holyhead, and accompany him to Ireland, set out on foot with only three shillings in his pocket. It is a proof how confidently such a man might calculate upon the kindness of human nature, that during six nights out of seven, this innocent adventurer was hospitably entertained by entire strangers; and when he arrived, he had one penny left.

Methodist preachers were not always so fortunate, for at the commencement of his errantry Mr. Wesley had sometimes to bear with an indifference and insensibility in his friends, which was more likely than any opposition to have abated his ardour. Along with John Nelson, one of the earliest of his colleagues, he rode from common to common in Cornwall, preaching to a people who heard willingly, but seldom or never proffered them the slightest act of hospitality. Returning one day in autumn from one of these hungry excursions, Wesley stopped his horse at some brambles, to pick the fruit. 'Brother Nelson,' said he, 'we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting an appetite, but the worst that I ever saw for getting food. Do the people think we can live upon preaching?' They were detained some time at St. Ives because of the illness of one of their companions, and their lodgings

were little better than their fare. 'All the time,' says John, 'Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor. He had my greatcoat for his pillow, and I had Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here nearly three weeks, one morning about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, "Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but on one side."'

Mr. Wesley contrived to give away more money in charity out of a small income than any man, perhaps, of his time. His mode, as related by himself, was this. When he had £30 a year, he lived on £28, and gave away 40s.; the next year, receiving £60, he still lived on £28, and gave away £32; the third year he received £90, and gave away £62; the fourth year he received £120, still he lived on twenty-eight, and gave to the poor £92; and so on to the end of the chapter of this worthy man's benevolence. On a moderate calculation, he gave away, in about fifty years, £20,000 or £30,000.

CHARLES WESLEY.

One of the earliest, and certainly not the least efficient, apostles of Methodism was Mr. Charles Wesley, who, as a preacher, has been deemed by some who heard them both, superior to his brother. A person who heard him preach in the fields near Bristol, describes his manner. 'I found him,' says he, 'standing on a table board, in an erect posture, with his hands and eyes lifted up to heaven in prayer; he prayed with uncommon fervour, fluency, and variety of proper expressions. He then preached about an hour, in such a manner as I scarce ever heard any man preach. Though I have heard many a finer sermon, according to the common taste of acceptation of sermons, I never heard any man discover such evident signs of a vehement desire, or labour so earnestly to convince his hearers that they were all by nature in a sinful, lost, undone state. With uncommon fervour, he acquitted himself as an ambassador of Christ, beseeching them in His name, and praying them in His stead, to be reconciled to God. And although he used no notes, nor had anything in his hand but a Bible, yet he delivered his thoughts in a rich, copious variety of expression, and with so much propriety that I could not observe anything incoherent or inanimate through the whole performance.'

Several of Charles Wesley's sermons have been published; and one of them, from the text, 'Awake, thou that sleepest,' was so popular among the Methodists, that more than 100,000 copies of it had been sold by the year 1820.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Whitefield was the prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearness of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences, but in the power of darting the gospel direct into the conscience, he eclipsed them all. With an open, beaming countenance, and a frank and easy port, he combined a voice of rich compass, and to these advantages he added a most expressive and eloquent action. Improved by conscientious practice, and instinct with his earnest nature, this elocution was the acted sermon, and by its pantomimic portrait enabled the eye to anticipate each rapid utterance, and helped the memory to treasure up the palpable ideas. None ever used so boldly or with more success the highest styles of impersonation. His 'Hark! hark!' would conjure up Gethsemane, with its faltering moon, and awake again the cry of horror-stricken innocence; and an apostrophe to Peter on the Holy Mount would light up another Tabor, and drown it in glory from the opening heaven. His thoughts were possessions, his feelings were transformations, and if he spoke because he felt, his hearers understood because *they saw*.

They were not only enthusiastic amateurs, like Garrick, who ran to weep and tremble at his gusts of passion, but even the colder critics of the Walpole school were surprised into momentary sympathy and reluctant wonder. Lord Chesterfield was listening in Lady Huntingdon's pew when Whitefield was comparing the benighted sinner to a blind beggar on a dangerous road. His little dog gets away from him when skirting the edge of a precipice, and he is left to explore the path with his iron-shod staff. On the very verge of the cliff, this blind guide slips through his fingers, and skims away down the abyss. All unconscious, its owner stoops down to regain it, and, stumbling forward— 'Good —, he is gone!' shouted Chesterfield, who had been watching with breathless alarm the blind man's movements, and who jumped from his seat to save the catastrophe.

But the glory of Whitefield's preaching was its heart-kindled, heart-melting gospel. Coming to his work direct from communion with his Master, and in all the strength of believing prayer, there was an elevation in his mien which often paralyzed hostility; a self-possession which only made him, amid uproar and fury, the more sublime. With an electric bolt he would bring the jester in his fool's cap from his perch on the tree, or galvanize the brick-bat from the skulking miscreant's grasp, or sweep down, in crouch-

ing submission and shamefaced silence, the whole of Bartholomew Fair, whilst a revealing flash of sententious doctrine or vivified Scripture would disclose to awe-struck hundreds the forgotten verities of another world, or the unsuspected arcana of their inner man. 'I came to break your head, but, through you, God has broken my heart,' was a sort of confession with which he was familiar. And when it is known that he would often preach thrice on a working day, and that he has received in one week as many as a thousand letters from persons awakened by his sermons, if no estimate can be formed of the results of his ministry, some idea may be suggested of its vast extent and singular effectiveness.

Mr. Whitefield displayed in his boyhood great theatrical talent, and when afterwards called to the ministry of the gospel, he indulged in an histrionic manner of preaching, which would have been offensive if it had not been rendered admirable by his natural gracefulness and inimitable power.

Remarkable instances are related of the manner in which he impressed his hearers. A shipbuilder was once asked what he thought of him. 'Think!' he replied, 'I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but were I to save my soul, under Mr. Whitefield, I could not lay a single plank.'

Hume pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he ever heard, and said it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him.

One of his flights of oratory is related on Mr. Hume's authority. After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitefield thus addressed his audience:—'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to heaven; and shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all the multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried out, 'Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!' Hume said this address was accompanied with such animated yet natural action, that it surpassed anything that he ever saw or heard in any other preacher.

The elocution of Whitefield was perfect: he never faltered, unless when the feeling to which he had wrought himself overcame him, and then his speech was interrupted by a flow of tears; sometimes the emotion of his mind exhausted him, and the beholders felt a momentary apprehension for his life.

Whitefield would frequently describe the agony of our Saviour with such force, that the scene seemed actually be-

fore his auditors. 'Look yonder,' he would say, stretching out his hand, and pointing while he spoke, 'what is that I see? It is my agonizing Lord! Hark, hark! do you not hear? "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done!"' This he introduced frequently in his sermons; and one who lived with him says the effect was not destroyed by repetition; even to those who knew what was coming, it came as forcibly as if they had never heard it before.

Sometimes, at the close of a sermon, he would personate a judge about to perform the last awful duties of his office. With his eyes full of tears, and an emotion that made his speech falter, after a pause which kept the whole audience in breathless expectation of what was to come, he would say, 'I am now going to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it; I must pronounce sentence upon you!' and, then, in a tremendous strain of eloquence, describing the eternal punishment of the wicked, he recited the words of Christ, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' When he spoke of St. Peter, how after the cock crew he went out and wept bitterly, he had a fold of his gown ready, in which he hid his face.

Perfect as it was, histrionism like this would have produced no lasting effect upon the mind had it not been for the unaffected earnestness and indubitable sincerity of the preacher, which equally characterized his manner, whether he rose to the height of passion in his discourse, or won the attention of the motley crowd by the introduction of familiar stories and illustrations adapted to the meanest capacity.

When Whitefield preached before the seamen at New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:—'Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land.—But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise, and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?'

It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose with united voices and minds, and exclaimed, *Take to the long-boat!*

The crowds that attended the preaching of Whitefield first suggested to him the thought of preaching in the

open air. When he mentioned this to some of his friends, they judged it was mere madness; nor did he begin to practise it until he went to Bristol, when, finding the churches denied to him, he preached on a hill at Kingswood to the colliers; and after he had done this three or four times, his congregation is said to have amounted to twenty thousand persons. That any human voice could be heard by such a number is improbable; but that he effected a great moral reform among these colliers by his preaching cannot be denied. 'The first discovery,' he tells us, 'of their being affected was the white gutters made by their tears which plentifully fell down their black cheeks, as they came out of their coal-pits.' After this, he preached frequently in the open air in the vicinity of London, and in other parts of the country, to assembled thousands.

Dr. Franklin, in his memoirs, bears witness to the extraordinary effect which was produced by Mr. Whitefield's preaching in America, and relates an anecdote equally characteristic of the preacher and of himself. 'I happened,' says the Doctor, 'to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution emptied his pockets before he came from home; towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "At any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."'

The ardent and benevolent zeal which distinguished the whole life of George Whitefield, prompted him to a new and hazardous effort to do good. It had been the custom for many years to erect booths in Moorfields for mountebanks and puppet-shows, which attracted immense crowds, to keep a kind of fair during the Easter and Whitsuntide holi-

days. Whitefield, who had long viewed this as the 'Vanity Fair' described by his favourite Bunyan, determined to intrude on the sports by preaching in the midst of the fair. On Whit-Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, he marched forth to the assault of this stronghold of Satan, and mounting a pulpit which some of his friends had prepared for him, he took for his text, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' His words seemed to fly like pointed arrows from a bow of steel. The gazing crowd was hushed to solemn silence, and many were in tears.

'Being thus encouraged,' says Whitefield, 'I ventured out again at noon, when the fields were quite full, and I could scarcely help smiling, to see thousands, when a Merry Andrew was trumpeting to them, upon observing me to mount a stand on the other side of the field, deserting him till not so much as one was left behind, but all flocked to hear the gospel. This, together with a complaint that they had taken nearly twenty or thirty pounds less that day than usual, so enraged the owners of the booths, that when I came to preach a third time, in the evening, in the midst of the sermon a Merry Andrew got up on a man's *shoulders, and* advancing towards the pulpit, attempted to slash me with a long heavy whip several times. Soon after, they got a recruiting sergeant, with his drum, to pass through the congregation. But I desired the people to make way for the king's officer, which was quietly done. Finding these efforts fail, a large body, quite on the opposite side, assembled together; and having got a great pole for their standard, advanced with sound of drum in a very threatening manner, till they came near the skirts of the congregation. Uncommon courage was given both to preacher and hearers. I prayed for support and deliverance, and I was heard; for just as they approached us, with looks full of resentment, I know not by what circumstance, they quarrelled among themselves, threw down their staff, leaving, however, many of their company behind, who, before we had done, were brought over, I trust, to join the besieged party.

'I think I continued praying, and preaching, and singing (for the noise was too great at times to preach) above three hours. We then retired to the tabernacle, where thousands flocked. We had determined to pray down the booths; but, blessed be God, more substantial work was done. At a moderate computation, I received, I believe, a thousand notes from persons under conviction; and soon after, upwards of three hundred

were received into the society in one day. Numbers that seemed, as it were, to have been bred up for Tyburn, were at that time plucked as brands out of the burning.'

DR. BLAIR.

The celebrated Dr. Blair had been for twenty-three years a preacher in the Scottish metropolis, before he could be induced to favour the world with a volume of the sermons which had so long furnished instruction and delight to his own congregation. He transmitted the manuscript of his first volume to Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, who, after keeping it for some time, wrote a letter to him, discouraging the publication. Mr. Strahan, however, had sent one of the sermons to Dr. Johnson for his opinion; and after his unfavourable letter to Dr. Blair had been sent off, he received from Johnson, on Christmas Eve, 1776, a note, in which was the following paragraph: 'I have read over Dr. Blair's first sermon with more than approbation; to say it is good is too little.' Mr. Strahan had very soon after this time a conversation with Dr. Johnson concerning them; and then he very candidly wrote to Dr. Blair, enclosing Johnson's note, and agreeing to purchase the volume, for which, in conjunction with Mr. Cadell, he offered £100. The offer being accepted, the volume was published. The sale was so rapid and extensive, that the proprietors spontaneously doubled the sum which they had agreed to give Dr. Blair for the copyright. Encouraged by the public approbation, Dr. Blair produced three additional volumes at different intervals; for the first of which, or second of the series, the same liberal publishers gave £300, and for the two others, £600 each.

The whole of these volumes experienced a degree of success which exceeds all that we read of in the history of pulpit literature. 'They circulated,' says Dr. Finlayson, 'rapidly and widely wherever the English tongue extends; they were soon translated into almost all the languages of Europe; and his Majesty George III., with that wise attention to the interests of religion and literature which distinguishes his reign, was graciously pleased to judge them worthy of a public reward. By a royal mandate to the Exchequer in Scotland, dated July 25, 1780, a pension of £200 was conferred on their author, which continued unaltered till his death.'

WILLIAM PALEY.

The Church of England can boast of few more celebrated divines than William Paley. He was born in 1743 at Peterborough, and studied at Cambridge. The first two years of his University career were sadly

misspent under the influence of a few gay and dissolute companions. He, however, had the good sense to disentangle himself from these unprofitable associates and to devote himself to earnest hard work. Such rapid progress did he make, that in 1766 he became a fellow of his college, and soon after colleague to Dr. Law in his public lectures on Moral and Political Philosophy, as well as on the New Testament.

In 1782, Paley was made Archdeacon of Carlisle. Soon after he began his celebrated works. The first, however, *Principles of Moral Philosophy*, had to wait some time till the author was rich enough to publish it, no one in the trade being willing to run the risk. When it did appear, the sale from the first was so great, that Faulder the publisher, to whom it had been offered for £100, was willing to give £250. Whilst the negotiation was pending, another offer came of £1000, and Paley's distress, lest his friend should have concluded the bargain for the lesser sum, was sufficiently ludicrous. *Horæ Paulinæ* and other smaller works followed; but the highest commendations were reserved for his *View of the Evidences of Christianity*, which was greeted by all ranks, from George III. downwards, as an antidote to the infidelity which then prevailed.

Paley's portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

Dr. Adam Clarke was a native of Ireland, and was born in the year 1762. In his seventeenth year he became impressed with deep views of religion, and resolved to consecrate his future life to the service of God. In Haydon Hall, an elegant mansion which he purchased in the neighbourhood of London, he completed his famous Commentary, the great success of his life. This important labour had occupied his attention more or less for forty-eight years. The publication of it took place at intervals from 1810 to 1826.

It is with literary monuments as with architectural trophies—we like to know who reared them, and how they went to work; and we would be glad to learn how far they enjoyed their labours, and what were their emotions when the task was finished. We are therefore grateful to Dr. Adam Clarke's biographer for telling us how, during the forty years that his book was in building, he would sometimes be so absorbed that he did not observe the knock at the study door, but was discovered on his bended knees, with the pen in his hand and the paper before him; and how, when the last sentence was written, he led his son into the library, and surprised him by the new spectacle of the great table cleared of all its folios, and with nothing but a Bible remaining. 'This, Joseph,' said

he, 'is the happiest period I have enjoyed for years. I have written the last word; I have put away the chains that would remind me of my bondage. And *there* have I returned the deep thanks of a grateful soul to the God who has shown me such great and continued kindness.' And we can sympathize with his family, who, sharing in his emancipation, testified their joy by presenting him with a silver vase.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

The Scottish divine, Thomas Chalmers, was born at Anstruther, in Fife, on the 17th of March 1780. In 1815 he became minister of the Tron Church in Glasgow, and in that city he laboured for eight years.

An American writer thus speaks of this celebrated preacher:—'Dr. Chalmers,' he says, 'fully equalled my expectations. The eloquence of this great man is very vehement and impassioned. The effect which he produces in preaching does not consist in approaching his point by any artful and covert process of reasoning and illustration, but by openly marching up, and confronting it with unhesitating and manly intrepidity. Whatever faults may be detected in Dr. Chalmers' style by the cool eye of fastidious criticism, from the profusion of his ornaments, the overstraining of his metaphors, the redundancy of his expressions, perhaps there is no person living who, when once seen and heard, would be pronounced more free than he from the petty or laboured artifices which are generally employed to recommend opinion and enforce instruction. So regardless is he of the fastidious aids of composition, that his style may often be considered negligent, and sometimes even coarse. . . .

'In each of his discourses there are some parts which are particularly impassioned, and at such moments he hurries onwards as with the excitement of inspiration, and produces an effect which Whitefield could not have surpassed. At these times, too, the listening audience may be seen bending forward, as if with breathless interest to catch each word as it falls from his lips, and on his arriving at the conclusion of the particular train of sentiment, again arousing, as from the spell of a dream, to the reality of conscious existence. . . .

'I was present one evening when he was preaching in Lady Glenorchy's chapel in Edinburgh, and occupied a seat next to Spurzheim, the celebrated craniologist. I noticed that he was deeply engaged by the preacher. On his finishing, I inquired what he thought of him. "It is too much, too much," said he, passing his hand across his forehead; "my brain is in a fever by what I have been hearing,"—a striking de-

claration from a cold and phlegmatic German.'

While preaching one of his astronomical discourses in Glasgow, Dr. Chalmers observed among his audience a plain, honest, godly woman, who lived in a close off the Gallowgate, and with whom he was well acquainted. The Doctor felt an irresistible desire to know what Janet thought of the sermon, as he was quite sure it was above her reach; and he knew that he would not require to ask her opinion, for, being a frank, outspoken 'body,' she would not fail to give it of her own accord. A day or two after, he threw himself in her way, when he soon got what he was in quest of. 'Weel, sir,' she said, 'I was hearing ye in the Laigh Kirk the ither day. I canna say I liket ye sae weel as in our ain bit placey here (a mission-house where weekly meetings were held); I canna say that I understood ye a'thegither; but eh, sir, there was something unco suitable and satisfyin' in the Psalms.'

The Disruption of the Scottish Established Church in 1843 is one of the triumphs of enlightened principles, with which the name of Dr. Chalmers will ever be associated.

Writing to a correspondent in America, on the 19th of April 1843, Dr. Chalmers says:—

'Our crisis is rapidly approaching. We are making every effort for the erection and sustentation of a Free Church, in the event of our disruption from the State, which will take place, we expect, in four weeks. I am glad to say that the great bulk and body of the common people, with a goodly proportion of the middle classes, are upon our side, though it bodes ill for the country that the higher classes are almost invariably against us.'

The day of trial at length arrived. On the 18th of May the Assembly had been appointed to meet. From as early as four o'clock, Edinburgh was astir; and, as the morning advanced, the grave countenances of all who met and conversed in the swarming streets, showed that for no gala purpose had they quitted their shops and their offices. Towards noon, the great gallery in Holyrood House was thrown open, and the Marquis of Bute, Lord High Commissioner, received the most crowded levee which had been witnessed for years. Just as it was at the fullest, a portrait of William III., which hung opposite to the spot where the representative of Majesty stood, got loosened, and fell heavily to the floor. 'There goes the Revolution Settlement,' exclaimed a voice from the throng; and the words were received as if some prophet had spoken. There was profound silence throughout the gallery for several moments.

At the close of the levee, the Lord High Commissioner proceeded to St. Giles' Church in his

state coach, drawn by six horses. A magnificent cortége followed, and cavalry escorted them. There was a sermon, according to custom, by the Moderator of the last Assembly, and the frequent allusions made to things past and things about to come fell like so many warning notes upon the ears of the audience. By and by, the members of Assembly proceeded in a body to St. Andrew's Church, which was crammed to suffocation, except in the space railed off for their own accommodation. Dr. Welsh, the out-going Moderator, a divine of great personal authority, took the chair, and soon afterwards the Lord High Commissioner entered. He was received with every mark of respect,—Moderator, members, and audience all rising to greet him, after which a prayer was offered. And now expectation, which had already been wound up to the highest pitch of excitement, became positively painful, when the Moderator rose and said:—'Fathers and brethren, according to the usual form of procedure, this is the time for making up the roll; but in consequence of certain proceedings affecting our rights and privileges,—proceedings which have been sanctioned by her Majesty's Government, and by the Legislature of the country,—and more especially in respect that there has been an infringement on the liberties of our constitution, so that we could not now constitute this court without a violation of the terms of the union between Church and State in this land as now authoritatively declared, I must protest against our proceeding further. The reasons that have led me to come to this conclusion are fully set forth in the document which I hold in my hand, and which, with the permission of the House, I will now proceed to read.'

Dr. Welsh then read the document, and the sequel is told by Dr. Hanna in the following striking sentences:—'Having finished the reading of this protest, Dr. Welsh laid it upon the table, turned and bowed respectfully to the Commissioner, left the chair, and proceeded along the aisle to the door of the church. Dr. Chalmers had been standing immediately on his left. He looked vacant and abstracted while the Protest was being read; but Dr. Welsh's movement awakened him from the reverie. Seizing eagerly upon his hat, he hurried after him with all the air of one impatient to be gone. Mr. Campbell of Monzie, Dr. Gordon, Dr. M'Donald, and Dr. Macfarlan followed him.

'The effect upon the audience was overwhelming. At first a cheer burst from the galleries, but it was almost instantly and spontaneously restrained. It was felt by all to be an expression of feeling unsuited to the occasion; it was checked in many cases by an emotion too deep for any other utterance

than the fall of sad and silent tears. The whole audience was now standing gazing in stillness upon the scene. Man after man, row after row, moved on along the aisle, till the benches on the left, lately so crowded, showed scarce an occupant. More than 400 ministers and a still larger number of elders had withdrawn.'

Thus was consummated at once the greatest and most eventful schism that perhaps ever occurred in any national Church since the foundation of Christianity in our land. Neither the compulsory defection of the nonconforming clergy from the Church of England in the sixteenth century, nor the severance of the Evangelical from the Lutheran party in Protestant Prussia, can for a moment be compared with it. Dr. Chalmers died on the 31st of May 1847.

EDWARD IRVING.

The celebrated preacher Edward Irving was born at Annan in Scotland on the 15th of August 1792. In 1815 he was licensed as a preacher, and began his new career with a sermon in his native village.

The following description of Edward Irving's first sermon is interesting:—'He went through his "trials" in the early part of the year 1815, and was fully licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy in the June of that year; and "exercised his gift" thereafter in Kirkcaldy and other places, but at first with no great success.' A humorous description of his first sermon is given by a friend: 'The "haill toun," profoundly critical and much interested, turned out to hear him; even his ancient teachers, with solemn brows, came out to sit in judgment on Edward's sermon. A certain excitement of interest, unusual to that humdrum atmosphere, thrilled through the building. When the sermon was in full current, some incautious movement of the young preacher tilted aside the great Bible, and the sermon itself, that direful "paper" which Scotch congregations hold in high despite, dropped out bodily and fluttered down upon the precentor's desk underneath. A perfect rustle of excitement ran through the church. Here was an unhoped-for crisis! what would the neophyte do now? The young preacher calmly stooped his great figure over the pulpit, grasped the manuscript as it lay, broadways, crushed it up in his great hand, thrust it into a pocket, and went on as fluently as before. There does not exist a congregation in Scotland which that act would not have taken by storm. His success was triumphant. To criticise a man so visibly independent of "the paper" would have been presumption indeed.'

'After living three years in Glasgow,' says a writer in

Chambers' Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen, 'as assistant to Dr. Chalmers—the happiest portion, we doubt not, of his life, and perhaps also the most useful—a change occurred by which Mr. Irving was to burst into full notoriety. Already he had been offered a call to a church in Kingston, Jamaica, which he would have accepted had he not been dissuaded by his relatives. He also, it was said, had got the offer of a living in one of the collegiate churches of Scotland, but refused it on account of his conscientious feelings regarding patronage. Now, however, instead of obscure exile, he was to be called into the vast and stirring world of London, and become a minister there, independent of the presentation of a patron. A Presbyterian Chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, attached to the Caledonian Asylum, was at this time not only without a minister, but without a congregation, and a popular preacher was needed to fill both pulpit and pews. One of the directors of the asylum had heard of Mr. Irving, and judged him the fittest person for the emergency. He represented the case to his brethren in office, and in consequence Mr. Irving was invited to London to preach before them. This was the kind of election that suited him, and he preached four Sundays in Hatton Garden with such acceptance to the handful of auditors, that he received a harmonious call to enter upon the charge. The only difficulty in his way was an old statute, by which the Scotch minister of Hatton Garden was obliged to preach in Gaelic as well as English; but this difficulty was soon got rid of, through the influence of the Duke of York, the patron of the Institution; and in August 1822, Mr. Irving commenced his clerical duties as minister.

'Few sights could have been more interesting than the growth of his popularity from such a small grain of mustard-seed. On the first day, he seemed daunted as he stepped from the vestry to ascend the pulpit at the array of empty seats before him, and the very scanty number of his congregation. He had never seen the like in Scotland, and for a moment he turned pale. This, then, was his sphere of action, upon which he had prepared to enter with such tremulous hopes and fears! Besides this, his church, by its locality alone, was most unlikely to force itself upon public notice, being situated in an unknown and untrodden street, upon the very edge of the Alsatia of Saffron Hill and Fleet Ditch; and, as if this was not enough, the building itself was at the extremity of an obscure court off the street, where no one, however curious, would have been likely to search for a place of worship. And yet, his four Sabbaths of probation had not passed when there was a perceptible change. Strangers

who happened to stroll into Cross Street in the course of their Sunday wanderings, passed an open gate, and were arrested by the far-off tones of a deep, rich, solemn voice, that came like distant music to the ear; and on crossing the court with cautious steps, and peeping into the church, they saw a colossal man of about six feet three, who, in this heart-subduing tone, and with commanding, impressive gestures corresponding to the voice, was addressing them in a style of appeal such as they had never heard before. Could they retreat and walk idly away? —it was impossible, and therefore they sat down and listened entranced, while the next Sabbath and the next were sure to find them returning, till they became a part of the flock. And it was not enough that they were themselves delighted: they must have others also, either to share in their delight or justify their preference; so that every new-comer brought his kinsfolk and acquaintances to hear this wondrous style of pulpit oratory. Thus the congregation grew with a rapidity that in a few weeks filled the building. But here the popular admiration did not pause. The strange advent in Hatton Garden attracted the notice of journalists: reporters from every metropolitan paper hurried to the spot, and in consequence of their published manifestoes, the fashion, the literature, and the sight-seeing spirit of London were roused to their inmost depths, and borne onward to the hitherto unknown region of Hatton Garden. On the Sabbath morning, Cross Street was filled—nay, wedged—with crested and coroneted carriages; and a torrent of lords, senators, and merchant princes, of duchesses and ladies of fashion, might be seen mingled pell-mell with shopkeepers and mechanics, all sweeping across the open court, so that the church was filled in a twinkling, while disappointed hundreds pressed towards the porch, and clustered like bees round the open windows, to catch the swelling tones of the speaker even if his words should be inaudible.'

The chapel in Hatton Garden, which at his arrival did not muster more than fifty hearers, had, at the end of three months, fifteen hundred applicants for sittings, although the building could scarcely have accommodated half that number, and this, too, irrespective of the unnumbered crowds who thronged round the walls, unable to find standing-room or even a footing on the threshold. The necessity of a larger building was urgent, and preparations were promptly adopted, which were so successful that the Scotch National Church in Regent Square was commenced in 1829 —a stately building capable of accommodating at least 2000 persons.

'The immediate origin of Irving's popularity,' says Mrs.

Oliphant, 'or rather of the flood of noble and fashionable hearers who poured in upon the little chapel in Hatton Garden all at once, without warning or premonition, is said to have been a speech of Canning's. Sir James Mackintosh had been, by some accidental circumstance, led to attend the new preacher, and he heard Irving in his prayer describe an unknown family of orphans, belonging to the obscure congregation, as now "thrown upon the fatherhood of God." The words seized upon the mind of the philosopher, and he repeated them to Canning, who, as Mackintosh relates, after expressing great admiration of the passage, made an instant engagement to accompany his friend to the Scotch Church on the following Sunday. Shortly after this had taken place, a discussion arose in the House of Commons, in which the revenues of the Church were referred to, and the necessary mercantile relation between high talent and good pay insisted upon. No doubt it suited the statesman's purpose to instance, on the other side of the question, the little Caledonian Chapel and its new preacher. Canning told the House that, so far from universal was this rule, that he himself had lately heard a Scotch minister, trained in one of the most poorly endowed of churches, and established in one of her outlying dependencies, possessed of no endowment at all, preach the most eloquent sermon he had ever listened to. The curiosity awakened by this speech is said to have been the beginning of that invasion of "Society" which startled Hatton Garden out of itself.'

Irving died on the evening of Sunday, December 6, 1834, and was buried in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral.

Carlyle, who knew Irving well, has said: 'But for Irving, I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with; I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world or now hope to find.'

CHAPTER XIV.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT PHILANTHROPISTS AND PUBLIC BENEFACTORS.

'Not for himself, but for the world he lives.'—LUCAN.

WILLIAM CAXTON—MILES COVERDALE—THOMAS SUTTON—WILLIAM PENN—'THE MAN OF ROSS'—JOHN HOWARD—WILLIAM WILBERFORCE—THOMAS CLARKSON—JOHN POUNDS.

ACCORDING to a Chinese proverb, he who sincerely loves his country leaves the fragrance of his name to a hundred ages. This ought to be every one's ambition, to be remembered by a grateful posterity; and in this chapter we have a group of names which, to carry on the Chinese figure, give forth a most delicious perfume.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

The man to whom we are indebted for bringing the noble art of printing into this kingdom is William Caxton. This fact is corroborated by the testimony of most of our ancient writers, and must still be conceded to him by every impartial person who will take the trouble to investigate the subject.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Caxton has attained a high reputation, and that he has been esteemed an eminent benefactor to his country. His praise stands upon a firm foundation; and his memory may be reflected upon with the greater pleasure, as he appears to have been a person of uncommon worth and modesty.

'O Albion! still thy gratitude confess
To CAXTON, founder of the BRITISH PRESS;
Since first thy mountains rose or rivers flowed,
Who on thine isles so rich a boon bestowed?
Yet stands the chapel in yon Gothic shrine,
Where wrought the father of our English line;

Our art was hailed from kingdoms far abroad,
And cherished in the hallowed house of God;
From which we learn the homage it received,
And how our sires its heavenly birth believed;
Each printer hence, howe'er unblest his walls,
E'en to this day his house a chapel[1] calls.'

The lives of some men supply scanty materials for private and personal biography, whereas the materials that connect them with the advancement of the human race in knowledge, civilization, and happiness are in no common degree rich and interesting. Such is the life of William Caxton. Very few of its events are known; and it is highly probable that, if we had them in minute detail, they would have presented nothing very curious or very instructive.

To be brief, he was a native of Kent, and was apprenticed in 1438 to a mercer in London. Having served his time as a mercer, he went abroad in 1441, and settled in the Low Countries, probably at Bruges. He attained to the post of Governor of the Society of Merchant Adventurers, and afterwards was taken into the suite of Margaret of York, wife of the Duke of Burgundy. During his residence in Flanders he acquired a knowledge of the art of printing, probably from Colard Mansion, the first printer of Bruges, and translated and printed in that country the *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troyes*. He returned to England in 1476, and set up a press in Westminster Abbey; and in 1477 issued the *Dictes and Sayings*, the first book printed in England. In the practice of the new art, Caxton enjoyed the patronage of the Kings Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII., and other royal and noble persons. Of the rest of his life we know little, except the titles of the books he wrote and printed.

Bagford informs us that our typographer, exclusive of his labour of working at his press, contrived, though 'well stricken in years,' to translate no fewer than five thousand closely printed folio pages, and that 'his like for industry' had never yet appeared. Oldys states that 'he kept preparing copy for the press to the last.'

Wynkyn de Worde, in the colophon of his edition of the *Vitæ Patrum*, mentions that these lives of the Fathers were 'translated out of French into English by William Caxton of Westminster, late dead;' and that 'he finished it the last day of his life.' Oldys is of opinion that he purposely selected this work for his final literary effort, because 'from the examples of

[1] The title of *Chapel* to the internal regulations of a printing office originated in Caxton's exercising his profession in one of the chapels in Westminster Abbey, and may be considered as an additional proof, from the antiquity of the custom, of his being the first English printer.

quiet and solemn retirement therein set forth, it might further serve to wean his mind from all worldly attachments, exalt it above the solicitude of this life, and inure him to that repose and tranquillity with which he seems to have designed it.'

Caxton was buried in the old church of St. Margaret, built in the reign of Edward II., and of which few traces remain. The parish books contain an entry of the expense 'for iiij torches' and 'the belle' at the old printer's 'bureying;' and the same books, says the late Mr. Timbs, record the church-wardens selling for 6s. 8d. one of the books bequeathed to the church by Caxton! In the chancel, a tablet was raised to his memory by the Roxburghe Club in 1820. This tablet (a chaste work by Westmacott) was originally intended to have been placed in Westminster Abbey, but the fees for its erection were so great, that application was made to the church-wardens of St. Margaret's, who, as a mark of respect to their parishioner's memory, allowed it to be placed in the church without any of the customary fees.

Caxton's character may be summed up in a few words: he was possessed of good sense and sound judgment; steady, persevering, active, zealous, and liberal in his services for that important art which he introduced into this kingdom; labouring not only as a printer, but *as a translator and* editor. It has been objected that he was too much given to admire and print romances; but in this he only partook of the spirit of the age—perhaps, indeed, it survived in him longer and with more power than in most of his contemporaries. But that his love of romance did not blunt his judgment and taste for real talent, is evident by his printing Chaucer's works, and his criticisms on them. It should be recollected, also, that in the selection of works for the press, he was necessarily guided by public opinion, and by the probability that what he did print would repay him for his labour and expense. The remarks of Gibbon upon this point are sensible and candid: 'In the choice of his authors, that liberal and industrious artist was reduced to comply with the vicious taste of his readers, to gratify the nobles with treatises of heraldry, hawking, and the game of chess, and to amuse the popular credulity with romances of fabulous knights, and legends of more fabulous saints.'

MILES COVERDALE.

In the old church of St. Magnus, London Bridge, is a handsome Gothic panel of statuary marble on a black slab, with a representation of an open Bible above it, and thus inscribed:—

'To the memory of Miles

Coverdale, who, convinced that the pure word of God ought to be the sole rule of our faith and guide of our practice, laboured earnestly for its diffusion; and with the view of affording the means of reading and hearing in their own tongue the wonderful words of God, not only to his own country, but to the nations that sit in darkness, and to every creature wheresoever the English language might be spoken, he spent many years of his life in preparing a translation of the Scriptures. On the 4th of October 1535, the first complete printed English version of *The Bible* was published under his direction. The parishioners of St. Magnus the Martyr, desirous of acknowledging the mercy of God, and calling to mind that Miles Coverdale was once rector of their parish, erected this monument to his memory, A.D. 1837.

'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things! Isa. lii. 7.'

In 1532, Coverdale seems to have gone abroad, and assisted Tyndale in his translation of the Bible; and in 1535 his own translation of the Bible appeared, with a dedication by him to King Henry VIII. It formed a folio volume, printed, it has been thought, at Zürich. If so, Coverdale must have resided there while it passed through the press, as his attention to it was unremitting. He thus had the honour of editing the first English Bible allowed by royal authority, and the first translation of the whole Bible printed in our language. It was called a *special* translation, because it was different from the former English translations, as Lewis shows by comparing it with Tyndale's; and the Psalms in it are those now used in the Book of Common Prayer.

In 1538, a quarto New Testament, in the Vulgate Latin, and in Coverdale's English, though it bore the name of Hollybushe, was printed with the King's licence, and has a dedication by Coverdale, in which he says: 'He does not doubt but such ignorant bodies as, having cure of souls, are very unlearned in the Latin tongue, shall, through this small labour, be occasioned to attain unto more knowledge, or at least be constrained to say well of the thing which heretofore they have blasphemed.'

About the end of the year, we find Coverdale again abroad on the business of a new edition of the Bible, on which occasion an event happened which showed the vigilance and jealousy of the Romanists with respect to vernacular translations. Grafton, the celebrated printer, had permission from Francis I., King of France, at the request of King Henry himself, to print a Bible at Paris, on account of the superior skill of the workmen and the comparative goodness and cheapness of the paper.

Notwithstanding the royal

licence, the Inquisition interposed by an instrument dated December 17th, 1538. The French printers, their English employers, and our Coverdale, who was the corrector of the press, were summoned by the inquisitors; and the impression, consisting of 2500 copies, was seized and condemned to the flames. But the avarice of the officer who superintended the burning of these 'heretical books,' as they were called, induced him to sell some chests of them to a haberdasher for the purpose of wrapping his wares; and thus some copies were preserved.

The English proprietors, who fled at the alarm, returned to Paris when it had subsided, and not only recovered some of those copies which had escaped the fire, but brought with them to London the presses, types, and printers. This valuable importation enabled Grafton and Whitchurch to print, in 1539, what is called Cranmer's, or the 'Great Bible,' in which Coverdale compared the translation with the Hebrew, corrected it in many places, and was the chief overseer of the work. Dr. Fulk, who was one of Coverdale's hearers when he preached at St. Paul's Cross, informs us that he took an opportunity in his sermon to defend his translation against some slanderous reports then raised against it, confessing 'that he himself now saw some faults, which, if he might review the book once again, as he had twice before, he doubted not he should amend: but for any heresy, he was sure there was none maintained in his translation.' In all these labours Coverdale found a liberal patron in Thomas, Lord Cromwell.

THOMAS SUTTON.

We come now to speak of that remarkable man, Thomas Sutton, the founder of one of London's greatest and most permanent charities—the Charter-house.

'Of noble and worthy parentage, this gentleman,' says the author of the *Chronicles of the Charter-house*, 'descended from one of the most ancient families of Lincolnshire, was born at Knaith, in that county, in the year 1531. His father was Edward Sutton, steward to the courts of the Corporation of Lincoln, son of Thomas Sutton, servant to Edward IV.; and his mother Jane, daughter of Robert Stapleton, Esq., a branch of the noble family of the Stapletons of Yorkshire, one of whom was Sir Miles Stapleton, one of the first Knights of the Garter; "ancestors," as the learned antiquary Herne justly observes, "not so low, that his descent should be a shame to his virtues, nor yet so great but that his virtue might be an ornament to his birth." He was brought up for three years at Eton under the tuition of Mr. Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely, and two years in

St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1553, however, he removed from Cambridge without having taken a degree, and became a student of Lincoln's Inn. But here he did not remain long; his desire of travel increasing with his knowledge, and his principles (he being a member of the Anglican Church) compelling him to leave London, he determined to visit foreign parts. He accordingly departed for Spain, and having stayed there half a year, passed into Italy, France, and the Netherlands. He is said to have taken a part in the Italian wars, and was present at the sacking of Rome under the Duke of Bourbon. He returned to England in the year 1561, and through a recommendation from the Duke of Norfolk he became secretary to the Earl of Warwick, who, "in consideration of trewe and faithful service to us done by our well-beloved servant, Thomas Sutton," appointed him Master of the Ordnance of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and granted him an annuity of £3 6s. 8d. for life. When Lord Westmoreland's rebellion broke out in the North, the Earl of Warwick created Mr. Sutton Master-General of the Ordnance in that quarter, a post which he himself had once held; and it appears that Mr. Sutton himself acted as a volunteer, and commanded a battery at the memorable siege of Edinburgh, when that city held out for the unfortunate Mary. After a blockade of five weeks, the castle surrendered on the 28th May 1573. On his return from Scotland, Mr. Sutton obtained a lease of the manors of Gateshead and Wickham, near Newcastle. This was the source of his immense wealth; for having "several rich veins of coal," which he worked with great advantage, he had become, in 1585, worth £50,000. The following year he left Newcastle for London, and assisted against the Spanish Armada, by fitting out a ship, named after himself, *Sutton*, which captured for him a Spanish vessel worth £20,000.

'He brought with him to London the reputation of being a moneyed man, insomuch that it was reported "that his purse returned from the North fuller than Queen Elizabeth's Exchequer." He was resorted to by citizens, so that in process of time he became the banker of London, and was made a freeman, citizen, and girdler of the city.

'Mr. Sutton, being now advanced in years, thought proper to retire from public life. He relinquished his patent of Master-General of the Ordnance, and on the 20th of June following, executed a will in which he surrendered all his estates in Essex to the Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Popham, and others (with power of revocation), in trust, to found an hospital at Hallingbury Bouchers, in Essex, which place, as will be seen, he afterwards

changed for London; and, "as a proof of his trewe and faithful heart, borne to his dread sovereign Queen Elizabeth, he bequeathed her Majesty £2000, in recompense of his oversights, careless dealing, and fearfulness in her service, most humbly beseeching her to stand a good and gracious lady to his poor wife." He also instituted a great many scholarships at Magdalene and Jesus Colleges, Cambridge; in fact, his long will is nothing but a long schedule of benevolent legacies.'

Sutton is thought by many to have been the original of Volpone the Fox, in one of Ben Jonson's plays. Volpone, whom the old poet has painted in the darkest possible colours, is a combination of the voluptuary and the insidious legacy-hunter. There is, likely enough, no truth in the supposition.

The death of his wife is what seems to have first led the childless millionaire to project a great and lasting work of charity. He was at that time surrounded by a swarm of carrion-crows, both from town and country, while a jackal pack of advisers followed untiringly at his heels, telling him what he should do with his wealth. One, Dr. Willet, urged him to leave it to the Controversial College at Chelsea, an absurd project encouraged by the King; or to assist James I. in bringing the water of the river Lea to London by underground pipes.

The *old man, confused, no* doubt, with all this din about him, was quite uncertain what to do. The following passage in a letter from Mr. Hall of Waltham, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Exeter, served to fix his determination:—

'The very basest element yields gold. The savage Indian gets it, the servile apprentice works it, the very Midianitish camel may wear it; the miserable worldling admires it, the covetous Jew swallows it, the unthrifty ruffian spends it. What are all these the better for it? Only good use gives praise to earthly possessions. Hearing, therefore, you owe more to God, that He hath given you an heart to do good, a will to be as rich in good works as great in riches, to be a friend to this Mammon, is to be an enemy to God; but to make friends with it is royal and Christian. . . .

'Whatever, therefore, men either show or promise, happy is that man that may be his own auditor, supervisor, executor. As you love God and yourself, be not afraid of being happy too soon. I am not worthy to give so bold advice; let the wise man Syrach speak for me:—"Do good before thou die, and according to thine ability stretch out thine hand, and give. Defraud not thyself of thy good day, and let not the portion of thy good desires pass over thee. Shalt thou not leave thy travails to another, and thy labours to them that will divide thy heritage?" Or, let a wiser than he

speak, viz. Solomon: "Say not, To-morrow I will give, if thou now have it; for thou knowest not what a day will bring forth." It hath been an old rule of liberality, "He gives twice who gives quickly;" whereas slow benefits argue uncheerfulness, and lose their worth. Who lingers his receipts is condemned as unthrifty. He who knoweth both saith, "It is better to give than to receive." If we are of the same spirit, why are we hasty in the worst, and slack in the better? Suffer you yourself, therefore, good sir, for God's sake, for the Gospel's sake, for the Church's sake, for your soul's sake, to be stirred up by these poor lines to a resolute and speedy performing of your worthy intentions. And take this as a loving invitation sent from heaven by an unworthy messenger. You cannot deliberate long of fit objects for your beneficence, except it be more for multitude than want; the streets, yea, the world is full. How doth Lazarus lie at every door! How many sons of the prophets, in their meanly-provided colleges, may say, not "*Mors in olla*," but "*Fames!*" How many churches may justly plead that which our Saviour bade His disciples, "The Lord hath need"!'

'This letter,' says Mr. Walter Thornbury, 'fixed the wandering atoms of the old man's intentions. He at once determined to found an hospital for the maintenance of aged men past work, and for the education of the children of poor parents. He bought Charterhouse of the Howards for £13,000, and petitioned King James and the Parliament for leave and licence to endow the present hospital in 1609. This "triple good," as Bacon calls it, —"this masterpiece of Protestant English charity," as it is called by Fuller,—was also the greatest gift in England, either in Protestant or Catholic times, ever bestowed by any individual.

'Letters patent for the hospital were issued in June 1611. Sutton himself was to be first master; but "man proposes, and God disposes." On December 12th of the same year, Mr. Sutton died at his house at Hackney. His body was embalmed, and was borne to a vault in the chapel of Christchurch, followed by 6000 persons. The procession of sable men from Dr. Law's house, in Paternoster Row, to Christchurch, lasted six hours. There was a sumptuous funeral banquet afterwards at Stationers' Hall, which was strewn with nine dozen bundles of rushes, the doors being hung with black cloth. Camden, as Clarencieux King of Arms, was on duty on the august occasion.

'In 1614, the officers of the hospital were appointed, and the Rev. Andrew Perne chosen as master. Sutton's tomb in the Charter-house Chapel being now completed, the corpse was carried there by torchlight on the

shoulders of his pensioners and re-interred, a funeral oration being pronounced over the grave.

'Malcolm gives the following summary of the property bequeathed in Mr. Sutton's will:—He left £12,110, 17s. 8d. in legacies, and nearly £4000 was found in his chest. His gold chain weighed fifty-four ounces, and was valued at £162. His damask gown, faced with wrought velvet, and set with buttons, was appraised at £10; his jewels at £59; and his plate at £218, 6s. 4d. The total expenses of his funeral amounted to £2228, 10s. 3d., and his executors received, from the time of his decease to 1620, £45,163, 9s. 9d.

'At an assembly of governors in 1627, among other resolutions passed, it was agreed to have an annual commemoration o the founder every 12th of December, with solemn service, a sermon, and "increase of commons," as on festival days. It was also decided that, except "the present physician, auditor, and receiver," no member of the foundation or lodger in the house should be a married man.

'Percival Burrell, the preacher of Sutton's funeral sermon, thus describes the character of the generous man: "He was," said the divine, "a great and good builder, not so much for his owne private as for the publicke. His treasures were not lavished in raysing a towre to his own name, or erecting stately pallaces for his owne pompe and pleasure; but the sustaining of living temples, the endowing of colledges, the enriching of corporations, the building causewayes, and repairing of high-wayes, above all, the foundation of King James his hospitall, at his sole and proper charge, were the happy monuments of his architecture. Surely this was to be a Megarensis in the best sense—that is, to build for ever. He did fulfil the letter of the apostle, in building *gold, silver, and precious stones;* for he commanded plate and jewels to bee sold and converted into money, for the expediting of our hospitall.

'"I shall not mention thousands conferred upon friends and servants, but these legacies ensuing merit a lasting memory:—In the renowned University of Camb., to Jesus College, 500 markes; to Magdalene, 500 pound; for the redemption of prisoners in London, 200 pound; for the encouragement of merchants, 1000, to bee lent gratis unto ten beginners. Nor was his charity confined within these seas, but that western Troy, stout Ostend, shall receive 100 pound, for the relief of the poore, from his fountain. In all these his piety was very laudable; for in many of these acts of bounty, his prime repose was in the conscionable integrity of the priest, in those places where he sowed his benefits. Certes, this was to build as high as heaven."

'Herne, in his *Domus Carthu-*

siana, a small 8vo volume published in 1677, shows that the world had not been kind to the founder's memory. Herne, in his preface, says: "Sir Richard Baker, Dr. Heylin, Mr. Heylin, and Mr. Fuller say little of him, and that little very full of mistakes; for they call him Richard Sutton, and affirm he lived a bachelor, and so by his single life had an opportunity to lay up a heap of money, whereas his dear wife is with much honour and respect mentioned in his will. Others give him bad words, say he was born of obscure and mean parents, and married as inconsiderable a wife, and died without an heir; but then, to give some reason for his wealth (having no time nor desire to inquire into the means of his growing rich), to cut short the business, they resolve all into a romantic adventure. They say it was all got at a lump by an accidental shipwreck, which the kind waves drove to shore, and laid at his feet whilst the fortunate Sutton was walking pensively upon the barren sands. They report that in the hulk, coals were found, and under them an inestimable treasure, a great heap of fairy wealth. This, I fancy, may go for the fable, and his farming the coal-mines for the moral."'

WILLIAM PENN.

The famous Quaker, founder of Pennsylvania, William Penn, was born in Windsor on the 14th of October 1644. His father was Sir William Penn, a distinguished admiral, who boasted a high and ancient lineage.

It was in 1681, in compensation for a debt to his father by the Crown, that William Penn received a grant of the Province on the Delaware called the New Netherlands. It was a signally fortunate circumstance, that in the reckless disposal of gifts at that time, one should have fallen into hands like his. Such was the foundation of the colony of Pennsylvania. It was commenced in a spirit of magnanimous justice—incomprehensible to that age,—in an agreement with the natives, and the admission that they had claims to be considered before the colonists took absolute possession.

The ratification of the famous treaty is thus described by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review:* —The country that now forms the State of Pennsylvania, assigned to Penn by the royal charter, was still full of its primitive inhabitants; and his principles did not permit him to look upon the King's gift as a warrant to dispossess the actual proprietors.

His commissioners having treated with the Indians for a fair purchase of a part of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder, he proceeded solemnly to pledge his faith and to ratify the treaty in sight both of the Indians and the planters. A grand convoca-



WILLIAM PENN.

Great Triumphs, p. 398.



tion of the tribes had been appointed to take place near the spot where Philadelphia now stands; and it was agreed that he and the presiding Sachems should meet and exchange faith, under the branches of a prodigious elm tree that grew on the bank of the river. Accordingly, on the day named, the Indians, with their dark visages and brandished arms, were seen moving in vast swarms through the depths of the woods which then overshadowed the whole of that region. William Penn, with a moderate attendance of friends, advanced to meet them. He came unarmed—in his usual plain dress, without banners, or guard, or carriages, distinguished only by a blue sash of silk network, and by holding in his hand a scroll of parchment, on which was engrossed a confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity. When he approached the Sachems, the whole multitude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain.

'The Great Spirit,' said Penn, 'who made you and me, who rules the heaven and the earth, and who knows the inmost thoughts of man, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and fellowship with you, and to serve you to the utmost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which reason we come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. We are met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will. No advantage is to be taken on either side, and all is to be openness, brotherhood, and love.'

He unrolled the parchment, and by his interpreters conveyed to them, article by article, the terms of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their lasting union. Even within the sold territory, the Indians should enjoy the same freedom to follow their lawful pursuits, and the same security as the English. If a dispute arose between the two, it should be settled by twelve persons, six of the number English and six Indians.

He paid for the land, and, from merchandize spread before him, made them many presents.

He laid the parchment on the ground, again observing that the land should be common to both people, and added that he would not call them his children or brothers, for parents were sometimes too severe, and brothers would sometimes differ; neither would he compare their friendship to a chain, for the rain might rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he would regard them as of the same flesh and blood with the Christian,—as if a man's body were divided into two parts. He then presented the parchment to the Sachem who wore the horn, desiring him and the other

chiefs to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them.

The Indians, in return, made long and stately harangues, no part of which is recorded, but that they 'would live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure.' Thus was concluded this famous treaty, of which a French author has remarked that 'it was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and the only one that was never broken.'

Penn endeavoured to settle his new colony upon the most equitable principles, and took great pains to conciliate the good-will of the natives. He appointed commissioners to treat with them, and purchased from them the land of the province, acknowledging them to be the original proprietors. As the land was of little value to the natives, he obtained his purchase at a moderate rate; but, by his equitable conduct, he gave them so high an opinion of him, and by his kind and humane behaviour so ingratiated himself in their favour, that the American Indians ever afterwards expressed a great veneration for his memory, and styled the governor of Pennsylvania *onas*, which in their language signifies a pen. At the renewal of the treaties with Sir William Keith, the governor, in 1722, the Indians, as the highest compliment they could pay him, said, 'We esteem and love you as if you were William Penn himself.'

A strong evidence of Penn's sagacity is the fact that not one drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian; and forty years elapsed from the date of the treaty ere a red man was slain by a white in Pennsylvania. The murder was an atrocious one, but the Indians themselves prayed that the murderer's life might be spared. It was spared, but he died in a very short time, when they said that the Great Spirit had avenged their brother.

It might be thought that Penn made a capital bargain when he purchased Pennsylvania for £16,000; but, in his lifetime, he drew little but trouble from his investment. The settlers defrauded him of his dues, disobeyed his orders, and invaded his rights; and he was kept in constant disquiet by intrigues for the nullification of his charter. His later years were saddened by severe pecuniary distress.

'Penn's intimacy with James II.,' says a popular author, 'exposed him in his own day to much suspicion which yet survives. It ought to be remembered that Admiral Penn—William Penn's father—and James were friends; that the admiral at death consigned his son William to his guardianship, and that between James and his ward there sprung up feelings apparently amounting to affection. When James was

King, Penn sometimes visited him daily, and persuaded him to acts of clemency, otherwise unattainable.

'There was little of that asceticism about Penn which is thought to belong to at least early Quakerism. The furniture of his house was equal in ornament and comfort to that of any gentleman of his time. His table abounded in every real luxury. He was fond of fine horses, and had a passion for boating. The ladies of his household dressed like gentlewomen—wore caps and buckles and golden ornaments. Penn had no less than four wigs in America, all purchased the same year, at a cost of nearly £20. To innocent dances and country fairs he made no objection, but patronized them with his own and his family's presence.

'William Penn, after a lingering illness of three or four years, in which his mind suffered, but not painfully, died at Ruscombe on the 30th of July 1718, and was buried at the secluded village of Jordans, in Buckinghamshire. No stone marks the spot, although many a pilgrim visits the grave.'

JOHN KYRLE.

'But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse, and sing THE MAN OF ROSS.'

Mr. John Kyrle, thus celebrated by Mr. Pope for his active benevolence as the 'Man of Ross,' was a bachelor possessed of no more than five hundred pounds a year.

'Blush, grandeur, blush; proud courts, withdraw your blaze;
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays.
Behold the market-place, with poor o'erspread,
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate.
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulked are the courts, and contest is no more.'

The small estate possessed by John Kyrle was situated in and near Ross, in Herefordshire; he lived there in the latter half of the sixteenth century. A friend from another county once called him 'The Man of Ross,' and Kyrle took a fancy to the name, as it 'conveyed a notion of plain, honest dealing and unaffected hospitality.'

Among the many virtues of the 'Man of Ross,' that of hospitality was not the least prominent. He kept two public days a week, the market-day and Sunday. On the former, the neighbouring gentlemen and farmers dined with him, when a goose, if it could be procured, always formed one of the dishes, and which he



final. On Sunday he feasted the poor people of the parish at his house; and often sent them home loaded with broken meat and jugs of beer. At Christmas, he enabled all the poor to celebrate the festival, by a liberal allowance of provisions and money. On the two public days that he kept, great plenty and generosity appeared; but in expenses on himself he was frugal. He employed in planting trees great numbers of very old men, whose age or infirmities rendered them incapable of hard labour; paid them amply, and often fed them at his own table.

Among his other good deeds, he formed a terrace or pleasant walk between a field of his and the River Wye, and planted it with trees. He was always ready to plan walks and improvements for his friends, who were always glad to avail themwas noticed by lines:

'From the dry rock,
waters flow?
Not to the skies, in
tost,
Or in proud falls ma
But clear and artless,
the plain,
Health to the sick, s
swain.'

The 'Man of headed a subscrip ing a causeway a ground between t the bridge. It planned that the rities afterwards extended it as par road to Herefor mouth. Kyrle another public himself: the bea the church was i state; he devise strengthening it, assessment to pa

drunk his favourite toast of 'Church and King.'

At Ross there was a grant, renewed by successive lords of the manor, of certain tolls on all corn brought to market; the grant was bestowed on the poor in the form of a weekly donation of bread. Kyrle acted as the almoner of the lords of the manor, and won golden opinions by his manner of fulfilling the duties of the office. A reference to this is contained in the lines by Pope quoted above:

'Behold the market-place, with poor o'erspread,
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.'

Innumerable other kindly actions endeared him to his townspeople, and when he died on the 7th of November 1724, there was universal mourning. He was eighty-four years of age when he died. He left behind him neither ready money nor debts, so closely did his income and expenditure always agree. He bequeathed £40 to the Blue Coat School of Ross, and small legacies to the old workmen who had assisted him in his numerous useful works.

About a year after his death, a tradesman of the town came to his executor, and said privately to him: 'Sir, I am come to pay you some money that I owed to the late Mr. Kyrle.'

'I can find no entry of it in the accounts,' said the executor.

'Well, sir,' said the tradesman, 'that I am aware of. Mr. Kyrle said to me, when he lent me the money, that he did not think I should be able to repay it in his lifetime, and that it was likely you might want it before I could make it up; and so, said he, I won't have any memorandum of it besides what I write and give you with it, and do you pay my kinsman when you can; and when you show him this paper, he will see that the money is right, and that he is not to take interest.'

Many pleasant anecdotes are told of the Man of Ross. When he was planting the elm-walk, he used to sally forth with a spade on one shoulder, and a wooden bottle of liquor for a labourer and himself. Once, the labourer, drinking out of the bottle, did not cease till he had emptied it. Kyrle said to him, 'John, why did you not stop when I called to you?'

'Why, sir,' said the man, 'don't you know that people can never hear when they are drinking?'

The next time Mr. Kyrle applied himself to the bottle, the man placed himself opposite to him, and opened his mouth as if bawling aloud, till Kyrle had finished. The draught ended, Kyrle asked, 'Well, John, what did you say?'

'Ah, you see, sir,' said the man, 'I was right; nobody can hear when he is drinking!'

At Kyrle's kitchen fire there

was a large block of wood in place of a bench, for poor people to sit upon; and a piece of boiled beef, with three pecks of flour made into loaves, was given to the poor every Sunday.

JOHN HOWARD.

At Kherson, the tomb of the philanthropist Howard is dear to the heart and eye of every English traveller. 'The evening,' says Sir R. Ker Porter, in his Travels, 'was drawing to a close when I approached the hill, in the bosom of which the dust of my revered countryman reposes so far from his native land. No one that has not experienced "the heart of a stranger" in a distant country can imagine the feelings which sadden a man while standing on such a spot. It is well known that Howard fell a sacrifice to his humanity; having caught a contagious fever from some wretched prisoners at Kherson, to whose extreme need he was administering his charity and his consolations. Admiral Priestman, a worthy Briton in the Russian service, who was his intimate friend, attended him in his last moments, and erected over his remains the monument which is now a sort of shrine to all travellers, whether from Britain or foreign countries. It is an obelisk of whitish stone, sufficiently high to be conspicuous at several miles' distance. The hill on which it stands may be about three versts out of the direct road, and has a little village and piece of water at its base. The whole is six versts from Kherson, and forms a picturesque as well as interesting object. The evening having closed when I arrived at the tomb, I could not distinguish its inscription, but the name of Howard would be sufficient eulogy. At Kherson, I learnt that the present Emperor has adopted the plans which the great philanthropist formerly gave in to the then existing government, for ameliorating the state of the prisoners. Such is the only monument he would have desired; and it will commemorate his name for ever, while that of the founder of the pyramids is forgotten; so much more imperishable is the greatness of goodness than the greatness of power!'

We shall give a few anecdotes of this great philanthropist.

Howard embarked in the year 1756 in a Lisbon packet, in order to make the tour of Portugal, when it was taken by a French privateer. 'Before we reached Brest,' says he, 'I suffered the extremity of thirst, not having for above forty hours one drop of water, nor hardly a morsel of food. In the castle of Brest I lay six nights upon straw; and observing how cruelly my countrymen were used there and at Morlaix, whither I was carried next, during the two months I was at Carlaix upon parole, I corre-

sponded with the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinan. At the last of these towns were several of our ship's crew and my servant. I had sufficient evidence of their being treated with such barbarity, that many hundreds perished, and that thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinan in one day. When I came to England, still on parole, I made known to the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen the sundry particulars, which gained their attention and thanks. Remonstrance was made to the French Court; our sailors had redress, and those that were in the three prisons mentioned above were brought home in the first cartel ships. Perhaps,' adds Howard, 'what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy people whose care is the subject of this book (*On Prisons*).'

To speak of Howard without calling to mind the eloquent eulogium in which Burke has embalmed his memory, would be as impossible as it would be to read that eulogium without owning that human virtue never received a more illustrious manifestation. 'Howard,' said the orator, 'was a man who traversed foreign countries, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals or manuscripts, but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge in the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men under all climes.' In the prosecution of this godlike work, Howard made 'a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity,' and at last fell a victim to his humanity; for in administering medicines to some poor wretches in the hospital at Kherson, in the Crimea, he caught a malignant fever, and died, as we have already told, in the glorious work of benevolence. Thus fell the man who,

> 'Girding creation in one warm embrace,
> Outstretched his saviour arm from pole to pole,
> And felt akin to all the human race.'

A statue was erected to Howard's memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, and there is a portrait of him in the National Portrait Gallery.

When Howard was at Vienna, he waited upon Count Kaunitz, who intimated a desire on the part of the Emperor Joseph II. to have an interview with the visitor of prisons. Howard informed the Count that he was engaged to depart from Vienna next day; but on the subject being pressed upon him, he agreed to wait on the Emperor at nine o'clock the next morning.

He arrived at the appointed time; and immediately on his name being announced, the Emperor presented himself. They retired together into a small room, where there was neither chair nor table, and there they continued together nearly two hours, the Emperor listening with great attention to the ample information which Howard was enabled to convey, respecting the nature of the prisoners in the German Empire, many of which he had visited.

At length Howard introduced those of the metropolis, and described the miserable situation of several prisoners who had been confined in solitary cells for nearly three years, without being brought to trial. The Emperor, struck with the relation, assured him they should have instant justice. 'It is now too late,' Howard replied; 'it is not in your Majesty's power to do them justice, nor to make a proper reparation. Solitary confinement has weakened their minds, and their faculties are so lost and deranged as to incapacitate them from making their defence.'

The prisoners, however, were liberated in less than twenty-four hours.

In a small private chapel in Bristol, there is a marble tablet, on which there is the following inscription to the memory of four of the greatest friends of humanity that perhaps ever lived. It was written by a worthy individual, John Birtel, on hearing of Lord Nelson's victory at Trafalgar:

'JOHN HOWARD,
JOHN HANWAY,
JOHN FOTHERGILL,
RICHARD REYNOLDS.

'Not unto us, O Lord! but unto Thy name, be the glory.

'Beneath some ample, hallowed dome,
The warrior's bones are laid;
And blazoned on the stately tomb,
His martial deeds displayed.
Beneath an humble roof we place
This monumental stone,
To names the poor shall ever bless,
And charity shall own.

To soften human woe their care,
To feel its sigh, to aid its prayer;
Their work on earth, not to destroy;
And their reward, their Master's joy.'

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

The name of Wilberforce is associated with the best offices of humanity, and with one of the most glorious triumphs that persevering eloquence ever accomplished — the abolition of the slave-trade.

It was soon after the meeting of Parliament in 1787, that Mr. Wilberforce first gave notice of his intention to bring forward a measure respecting the slave-trade. His speech was replete with eloquence, and he described this horrible traffic in the most glowing terms.

'Never,' said he, 'was a more complete system of injustice and cruelty exhibited to the world. To whatever portion of this odious traffic you turn your eyes, you find neither consolation nor relief. The horrors attendant on tearing the Africans

from their native country are only to be compared with the horrors of the voyage; the latter are only to be equalled by the horrors of the colonial slavery itself. By a merciful dispensation of Providence, in the moral as well as the physical order of things, some degree of good generally accompanies evil: hurricanes purify the air; persecution excites enthusiasm for truth; pride, vanity, and profusion frequently contribute, indirectly, to the happiness of mankind. There is nothing, however odious, that has not its palliative: the savage is hospitable; the brigand is intrepid; violence is, in general, exempt from perfidy, and daring iniquity from meanness. But there is no benign concomitant here; it belongs to this hateful traffic to deteriorate alike the good and the bad, and even to pollute crime itself. It is a state of warfare undignified by courage; it is a state of peace, in which there is no security against devastation and massacre. There you find the vices of polished society, without the delicacy of manners by which they are tempered; the primitive savageness of man, stripped of all its innocence; perverseness pure and complete, full and finished, destitute of every honourable sentiment, of every advantage that can be contemplated without indignation, or acknowledged without the deepest shame.'

From this time to 1806, when Mr. Wilberforce succeeded in erasing from British history that stain to our national character, his whole life may be read in the progress of the abolition of the slave-trade.

Of all the debates to which this subject gave rise, that on the 2d of April 1793 was the most eloquent and interesting. The number of petitions on the table of the House of Commons amounted to 508. This stimulated and encouraged the friends of the measure; the want of success hitherto seemed to have awakened all the energies, and to have aroused every honourable feeling of which the human heart is capable. The speeches of Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pitt appeared so insuperable, that it was imagined the question would have been carried by acclamation. Eighty-five persons only were found to vote against the total abolition. But by a skilful manœuvre of Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, the word 'gradual' was introduced into the motion before it was passed.

Mr. Wilberforce, after enumerating the evils attached to the slave-trade, and describing the interest which the subject had excited in several parts of Europe, combated the arguments of those individuals who condemned the inhuman traffic on the score of religion, justice, and humanity, but vindicated it as consistent with the national interest. 'I trust,' said he, 'that

no such argument will be used this night, for what is it but to establish a competition between God and mammon, and to adjudge the preference to the latter? What but to dethrone the moral governor of the world, and to fall down and worship the idol of interest? What a manifesto to surrounding nations! What a lesson to our own people! Come, then, ye nations of the earth, and learn a new code of morality from the Parliament of Great Britain. We have discarded an old prejudice; we have discovered that religion, and justice, and humanity are mere rant and rhapsody! Why, sir, these are principles which Epicurus would have rejected for their impiety, and Machiavel and Borgia would have disclaimed as too infamous for avowal, and too injurious for the general happiness of mankind. If God, in His anger, would punish us for this formal renunciation of His authority, what severer vengeance could He inflict than a successful propagation of these accursed maxims? Consider what effects would follow from their universal prevalence; what scenes should we soon behold around us; in public affairs, breach of faith, and anarchy, and bloodshed; in private life, fraud, distrust and perfidy, and whatever can degrade the public character, and poison the comforts of social life and domestic intercourse. Men must then retire to caves and deserts, and withdraw from a world become too bad to be endured.'

The exertions of Mr. Wilberforce in the cause of humanity endeared him to the public, and particularly to his constituents, the freeholders of Yorkshire, which he represented for nearly thirty years; and, in the great contest which took place in 1807, a contest which is said to have cost upwards of £300,000, his whole expenses were defrayed by public subscription! Nay, such was the public zeal manifested in his favour, that more than double the sum necessary for the purpose of supporting his election, immense as it was, was raised in a few days, and one moiety was afterwards returned to the subscribers. A similar instance of popular favour in behalf of a candidate has never occurred in the history of contested elections.

The 'good Wilberforce,' as he was called, was a well-deserved appellation. There were greater politicians in his time, but no one engrafted himself so peculiarly as he did in the affections of the masses. His flow of words, so classic and pure in their arrangement, added to a remarkably sweet voice,—so beautiful that he was called 'The Nightingale of the House of Commons,'—made him a very persuasive orator.

THOMAS CLARKSON.

In 1785, Dr. Pickard, Master of Magdalen College in the Uni-

versity of Cambridge, gave out the following subject for one of the University prizes: 'Anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare?'

'Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?'

Mr. Thomas Clarkson, who was then a student at the University, determined to become a candidate for the prize. He took great pains to obtain the fullest information on the subject, and had the happiness of attaining the object of his ambition. After reading his essay publicly as usual, in the Senate House, he set out for London on horseback. While on the road, the subject of the essay entirely engrossed his thoughts; he became at times seriously affected as he travelled on. He once stopped his horse, and dismounted, and sat down on a bank by the roadside. Here he tried to persuade himself that the contents of the essay which he had read in the Senate House the day before were not true. The more, however, he reflected on the authorities on which he knew them to be founded, the more he gave them credit, the more he was convinced that it was an imperious duty in some one to undertake the glorious task of putting an end to the sufferings of the unhappy Africans. Agitated in this manner, he reached London, where he shortly afterwards published an English translation of his essay. His mind, however, was not satisfied that this was all *humanity* required of him. To make the case of the Africans known was desirable as a first step; but would this of itself put a stop to the horrors of the trade? He believed not; he believed there could be no hope of success unless some one would resolve to make it the business of his life. The question then was—Was he himself called upon to do it? His own peace of mind required that he should give a final answer to the question. To do this, he retired frequently into solitude. The result was, that after the most mature deliberation, he determined to devote his whole life, should it be necessary, to the cause.

Of the glorious fruits of this sublime act of devotion, the reader need scarcely be told. From the latter end of December 1786 till the year 1794, Mr. Clarkson laboured with such unceasing assiduity to achieve the work of African emancipation, that his constitution was at length literally shattered to pieces; his hearing, memory, and voice were nearly gone; he was, in short, utterly incapable of any further exertion, and was obliged, though with extreme reluctance, to be borne out of the field where he had placed the great honour and pride of his life.

After eight years' retirement, he felt his constitution so far recruited that he returned again to the contest; and had the proud satisfaction of living to see the noble object of his life's

solicitude at length accomplished, by the Act for the Abolition of the Slave-Trade—the Magna Charta of Africa.

JOHN POUNDS.

In an article in the *North British Review*, John Pounds, the founder of Ragged Schools, tells us that he was the son of a workman employed in the royal dockyards at Portsmouth, and was born in that town in 1766. At the age of fifteen, he met with an accident which crippled him for life. A cobbler by trade, he spent the greater part of his benevolent career in a small workshop, measuring some eighteen by six feet, in St. Mary's Street, Portsmouth, where he might be seen day after day, seated on his stool, mending shoes, and attending at the same time to the studies of a busy crowd of ragged children clustered around him. In addition to mental instruction, he gave them children's industrial training, and taught them to cook their own victuals and mend their own shoes.

He was unusually fond of all kinds of birds and domestic animals, and amused himself with rearing singing birds, jays, and parrots, which he trained to live harmoniously with his cats and guinea-pigs. Sometimes he might be seen, seated in the midst of his school, with a canary bird perched on one shoulder, and a cat on the other. But he was too poor to be able long to indulge in his benevolent fancies. When his scholars became numerous, he gave up his cats and canary birds, and devoted the latter part of his life exclusively to the more intellectual employment of taming and subduing the 'wild Arabs of the city.' How applicable to him were the fine lines of Coleridge :—

'He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

The candidates for admission to John Pounds' school were always very numerous. But he invariably gave preference to the worst as well as the poorest children—to the 'little blackguards,' as he called them. He used to follow them to the quay, and offer them the bribe of a roasted potato if they would come to his school. Well was he repaid for his unwearied labours by the love and affection which these children bore him.

It is said that John Pounds' Ragged School had the following origin :—In early life he adopted a young nephew of his own, whom he thought he could educate better with a companion than alone, and he accordingly enlisted in his service the son of a poor woman. Then another and another child were added, until at last he had collected around him a large school of boys and girls. Poor as he was, he established his nephew com-

fortably in the world, and during the latter years of his life he had no fewer than forty scholars.

He died on the 1st of January 1839, aged seventy-two. There was much weeping then at Portsmouth. The children had lost at once their father and best friend, and most amusing playfellow: Portsmouth had lost one of her noblest ornaments—England one of her most devoted patriots.

CHAPTER XV.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT PHYSICIANS.

'A wise physician skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.'—POPE.

THOMAS LINACRE — WILLIAM HARVEY — SIR THOMAS BROWNE — THOMAS SYDENHAM — RADCLIFFE — DR. MEAD — WILLIAM CULLEN — WILLIAM HUNTER — EDWARD JENNER — DR. ARBUTHNOT — PERCIVAL POTT — DR. ASTLEY PASTON COOPER.

THOMAS LINACRE.

THE life of Linacre is so intimately connected with the revival of learning in Europe, with the introduction of the Greek language into England, and with the first establishment of a rational practice of physic in this country, that it must be equally interesting to the general scholar and to the student of medicine.

Thomas Linacre was born at Canterbury in the year 1460, was educated at Oxford, where he was elected Fellow of All Souls' College, and went afterwards, for his further improvement, into Italy, whither he accompanied an embassy, sent by Henry VII. to the Court of Rome. At Florence he was fortunate enough to attract the attention and secure the patronage of Lorenzo de Medici, whose princely and liberal spirit had procured for him the title of the *Magnificent;* and whose own vigorous imagination and elegant style entitle him almost exclusively to the appellation of the restorer of Italian literature.

Having previously graduated at Padua, Linacre returned to England, was incorporated M.D. at Oxford, gave temporary lectures on physic, and taught the Greek language in that university. This was before the foundation of a regular professor's chair at Oxford; for it was Cardinal Wolsey who first established a chair for teaching

Greek in that university, — a novelty which is said to have rent that celebrated seat of learning into violent factions, that frequently came to blows.

On his settling in this country, his reputation became so high that King Henry VII. called him to Court, and entrusted him with the care both of the health and education of his son, Prince Arthur. Linacre is said also to have instructed Princess Catharine in the Italian language.

The reputation of Linacre, employed as a Court physician, continued to increase, and in the reign of Henry VIII. he appears to have stood above all rivalship, at the head of his profession. Besides his medical skill, his attainments as a scholar must have contributed to his eminence; for the countenance given to letters by Henry VIII. and his Ministers, rendered learning fashionable in England.

Linacre employed the wealth and influence which his station afforded him, to promote the interests of science and the welfare of the public. He founded two lectures on physic in the University of Oxford, and one in that of Cambridge. The endowment at Oxford was left to Merton College; and the Cambridge lecture was given to St. John's College.

But the great glory of Linacre was, that he projected and accomplished a most important service to medicine by the institution of the Royal College of Physicians in London. He had beheld with concern the practice of physic chiefly engrossed by illiterate monks and empirics; a natural consequence of committing the power of approving and licensing practitioners to the bishops in their several dioceses, who certainly must have been very incompetent judges of medical ability. To strike at the root of this evil, he therefore obtained, by his interest with Cardinal Wolsey, letters patent from Henry VIII., dated in the year 1518, constituting a corporate body of regular-bred physicians in London, in whom should reside the sole privilege of admitting persons to practise within that city, and a circuit of seven miles round it.

To use the words of the charter of the college: 'Before this period, a great multitude of ignorant persons, of whom the greater part had no insight into physic, nor in any other kind of learning; some could not even read the letters on the book, so far forth, that common artificers, as smiths, weavers, and women, boldly and accustomably took upon them great cures, to the high displeasure of God, great infamy of the faculty, and the grievous hurt, damage, and destruction of many of the king's liege people.' Such was the state of things before the foundation of the College of Surgeons.

On the establishment of the College, which was to put an

end to those and similar abuses, Linacre was elected the first president, and continued in that office during the remainder of his life, about seven years. The assemblies of the College were held at his own house in Knight Rider's Street, which he bequeathed to them at his death. It may here be observed, with propriety, that the foundation of the College of Physicians has had the most useful and beneficial results. By their charter they are empowered to examine medical candidates after a certain period of study, and, upon their giving proofs of competency, to authorize them to practise medicine. A system has consequently been constructed for the public service, which has now been carried on for more than three centuries, by which the character and respectability of physicians, and through them of the whole medical profession, has been raised to a higher eminence than in any other nation of Europe.

It is, nevertheless, agreed on all hands that the character of this eminent person, whether as an upright and humane physician, a steady and affectionate friend, or a munificent patron of letters, was deserving of the highest applause. Were other testimonies wanting, it were sufficient, in justification of this eulogium, to mention that he was the intimate friend of Erasmus. That great and worthy man frequently takes occasion to express his affection and esteem for the physician's character and abilities, and in his letters calls him '*meum Linacrum*, his dear friend, his preceptor, and patron.'

To sum up his character, it was said of him that no Englishman of his day had had such famous masters, viz. Demetrius and Politian, at Florence; such noble patrons, Lorenzo de Medici, Henry VII., and Henry VIII.; such high-born scholars, the Prince Arthur and Princess Mary of England; or such learned friends, for amongst the latter were to be enumerated Erasmus, Melancthon, Latimer, Tonstall, and Sir Thomas More.

Of his translation of *Galen*, Erasmus spoke in the highest terms, and, when writing to a friend to whom he was sending some of these books, he says: 'I present you with the works of Galen, now, by the help of Linacre, speaking better Latin than they ever spoke Greek.'

Linacre died in great agony from the stone, October 20, 1524, aged sixty-four, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, where a monument was erected to his memory by his admirer and successor in fame, Dr. Caius.

WILLIAM HARVEY.

The name of William Harvey calls up recollections that justly place his name in the highest rank of natural philosophers. The same services which Newton afterwards rendered to

optics and astronomy, by his theory of light and gravitation, Harvey conferred upon anatomy and medicine by his true doctrine of the circulation of the blood.

A short statement of what is meant by the circulation of the blood will enable us fully to appreciate the value and importance of this great discovery. And this may the more easily be done, as the apparatus by which it is carried on is, at this time of day, probably the best understood of any part of the animal economy.

Of the utility of the circulation every one will be immediately aware, when it is mentioned that one of its chief purposes is to distribute to every part, every extremity, nook, and corner of the body the nourishment which is received into it by one aperture:—What enters at the mouth, by means of this function finds its way to the fingers' ends. To effect this difficult purpose, two things are necessary. *1st.* A proper disposition of the blood-vessels, which has been not unaptly compared to the laying of the water-pipes in a populous city. *2d.* The construction of the engine at the centre, viz. the heart, for driving the blood through them. In the case of the conveyance of water, one system of pipes is sufficient; but in the living body another system of vessels is required, to reconvey the blood back to its source. The body, therefore, contains two systems of blood-vessels, called arteries and veins. The next thing to be considered, is the engine which works this machinery. For this purpose there is provided in the central part of the body a hollow muscle, viz. the heart, by the contraction of whose fibres the four cavities of which it consists are squeezed together, so as to force out of them any fluid they may happen to contain. By the relaxation of the same fibres, these cavities are in their turn dilated, and of course prepared to admit any fluid which may be poured into them. Into these cavities are inserted the great trunks, both of the arteries which carry out the blood, and of the veins which bring it back. The arteries arise from cavities called ventricles; the veins pour their contents into cavities denominated auricles. By the successive contractions and dilatations of these several cavities of the heart, it has been calculated that all the blood in the body passes through it about once in four minutes. Consider what an important organ this is, when we come to very large animals! The aorta (which is the name given to the chief artery) of a whale is larger in the bore than the main pipe of the water-works at London Bridge, and the water roaring in its passage through that pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from the whale's heart.

To render this short account

more precise, it must be observed that, with the apparatus mentioned above, two distinct circulations are carried on. For besides circulating generally through the body, the blood must come somewhere into contiguity with the air in order to purify it, and change its colour from dark to bright red. Hence the heart is, as it were, a double organ, having a double office to perform. Of its four cavities, two are employed to carry on the general circulation, while the remaining auricle and ventricle keep up the smaller circulation through the lungs, where the blood meets the atmospheric air.

Stated in this summary way, nothing seems easier, more obvious, or more easily understood, than the physiology of this great and important function; but until the time of Harvey, it was involved in the greatest obscurity, and mixed up with all manner of contradictory absurdities. And yet before his day many things were made out: the valves of the veins, for instance, were known; the pulmonary circulation was understood, and several other essential points had been established; still the great inference had never been drawn. So often are we on the very threshold of a discovery, which by some fatality we miss, and when it is at length made, have only to express our astonishment that we were so marvellously purblind as to overlook it!

But the early life of Harvey, and the opportunities of his education, led him step by step in the brilliant career of his investigation, till it was finally crowned with success.

William Harvey was descended from a respectable family in the county of Kent, and was born at Folkestone on the 1st of April 1578.

At ten years of age he was sent to the grammar school in Canterbury; and having there laid a proper foundation of classical learning, was removed to Gonville and Caius College in Cambridge, and admitted as a pensioner in May 1593. After spending about five years at the university, in those academical studies which are preparatory to a learned profession, he went abroad for the acquisition of medical knowledge, and, travelling through France and Germany, fixed himself, in his twenty-third year, at Padua.

The university of this city was then in the height of its reputation for the study of physic, for which it was principally indebted to Fabricius ab Aquapendente, the professor of anatomy, whose lectures Harvey attended with the utmost diligence.

Fabricius taught the existence of valves in all the veins of the body; and from that moment his intelligent pupil endeavoured to discover the use of these valves.

This inquiry was the founda-

tion of his after fame. He took his Doctor's degree at Padua in 1602, when he was only twenty-four years of age. In the course of the same year he returned to England, and having graduated at Cambridge, settled in the practice of his profession in London. In 1604 he was admitted a candidate of the College of Physicians, and was elected Fellow about three years afterwards. About this time the governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital made an order that, on the decease of Dr. Wilkinson, one of the physicians to that charity, Dr. Harvey should succeed him in his office, which event took place in the following year. But the most important appointment which he obtained was that of reader of the anatomical and surgical lectures at the College of Physicians in 1615, when he was thirty-seven years old.

He now seriously prosecuted his researches on the circulation of the blood, and it was in the course of these lectures that he first publicly announced his new doctrines. But though he taught his opinions on this subject *vivâ voce* to his auditors, he continued assiduously to repeat his experiments and verify his observations for many years before he ventured to commit them to the press.

Harvey's work cost him twenty-six years to bring it to maturity; his discovery was ill-received; most persons opposed it, others said it was old, very few agreed with him. He had, however, his admirers; witness, for example, certain verses which were addressed 'To the incomparable Dr. Harvey, on his *Book of the Motion of the Heart and Blood*,' in which these lines occur:—

'There didst thou trace the blood, and first behold
What dreams mistaken sages coined of old.
For till thy Pegasus the fountain brake,
The crimson blood was but a crimson lake,
Which first from thee did tide and motion gain,
And veins became its channel, not its chain.
With Drake and Ca'ndish hence thy bays are curled,
Famed circulator of the lesser world.'

But the epithet *circulator*, in its Latin invidious signification (quack), was applied to him by many in derision, and his researches and discoveries were treated by his adversaries with contempt and reproach. To an intimate friend he himself complained, that after his book of the circulation came out, he fell considerably in his practice, and it was believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained: all the contemporary physicians were against his opinion, and envied him the fame he was likely to acquire by his discovery. That reputation he did, however, ultimately enjoy;—about twenty-five years after the publication of his system, it was received in all the universities of the world;

and Hobbes has observed that Harvey was the only man perhaps who ever lived to see his own doctrines established in his lifetime.

The original MSS. of Harvey's lectures are preserved, it is said, in the British Museum, and some very curious preparations (rude enough as compared with the present ingenious methods of preserving parts of the human body), which either he himself made at Padua, or procured from that celebrated school of medicine, and which most probably he exhibited to his class during his course of lectures on the circulation, are now in the College of Physicians: they consist of six tables or boards, upon which are spread the different nerves and blood-vessels, carefully dissected out of the body; in one of them the semilunar valves of the aorta are distinctly to be seen. Now these valves, placed at the origin of the arteries, must, together with the valves of the veins, have furnished Harvey with the most striking and conclusive arguments in support of his novel doctrines.

The date of the first promulgation of his doctrine of the circulation is not absolutely ascertained: it is commonly asserted that he first disclosed his opinion on the subject in 1619, after he had been lecturing four years. The index, however, of his MS. in the British Museum, which contains the propositions on which the doctrine is founded, refers them to April 1616. Yet, with a patience and caution peculiarly characteristic of the sound philosopher, he withheld his opinions, as has been observed before, from the world, until reiterated experiment had amply confirmed his system, and had enabled him to demonstrate it in detail, and to advance every proof of its truth of which the subject is capable.

It was not before he had attained his fiftieth year that his *Treatise on the Motion of the Heart and Blood*, dedicated to Charles I., appeared, having been committed to the press at Frankfort in 1628. His choice of this city for the place of publication is supposed to have arisen from its celebrated fairs, by means of which books printed there were rapidly circulated throughout all Germany and the greatest part of Europe.

Some time before this, the reputation of Harvey had recommended him to the notice of the Court, and he had been appointed physician-extraordinary to King James I.; in 1632 he was made physician to his successor, Charles I. By his unfortunate royal master he was always treated with regard and favour; and the attachment to arts and sciences, which formed a conspicuous part of the King's character, contributed not a little to promote and encourage the pursuits of our philosopher.

Every one will naturally wish to know what sort of practitioner so eminent a physiologist was,

and in what esteem he was held as a physician by his contemporaries. It appears that he died worth £20,000, a sum not very considerable when we reflect that he must have been at least fifty years in practice, and was, besides, a Court physician. One who, living with him on terms of intimacy, ought to have known the truth, has asserted that he was acquainted with several practitioners who would not give threepence for one of his *bills;* that his prescriptions were so complicated, that it was difficult to make out what he aimed at — that he was no chemist, and that generally his *Therapeutique* was not admired.

It is probable that Harvey was too much occupied in the pursuit of knowledge, too intent upon making discoveries in the world of science, to have cultivated the habit of quickly discriminating ordinary diseases, or to have become very expert and ready in the employment of the resources and expedients of the practical art of medicine. That his business declined after the publication of his doctrine of the circulation of the blood, he himself complained of, and ascribed to the opposition and jealousy of his rivals; but it is likely that the habits of abstract speculation, in which he now began to indulge, caused him to neglect the usual arts of gaining the confidence of the public, which if a physician once possess, he needs not the countenance, and may boldly set at defiance the envy, of his professional brethren. The example of Harvey may be regarded, therefore, as a splendid illustration of the truth of the opinion of a late celebrated physician, as declared in his posthumous work—'That the most successful treatment of patients depends upon the exertion of sagacity or good common sense, guided by a *competent* professional knowledge.' If anatomy alone were sufficient to make a great physician, who ever could have been put in competition with Harvey?

The merit of Harvey is enhanced by considering the degraded state of medical knowledge at that time in England. While anatomical schools had been long established in Italy, France, and Germany, and several teachers had rendered their names illustrious by the successful pursuit of the science, anatomy was still unknown in England, and dissection had hitherto hardly begun; yet at this inauspicious period did Harvey make a discovery which amply justifies Haller in ranking him as only second to Hippocrates.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Sir Thomas Browne, the celebrated author of the *Religio Medici*, was born at London, in the parish of St. Michael in Cheapside, on the 19th of October 1605.

He received the first part of

his education at the school of Winchester. In the beginning of 1623 he was removed from Winchester, and entered a gentleman-commoner of Broadgate Hall, afterwards called Pembroke College, Oxford. After he had taken his Master of Arts degree, he turned his studies to physic, and first began, rather prematurely, as it would appear, to practise his profession in Oxfordshire. Shortly after he went to Ireland, and thence abroad. To complete his medical education, he prosecuted his studies at Montpellier and Padua, and after some stay at these famous schools, returned home by way of Holland, and was created Doctor of Physic at the University of Leyden.

Browne returned to London about the year 1634, and the next year is supposed to have written the celebrated treatise *Religio Medici*, a work which was no sooner published than it excited attention in an extraordinary degree. It first came out, as it was said, surreptitiously, in itself a circumstance calculated to recommend it to notice; but, besides this, it was distinguished by much learning, great subtlety, and exuberant imagination, and written in the strongest and most forcible language. Such a book was, of course, soon criticised; and the correspondence that took place between the critic, Sir Kenelm Digby, and Browne has been characterized as 'affording an ostentatious display of conscious unworthiness and desire of concealment on the one part, and pompous professions of reverence and anxious apologies on the other.' The letters that passed on this occasion provoked the bile of one who himself spent his whole life in authorship, which he vented by remarking sarcastically, 'that the reciprocal civilities of authors form one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life.'

When the *Religio Medici* appeared, the Earl of Dorset had recommended it to the perusal of Sir Kenelm Digby, who returned his judgment upon it, not in a letter, but a book. Of this Browne had been informed by the officious zeal of some good-natured friend, and before the criticism actually appeared, while it was still in the press, the irritable author wrote a letter, entitled 'Upon the Information and Animadversions to come forth upon the imperfect and surreptitious copy of *Religio Medici*.' In it he assures Sir Kenelm, 'that that book was penned many years past, and with no intention for the press, or the least desire to oblige the faith of any man to its assertions; that it was contrived in his private study, and as an exercise unto himself rather than an exercitation for any other; that it had passed from his hand under a broken and imperfect copy, which by frequent transcription had still

run forward into corruption.' 'If,' he writes, 'when the true copy shall be extant, you shall esteem it worth your vacant hours to discourse thereon, you shall sufficiently honour me in the vouchsafe of your refutation, and I oblige the whole world in the occasion of your pen.—Your servant, T. B.'

The answer of Sir Kenelm Digby contained the following passages:—

'WORTHY SIR, — Speedily upon the receipt of your letter of the third current, I sent to find out the printer that Mr. Crook (who delivered me yours) told me was printing something under my name concerning your treatise of *Religio Medici*, and to forbid him any further proceeding therein; but my servant could not meet with him: whereupon I have left with Mr. Crook a note to that purpose, entreating him to deliver it to the printer. I verily believe there is some mistake in the information given you, and that what is printing must be from some other pen than mine; what I writ was but the employment of one sitting; and there was not twenty-four hours between my receiving my Lord of Dorset's letter, that occasioned what I said, and the finishing my answer to him. I pretend to no learning: to encounter such a sinewy opposite, or make animadversion upon so smart a piece as yours, is requisite a solid stock and exercise in school-learning; my superficial besprinkling will serve only for a private letter, or a familiar discourse with lady auditors. With longing, I expect the coming abroad of the true copy of that book, whose false and stolen one hath already given me so much delight;—and so assuring you, I shall deem it a great good fortune to deserve your favour and friendship.—I kiss your hand, and rest your most humble servant,

'KENELM DIGBY.

'*Winchester House.*'

The author of the *Religio Medici* may perhaps, in the ardour of his imagination, have hazarded an expression which a mind intent upon faults may interpret into heresy, if considered apart from the rest of his discourse; but a phrase is not to be opposed to volumes. There is scarcely a writer to be found (whose profession was not divinity) that has so frequently testified his belief of the sacred writings, has appealed to them with such unlimited submission, or mentioned them with such unvarying reverence.

Of the novelty of the paradoxes with which this extraordinary book abounds, the reader may form some notion from one or two extracts:—

'There are a bundle of curiosities, not only in philosophy, but in divinity, proposed and discussed by men of supposed ability, which indeed are not worthy our vacant hours, much

less our serious studies. 'Tis ridiculous to put off, or down, the general flood of Noah, in that particular inundation of Deucalion; that there was a deluge seems not to me so great a miracle, as that there is not one always. How all the kinds of creatures, not only in their own bulks, but with a competency of food and sustenance, might be preserved in one ark, and within the extent of 300 cubits, to a reason that rightly examines, it will appear very feasible. There is another secret, not contained in the Scripture, which is more hard to comprehend, and put the honest Father (St. Augustine) to the refuge of a miracle; and that is, not only how the distinct pieces of the world and divided islands should be first planted by men, but inhabited by tigers, panthers, and bears; — how America abounded with beasts of prey and noxious animals, yet contained not in it that necessary creature, a horse, is very strange.'

Again: 'Search all the legends of times past, and the fabulous conceits of those present, and 'twill be hard to find one that deserves to carry the buckler unto Sampson; yet is all this of an easy possibility, if we conceive a divine concourse, or an influence from the little finger of the Almighty.'

In the *Religio Medici*, the author speaks much, and, in the opinion of Digby, too much of himself; but yet so generally and concisely as not to afford much light to his biographer; but what most awakens curiosity is his solemn assertion, that 'his life has been a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound like a fable.'

The wonders to which he alludes were probably the visionary transactions of his own mind, the result of self-love operating upon a vigorous imagination; for the biography of Browne does not afford us any remarkable occurrences to relate; on the contrary, it is as uniform and devoid of adventure as that of the most retired man of letters could possibly be. His history, therefore, will be chiefly comprised in the history of his works, which were numerous, and full of interest and curiosity.

Dr. Browne settled, in 1636, at Norwich, where his practice soon became very extensive, many patients resorting to him for advice; and in 1637 he was incorporated doctor of physic in the University of Oxford. A few years after, he married Mrs Mileham, of a good family in the county, 'a lady (as she is described) of such symmetrical proportion to her worthy husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism.'

In 1646, his work entitled Enquiries into *Vulgar and Common* Errors appeared, which, as

it did not arise, like his former one, from fancy and invention, but from observation and the study of books, and was an enumeration of many unconnected particulars, must have been the collection of years, and the result of a design early formed and long pursued. Of its originality and consequent difficulty, he speaks himself in his preface:—'We hope it will not be unconsidered, that we find no open tract or constant manuduction in this labyrinth, but are ofttimes fain to wander in the *America* and untravelled parts of truth. And therefore we are often constrained to stand alone against the strength of opinion, and to meet the Goliath and giant of authority with contemptible pebbles and feeble arguments, drawn from the scrip and slender stock of ourselves.'

Having now twice experienced the delights of authorship, and become callous to the molestations of censure, he took an early opportunity of appearing again before the public. In 1658, the discovery of some ancient urns in Norfolk gave him occasion to write *A Discourse of Sepulchral Urns*, in which he treats, with his usual learning, on the funeral rites of the ancient nations, exhibits their various treatment of the dead, and examines the substances found in the urns discovered in Norfolk. There is, perhaps, none of his works which better exemplifies his reading or memory. It is scarcely to be imagined how many particulars he has amassed together in a treatise which seems to have been written for the occasion; and for which, therefore, no materials could have been previously collected.

In 1671, Browne received the honour of knighthood from Charles II. at Norwich, where he continued to live in high reputation, till, in his seventy-sixth year, he was seized with a colic, which, after having tortured him about a week, put an end to his life, October 19, 1682. On his monument, in the church of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, is the following inscription:

Near the Foot of this Pillar
Lies Sir THOMAS BROWNE, Kt., and Doctor in Physick.
Author of Religio Medici, and other Learned Books,
Who practic'd Physick in this city 46 years,
And died Oct. 1682, in the 77 year of his Age,
In Memory of whom
Dame Dorothy Browne, who had bin his Affectionate
Wife 41 Years, caused this Monument
to be Erected.

THOMAS SYDENHAM.

Sydenham effected a real revolution *in physic; and* no one had a more just claim to the title of a restorer of true medical science. But his was the triumph not so much of

transcendent genius, as of good sense over vague hypothesis. To him the praise belongs of having been an accurate observer, who, endowed with great sagacity, conducted his researches with skill, and was guided by a sure method in all his investigations. In a word, no physician exercised so beneficial an influence over that branch of the art to which all others are subservient, viz. its practical application. His claims to our admiration will appear the greater, if we reflect for a moment that he lived at a time when chemistry, and the sect of the mathematical physicians, were in the highest vogue; and pause to consider the difficulties which he must have encountered when he recommended to his countrymen to follow the footsteps of nature and experience.

Thomas Sydenham was born in the year 1624, in Dorsetshire, where his father enjoyed a large fortune. At the age of eighteen he was entered a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in midsummer term, 1642, but left the University as soon as it became a garrison for Charles I. Now the battle of Edge Hill was fought in the month of October of that year, and a few days afterwards the king retired to Oxford. At this distance of time, it is curious to speculate whether the young Sydenham, a freshman at col*lege*, could by any possibility *have* become acquainted with the great discoverer of the circulation of the blood, then in attendance upon the unfortunate monarch; probably not. It is certain they espoused different sides in politics; for while Harvey was a staunch royalist, Sydenham joined the army of the Parliament, though he spent a few years only in the camp, and never attained a higher rank than that of captain. His ultimate choice of a profession was determined by an accidental acquaintance with Dr. Coxe, a physician eminent at that time in London, who in some sickness prescribed for the brother of Sydenham, and, entering into conversation with him, inquired what walk of life he designed to follow. The young man answering that he was undetermined, the Doctor recommended physic to him, and his persuasion was so effectual that he returned to Oxford for the purpose of enjoying leisure and opportunity to pursue his medical studies. Here he employed himself with diligence, and was created Bachelor of Physic, April 14, 1648, at the visitation of the University by the Earl of Pembroke.

His *Methodus Curandi Febres*, etc., appeared for the first time in 1666, and the chapter on small-pox which it contains is extremely interesting, not only because it presents us with his novel method of treating the disease, but because it furnishes a most curious example of the caution with which he reasoned

upon the cause or origin of that formidable malady. It has been asserted, that no hint whatever is to be found in the writings of Sydenham that he thought the small-pox could arise from contagion; a trace, however, is discoverable in the treatise of which we are now speaking, that the idea had once crossed his mind, though he ultimately rejected it. To enlarge upon this very curious piece of medical literature, would here be out of place; yet the general reader can scarcely fail to be surprised, that so obvious a property as the contagious nature of the small-pox should have escaped the sagacity of such a man as Sydenham. So, however, it was.

As to his practice in that disease, it is best explained in his own words. 'I see no reason,' says he, 'why the patient should be kept stifled in bed, but rather that he may rise and sit up a few hours every day, provided the injuries arising from the extremes of heat and cold be prevented, both with respect to the place wherein he lies and his manner of clothing.' The rivals of Sydenham contended that the whole of his treatment consisted in doing nothing, and that he made a great stir about what, according to him, might be comprehended in two words —*nihil agendum*. This opposition on the part of his medical brethren, together with the prejudices of mankind, threw many obstacles in the way of its general adoption; but its author foretold with confidence, and with truth, that after his own death it would prevail. The fact is, that though Sydenham lived in the first degree of reputation, enjoyed the friendship and acquaintance of many of the most eminent men of his day—amongst others, that of the illustrious Locke—and was in very considerable practice, yet he never possessed that overwhelming ascendency and irresistible popularity which his immediate successor obtained. Nor were the improvements of Sydenham fully appreciated by the world till they were forced upon the public by Radcliffe, who in this way advanced the art of medicine much more than by any original discoveries of his own.

RADCLIFFE.

Following the direction of the son of Sirach, 'to honour a physician with the honour which is due to him,' we shall speak of Radcliffe as he deserves; not extolling him for scholastic attainments which he did not possess, but giving him every credit for the strong good sense and natural sagacity with which he was really endowed, and without concealing the coarseness of his wit or the imprudent levity of conduct in which it was his humour occasionally to indulge. His munificent acts of bounty, his almost unexampled liberality, point him out

as one of the most celebrated of a profession that has always been distinguished for its liberality; and fully explain to us the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries, to whom, in spite of his infirmities of temper, the generosity of his disposition and the sprightliness of his conversation rendered him at all times a most agreeable companion.

Radcliffe was born in Yorkshire, in the year 1650. He received the rudiments of education at the grammar-school of Wakefield, and subsequently pursued his studies at the University of Oxford. He decided to pursue the study of medicine, and attended the different courses of anatomy, chemistry, and botany, delivered in the university. He took his degree of Master of Arts in 1672, as it is said, with uncommon applause.

His books, while he was a student of medicine, though well chosen, were so few in number, that, being visited by Dr. Bathurst, Master of Trinity College (the companion of Harvey in some of his experiments), and asked by him where was his library, Radcliffe replied by pointing to a few vials, a skeleton, and a herbal, in one corner of his room.

He became Bachelor of Medicine in 1675, and immediately began the exercise of his profession in the city of Oxford itself. At his first entrance upon the stage of action he fell foul of the apothecaries, and experienced no small opposition from Foulks and Adams, two of the most eminent of that calling, who decried his method of practice, more especially because it was contrary to the one adopted by Dr. Lydal, at that time the most celebrated practitioner in the university. The method of Lydal was slow; that of Radcliffe expeditious, prompt, and decisive; and the superiority of talent and good sense in the latter became soon so conspicuous, that his opponents, the apothecaries themselves, were obliged to make interest with him, 'to have his prescriptions on their files.'

His success, as may readily be believed, was not viewed without feelings of envy, and his rivals maintained that his cures were only guess-work, and affected sarcastically to regret that his friends, instead of breeding him up to physic, had not made a scholar of him. On the other hand, Radcliffe was not wanting in his own defence, nor sparing of abuse towards his antagonists, whom he bespattered with all sorts of opprobrious names, and derided, because of the slops, caudles, and diet drinks with which they drenched their patients. It was neither, however, by his abuse of others, nor by any empirical boldness, that at this early period of his medical career he seems to have completely gained the confidence of the public, but by his judicious method of treating

the small-pox; a method, indeed, which Sydenham had introduced into the art of medicine about ten years before Radcliffe established himself at Oxford. It consisted in the employment of the cooling treatment,—a practice which seems to have been partly suggested by reasoning upon the nature of the disease, and which has been amply sanctioned by experience.

Few, however, of his contemporaries approved of the practice of Sydenham, though he himself was so convinced of its propriety, that he concludes his original treatise upon this disease, by declaring that if his young son William, whose welfare and life were dearer to him than the wealth of the Indies, were to be seized with the small-pox, he should direct him to be treated in the same manner.

The *new method*, as it was called, had indeed the sanction of the illustrious Locke, himself a physician; but the generality of the practitioners of that day continued to trudge on in the ancient course of their forefathers. Radcliffe was free from the bigotry and prejudices of his brethren; and one of the first fruits which he reaped from his early determination to leave the trammels of authority, and willingly admit the light of recent discovery, was the most remarkable success of his practice in this very disease, in which he strictly followed the precepts laid down by Sydenham. The small-pox was raging in the city and in the neighbourhood of Oxford with great fatality; and instead of stoving up his patients, as was done by other practitioners, Radcliffe employed the *new* method, exposed the sick to the free access of the air, gave them cooling emulsions, and employed other approved antiphlogistic remedies, and thus rescued more than one hundred from the jaws of death.

About this time also he had another piece of good fortune, in the case of Lady Spencer, at Yarnton, some few miles from Oxford. This lady had been under Dr. Lydal and Mr. Musgrave's hands for some time, without deriving much benefit from their prescriptions, and with small hopes of recovering from a complication of disorders. In this dilemma, she was induced, at the entreaty of her son-in-law, Mr. Dormer, to send for Radcliffe, whose reputation was now beginning to spread. His advice was very successful; in a short space of time the patient was restored to health, and lived many years afterwards. The fame of this unexpected recovery, and the extensive connections of the lady's family, brought him into fashion, and he was patronized by the noble houses of Northampton, Sunderland, Caernarvon, and Abingdon. Indeed, before he had been two years a bachelor of physic, there were few families of any credit within reach of Oxford who had not had occasion to appreciate his professional skill.

Having received some affront, he quitted Lincoln College, and resigned his Fellowship, but continued to reside in the university, and in the year 1682 took the degree of Doctor of Medicine, going out Grand Compounder,—a circumstance which is supposed to indicate the possession, thus early, of at least £40 per annum in land.

His practice in the country procured him considerable wealth, but, not content with his provincial reputation, he removed to London, when he was about thirty-four years old, and settled in Bow Street, Covent Garden. Here he had not been established more than a twelvemonth before he rose to the head of his profession, and received, in daily fees, the sum of twenty guineas. To this rapid success, the pleasantry of his discourse and his ready wit are said to have greatly contributed, many even feigning themselves ill for the pleasure of having a few minutes' conversation with the facetious doctor. In 1686 he was appointed physician to the Princess Anne of Denmark; and soon after, about the time the Bishops were sent to the Tower, was sorely beset, as well by the Master of the College at Oxford where he had received his education, as by the Court chaplains, Father Saunders and another Dominican, to change his religion and turn Papist. But to all such solicitations he turned a deaf ear, refusing, he says, 'to make myself so unhappy as to shame my teachers and instructors, by departing from what I have imbibed from them.'

With King William came the famous Dr. Bidloo as chief physician; but the presence of this formidable rival did not injure the fame of Radcliffe, which, on the contrary, increased daily: it was said, indeed, that Bidloo, who was otherwise expert in the knowledge of physic, and knew how to prescribe proper medicaments when he hit upon the distemper, from frequently mistaking the nature of English constitutions, subjected those who advised with him to the greatest hazards. Be this as it may, Radcliffe so far got the start of all his competitors, that even his Majesty's foreign attendants, Mr. Bentinck (afterwards Earl of Portland) and Mr. Zulestein (Earl of Rochford), applied to him in cases of necessity, wherein he always displayed his skill to the greatest degree; the first being cured by him of a violent diarrhœa, which had brought him almost to the point of death; and the last, who was very corpulent, of a lethargy, that had baffled the skill of all other practitioners. The gratitude of King William, for the recovery of his two favourites, was manifested to Radcliffe by a present of 500 guineas out of the privy purse, and an offer of making him one of his Majesty's physicians, with a salary of £200 per annum more than any other. The caution and worldly wisdom of

Radcliffe were here again exhibited; for though he accepted the present, he begged to decline the appointment, considering that the settlement of the crown was then only in its infancy, and that accidents might occur to disturb its security. Nor did he lose by his refusal, for the weak condition of the King's health, which had from his Majesty's childhood suffered from frequent attacks of asthma, required his constant professional assistance; so that it was said that, one year with another, for the first eleven years of the reign of King William, Radcliffe received more than 600 guineas for his annual attendance upon his Majesty, exclusive of what he received from the great officers of the Court.

At the close of the year 1689, when he had gained additional credit and fame by a cure he had performed upon the Duke of Beaufort, he was called in to a consultation with the king's physicians, Doctors Bidloo and Laurence, and was so successful as to suggest means which speedily restored his Majesty to a share of health sufficient to enable him to join his army in Ireland, and gain the victory at the Boyne. In 1691, the young Prince William, Duke of Gloucester, son of the Prince and Princess of Denmark, was taken ill of fainting fits, a complaint which had been fatal to several of the children of their Royal Highnesses, and his life was despaired of by the Court physicians. Radcliffe being sent for, first begged that the Queen and the Princess, who should both be present, would rely solely upon him, and allow the use of no other prescriptions but his; and then, by the employment of a few outward and inward applications, restored the little patient to such a state of health, that he never had anything like a delirium from that time till the day of his death. Queen Mary, who constantly visited the child, was so pleased with Radcliffe, that she ordered her chamberlain to present him with 1000 guineas. His fame was now so great that everybody flocked to him for advice; and it is recorded that his neighbour, Dr. Gibbons, received £1000 per annum from the overflow of patients who were not able to get admission to the great physician of the day.

Hitherto, everything had prospered with him; but in the year 1692 his fortune was chequered with a considerable loss. The Doctor, amongst other acquaintance, had contracted a great familiarity with Betterton, the famous tragedian, and at his persuasion was induced to risk no less a sum than £5000 in a venture to the East Indies: the ship sailed, and had a favourable passage; when on her return, she was taken by the Marquis de Nesmond, and all her cargo, amounting in value to £120,000, captured by the enemy. This loss ruined the poor player, but Radcliffe re-

ceived the disastrous intelligence at the Bull's Head Tavern, in Clare Market (where he was enjoying himself with several persons of the first rank), with philosophic composure; desiring his companions not to interrupt the circulation of the glass, 'for that he had no more to do but to go up so many pair of stairs to make himself whole again.' Nor did this pecuniary loss check the exercise of his liberal spirit, for it was in the course of this year that he contributed a considerable sum towards the repairs and embellishments of University College.

In the month of December 1694, Queen Mary was seized with the small-pox, and her sickness assumed the most alarming symptoms. Her Majesty's physicians were at their wits' end, and it was decided by the Privy Council to send for Radcliffe, to avert, if possible, the calamity with which the nation was threatened. At the first sight of the prescriptions, without having even entered the chamber of the royal patient, he exclaimed with his characteristic rudeness, that 'Her Majesty was a dead woman, for it was impossible to do any good in her case, where remedies had been given that were so contrary to the nature of the distemper; yet he would endeavour to do all that lay in him to give her some ease.'

For a short time there were some faint hopes of recovery, but his efforts were ultimately in vain, and the Queen died. Some few months after this unhappy event, the Doctor, who till then had kept himself in the good graces of the Princess Anne of Denmark, forfeited them, owing to his too great addiction to the bottle, and after the following uncourtly manner. Her Royal Highness, being indisposed, caused him to be sent for; in answer to which he promised to come to St. James' soon after. As he did not, however, make his appearance, a messenger was again despatched after him, to inform him that the princess was extremely ill, and to describe the nature of her indisposition.—When Radcliffe heard the symptoms detailed, he swore by his Maker, 'That her Highness's distemper was nothing but the vapours, and that she was in as good a state of health as any woman breathing, could she but believe it.' No skill or reputation could excuse this rudeness and levity; he was in consequence dismissed from his attendance on the princess, and Dr. Gibbons succeeded him in the care of her health. His credit with the King remained, notwithstanding, undiminished, of which a splendid proof was given in the following year, by his being sent for to go abroad to attend the Earl of Albemarle, a great favourite of his Majesty, and who had a considerable command in the army during the campaign which ended with the taking of Namur. Radcliffe

remained in the camp a week only, was successful in his treatment of his patient, and received from King William £1200; from Lord Albemarle, 400 guineas and a diamond ring; he was offered also the dignity of a baronet, which he begged to decline, on the plea of having no children to inherit the title.

At the close of 1699, the King, on his return from Holland, where he had not very strictly followed the prudent advice given by Radcliffe, being much out of order, sent for him again to the palace at Kensington. In reply to some questions put by the physician, the King, showing his swollen ankles, which formed a striking contrast with the rest of his emaciated body, exclaimed, 'Doctor, what think you of these?' 'Why, truly,' said he, 'I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.'

With this ill-timed jest, though it passed unnoticed at the moment, the professional attendance of Radcliffe at Court terminated; nor would the King ever suffer him to come again into his presence, notwithstanding the Earl of Albemarle, who was then the chief favourite, used all his interest to reinstate him in favour.

In 1705 he bought an estate in the county of Buckingham, for £12,000. Many acts of liberality and charity are recorded of him about this time; amongst them, a donation of money to Oxford, in the year 1706, towards some public buildings then going on; but his means were now very ample, his fortune amounting, in 1707, to £80,000.

Radcliffe did not long enjoy his Buckinghamshire estate, dying on the 1st November 1714, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and falling, according to his earliest biographer, 'a victim to the ingratitude of a thankless world and the fury of the gout.'

By his will he left an estate in Yorkshire to the Master and Fellows of University College for ever, in trust for the foundation of two travelling fellowships; the overplus to be paid to them, for the purpose of buying perpetual advowsons for the members of the said college. The choice of the two fellows was vested in the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, the Bishops of London and Winchester, the two principal Secretaries of State, the Lord Chief Justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, and the Master of the Rolls—all for the time being. To St. Bartholomew's Hospital he gave, for ever, the yearly sum of £500, towards mending their diet, and the further yearly sum of £100 for buying of linen; £5000 for the enlargement of the building of University College, Oxford; £40,000 for the building of a library at Oxford; and when

the library should be built, £150 per annum to the librarian, and £100 per annum, for ever, for buying books. After the payment of these bequests, and some legacies to various individuals mentioned in the will, he gave to his executors, in trust, all his estates in Buckinghamshire, Yorkshire, Northamptonshire, and Surrey, to be applied to such charitable purposes as they all, in their discretion, should think best; but no part thereof to their own use or benefit.

Besides the Radcliffe Library, which was finished and opened in 1749, the Observatory and public Infirmary at Oxford were built from these funds, the faithful and enlightened guardians of which have ever been found ready to contribute, according to their means, to every charitable and useful purpose. In 1825 they gave £2000 towards building the present College of Physicians; and towards defraying the expenses of the erection and completion of the Oxford Lunatic Asylum, opened in 1827, they subscribed by four donations, at different periods of that work, the sum of £2700—the ends and purposes of which establishment seemed to accord with, and bear an affinity to, those of the Radcliffe Infirmary.

DR. MEAD.

According to Dr. Johnson, *Dr. Mead* 'lived more in the broad sunshine of life than any other man.' Without any doubt, his lot was an enviable one. He had no high advantages of birth or fortune or aristocratic connection, and yet he achieved a European popularity; and in the capital of his own country, his social position was not surpassed by any member of the profession. To the sunshine in which Dr. Mead basked, it has been remarked, the great lexicographer himself contributed a few rays; for when James published his *Medical Dictionary*, the letter to Mead affixed to the work was composed by Johnson in his most felicitous style:—

'SIR,—That the *Medical Dictionary* is dedicated to you is to be imputed only to your reputation for superior skill in those sciences which I have endeavoured to explain and to facilitate; and you are therefore to consider the address, if it be agreeable to you, as one of the rewards of merit; and, if otherwise, as one of the inconveniences of eminence.

'However you shall receive it, my design cannot be disappointed, because this public appeal to your judgment will show that I do not found my hopes of approbation upon the ignorance of my readers, and that I fear his censure least whose knowledge is the most extensive.—I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

'R. JAMES.'

Mead's qualifications, however, were such that he naturally attracted the sunshine of fortune. He was polished, courtly, adroit, and of an equable temper, and everybody was pleased with him because he seemed pleased with everybody. All his life he was a Whig, and yet his most intimate friends were of the opposite faction. The overbearing, insolent, prejudiced Radcliffe forgave him his scholarship and politics, and did his utmost to further his interests.

'Mead's family,' says Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, in his entertaining *Book about Doctors*, 'was a respectable one in Buckinghamshire. His father was a theological writer, and one of the two ministers of Stepney, but was ejected from his preferment for nonconformity, on the 24th of August 1662. Fortunately, the dispossessed clerk had a private fortune on which to maintain his fifteen children, of whom Richard, the eleventh, was born on the 11th of August 1673.

'Having received a sound elementary education, he went in 1690 to Utrecht, and, after studying there for three years, proceeded to Leyden, where he studied botany and physic. In the middle of 1696 he returned to London, with stores of information, refined manners, and a degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Physic, conferred on him at Padua on the 16th of August 1695. Settling at Stepney, and uniting himself closely with the Nonconformists, he commenced the practice of his profession, in which he rapidly advanced to success. On the ninth of May 1703, before he was thirty years of age, he was chosen physician of St. Thomas's Hospital, in Southwark.

'On obtaining this preferment, he took a house in Crutched Friars, and year by year increased the sphere of his operations. In 1711 he moved to Austin Friars, to the house just vacated by the death of Dr. Howe. The consequences of this step taught him the value of a house with a good reputation to a rising doctor. Many of Howe's patients had got into a habit of coming to the house as much as to the physician, and Mead was only too glad to feel their pulses and flatter them into good humour, sound health, and the laudable custom of paying double fees.'

In 1703, we have said, Mead was chosen physician of St. Thomas's Hospital. About the same time he was appointed by the company of Surgeons to read the anatomical lectures in their hall, which he continued to do during six or seven years with much credit. Mead has thus the honour of forming one link in that chain of physicians who, down to the resignation of Baillie, were almost the sole teachers of anatomy in this country. The University of Oxford conferred the doctorate

on him in 1707, and in 1716 he was admitted a Fellow of the College of Physicians. He was one of the censors of that body in 1716, 1719, and 1724, but declined to accept the office of president, which was offered to him in 1744. George II., who had employed him in his family whilst Prince of Wales, appointed him his own physician on succeeding to the throne in 1727. Mead was now fast approaching the summit of his fortune. Radcliffe took particular pleasure in promoting the interests of an individual whose character was totally opposite to his own, and towards whom, perhaps, from that very contrast, he felt an attraction. Into whatever favourable situations Radcliffe may have promoted Mead, it is certain that his amiable manners and fine accomplishments would enable him firmly to maintain his place. On the death of his protector, Mead moved into his house in Bloomsbury Square, and resigned the hospital.

Two days before the demise of Queen Anne, Mead was called to a trying situation—to consult at the bedside of a dying sovereign. He possessed, however, not merely the professional knowledge, but also the intimacy with society, and the ready tact which the emergency demanded. Some in such situations find a protection in reserve; but Mead, either more penetrating or more decided than the other attendants on her Majesty, no sooner was admitted to her presence, than he declared that she could not long survive. Finding it difficult to obtain assent, he intimated that it would be sufficient to send to Hanover an account of the symptoms, from which the physicians attached to that Court would at once perceive that, before the detail reached them, the subject of it must have ceased to exist.

After the most brilliant career of professional and literary reputation, of personal honour, of wealth, and of notoriety which ever fell in combination to the lot of any medical man in any age or country, Mead took to the bed from which he was to rise no more on the 11th of February, and expired on the 16th of the same month, 1754. His death was unaccompanied by any visible signs of pain.

In practice he had been absolutely without a rival; his average receipts had, during several years, amounted to between £6000 and £7000, an enormous sum in relation to the value of money at that period. So great was the anxiety to obtain his opinion, that he daily repaired to a coffeehouse in the city, and to another at the west end of the metropolis, to inspect written or to receive oral statements from the apothecaries, and to deliver his decision. His charity and his hospitality were unbounded; the epithet 'princely' has often been applied to him on this head, but

he has truly left an example which men of all ranks may be proud to imitate according to their means. These qualities in Mead were not the result of the accident which exalts or limits our means, but were the spontaneous expression of his heart. His gratuitous advice was ever open not merely to the indigent, but also to the clergy, and to all men of learning; and he devoted his emoluments to the patronage of literature and of the fine arts in a manner that, had we space, would receive more distinct mention.

WILLIAM CULLEN.

William Cullen was born in 1712, in Lanarkshire. His parents were in humble circumstances. After serving an apprenticeship to a surgeon apothecary in Glasgow, he filled various situations, and at last settled at Hamilton, and (as it appears by the register of the Town Council of that place) was admitted a councillor in 1737. During 1739 and 1740 he was chief magistrate of the burgh. Here he was a general practitioner, and was surrounded by apprentices in his pharmacy. A connection in business was formed between him and another young man, afterwards destined to nearly equal celebrity—William Hunter, who was a native of the same part of the country; and these kindred minds entered into a partnership. Their principal ambition, at this time, was to procure the means of improving their medical education and grade; and in order mutually to further this honourable object, it was stipulated that one of them should be alternately allowed to study, during the winter, in some medical school, while the other should continue to carry on the business in the country, for the profit of both parties. Cullen took the first turn, and passed his winter at Edinburgh. William Hunter chose London for his place of study when his season arrived, and the selection was propitious to his future progress, since he soon recommended himself, in that metropolis, to Dr. Douglas, a lecturer on anatomy and obstetrics, who engaged him as an assistant. Thus ensued a premature dissolution of partnership. Cullen was not the man who could throw obstacles in the road to his friend's advancement; he readily cancelled the articles, and they maintained ever after a cordial communication by letters, although the accidents of life seem never more to have granted them a personal interview. How full of interest would such a meeting, in after life, have proved to two such individuals, who had parted in poverty and obscurity, and who would have greeted each other again at the head of their respective professions, and in the meridian of fortune and of fame!

The patrons of the University of Edinburgh were very anxious

to strengthen their seminary, and directed their attention to the rising fame of Cullen. Dr. Plummer, their Professor of Chemistry, soon left a vacancy, which Cullen was invited to fill. He resigned all his employments in Glasgow, and repaired, in 1756, to the city which was to become the scene of his distinction, from which he finally sent forth admiring pupils to all parts of the world, and which he really enriched and benefited by the halo which he flung around the medical school during his brilliant career. The eminence of an university depends, more than is generally imagined, on the attraction of one or two great names, which exert a magnetic influence; no expense can be misplaced by the governors of an university in drawing such rare individuals to their bosom. Chemistry had been rather neglected at Edinburgh, but Cullen restored it to its rights, and even created a tide in its favour: chemistry now brought a more numerous assemblage to its hall than any other science, excepting anatomy. Many students spoke of Cullen with a sort of enthusiasm; this produced a reaction and an opposition party, which endeavoured to misrepresent his doctrines. Cullen's reputation only became more clear through this fermentation. He proceeded steadily and tranquilly in the path of instruction, and opened a large field of private practice, which his frank and engaging manners, his kindness, and his disinterestedness enabled him to cultivate with growing success. He became the friend of his patients; they could neither dispense with his attendance nor with his intimacy.

While Professor of Chemistry, he also for several years delivered clinical lectures at the Royal Infirmary. Alston, who was Professor of Materia Medica, and who has left a large work on that branch of study, died in 1763, and Cullen succeeded him; and though now in the middle of his chemical course, persevered at the same time with his new topic, and commenced it only a few days after his new nomination. Eight or ten pupils alone had entered under Alston, but Cullen attracted above one hundred.

On the death of Dr. Whytt, Cullen rose another step, and took the chair of theoretical medicine, ceding his chemical chair to Black, his former pupil. Rutherford next disappeared from the chair of practical medicine; Gregory became a rival candidate with Cullen, and it was arranged that these accomplished competitors should alternately lecture on the theory and the practice of medicine. Their talents were of a dissimilar kind, and the students amply profited by the variety and emulation exhibited, without any injury to friendship. After co-operating most happily for the benefit of all parties,

Gregory was suddenly cut off in the prime of life, and Cullen continued to occupy the professorship until a few months before his death, which spared him to his seventy-seventh year, in 1790. To the last he was great, but that ardour and energy which had strongly characterized him at a former period gradually declined; his vivacity was, however, still such as might in general belong to an individual in the mid-day of existence. Some have perceived traces of senility in his treatise on the Materia Medica, but Cullen even then retained powers which many would gladly acknowledge as their own in their brightest days.

His conduct towards his pupils was exemplary. With those who appeared diligent he formed an early acquaintance, inviting them to supper in very small parties, and freely discussing with them, at such opportunities, their doubts, their wishes, and their prospects. With the most assiduous he gradually formed an intimacy which often proved highly beneficial to their private interests. His excellent library was at all times open to their use; he kept up a correspondence with them on their departure from the university, and was often instrumental in establishing them in desirable situations. His benevolent mind doubtless often looked back on the struggles of his early days, and sympathy with those who had to encounter similar privations often opened his purse to straitened merit. To seek out the obscure, to invite the humble, was his particular pleasure; he behaved to such rather as if he courted their society, than as if they could be bettered by his patronage. He often found out some polite excuse for refusing to take payment for his lectures, and steadily refused to accept a fee from any student; a custom which, it is said, became naturalized at Edinburgh from the date of Cullen.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

William Hunter was born on the 23d of May 1718, at Kilbride, in the county of Lanark. He was the seventh of the ten children of John and Agnes Hunter, who resided on a small estate in the above parish, called Long Calderwood, which had been long in the possession of the family. The youngest of the family was John, afterwards so celebrated as a surgeon and physiologist. One of the sisters married Dr. Baillie, Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, and became the mother of another eminent physician, Dr. Matthew Baillie, who died in 1823.

William Hunter was sent to study at Glasgow at the age of fourteen, and remained there five years, with the reputation of prudence and of good

scholarship. The summer of 1741 brought him to London, where he commenced his residence under the roof of the eminent Smellie, at that time an apothecary in Pall Mall. He studied anatomy, and dissected under the superintendence of Dr. Frank Nicholls, who was the most eminent teacher of anatomy in London at that time.

An essay *On the Structure and Diseases of Articulating Cartilages* appears to have been the first production of his pen; it was communicated to the Royal Society in 1743.

His first anatomical course was attempted in 1746. He experienced much anxiety and doubt at the outset, but applause gradually inspired him with confidence, and he at length found the principal happiness of life to consist in the delivery of a lecture. Mr. Watson, one of his earliest pupils, accompanied him home after the trying moments of his introductory discourse. Hunter had just received seventy guineas from admission fees, which he carried in a bag under his cloak, and observed to his friend that it was a larger sum than he had ever before possessed. The early difficulties of eminent men form perhaps the most instructive and animating portion of their biography. Linnæus records of himself, *Exivi patria triginti sex nummis aureis dives.* The profits of his two first courses were considerable; but, by contributing to relieve the wants of some of his friends, he found himself, on the approach of the third season, under the necessity of deferring his lectures for a fortnight, merely from the want of money to supply the expense of the usual advertisements. This unpleasant embarrassment operated as a check upon him in the use of money, and probably formed one remote source of the large fortune which he afterwards accumulated.

In 1764 he was appointed physician-extraordinary to the Queen. His avocations now multiplied themselves so rapidly that he was obliged to seek an assistant for his lectures; and having noticed the ingenuity and industry of William Hewson, he selected him for that office, and subsequently made him a partner in his lectures. This connection subsisted until 1770, when a separation was occasioned by some disputes, and Cruikshank succeeded to the honourable situation. In 1767, Hunter became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1768 he received an appointment on which he conferred celebrity by the zeal with which he discharged it—the professorship of anatomy in the Royal Academy of Arts, which had been recently founded by George III. He adapted his anatomical knowledge to the objects of painting and sculpture with remarkable tact; and the originality and justness of his observations in this entirely new

career evinced the promptitude and versatility of his talents. On the death of Fothergill, he was unanimously elected to preside over the *Medical Society*. In 1780, the Royal Medical Society of Paris created him one of their foreign associates; and he soon afterwards obtained a similar distinction from the Royal Academy of Sciences of that city.

He expired on the 30th of March 1783, and it is recorded of his latter moments, that, turning to his friend Combe, he observed, 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.'

At an early period of his career, Hunter's ambition was fixed on the acquisition of a fortune sufficient to place him in easy and independent circumstances. Before many years elapsed, he found himself in possession of a sum adequate to his wishes in this respect; and this he set apart as a resource of which he might avail himself, whenever age or infirmities should oblige him to retire from business. He confessed to a friend, that he once took a considerable sum from this fund for the purposes of his museum, but that he did not feel himself perfectly at ease till he had restored it again.

After he had obtained this competency, as his wealth continued to accumulate, he formed a remarkable and praiseworthy design of *engaging in* some scheme of public utility, and at first had it in contemplation to found an anatomical school in the metropolis. For this purpose, about the year 1765, during the government of Mr. Grenville, he presented a memorial to that Minister, in which he requested the grant of a piece of ground in the Mews, for the site of an anatomical theatre. Dr. Hunter undertook to expend seven thousand pounds on the building, and to endow a professorship of anatomy in perpetuity. This scheme did not meet with the reception which it deserved. In a conversation on this subject, soon afterwards, held with the Earl of Shelburne, his lordship expressed a wish that the plan might be carried into execution by subscription, and generously requested to accompany his name with a thousand guineas. Dr. Hunter's delicacy would not allow him to adopt this proposal. He chose rather to execute the plan at his own expense, and accordingly purchased a spot of ground in Great Windmill Street, where he erected a spacious house, to which he removed from Jermyn Street in 1770.

In this building, besides a handsome amphitheatre, and other convenient apartments for his lectures and dissections, one magnificent room was fitted up with great elegance and propriety as a museum.

Of the magnitude and value of his collection, some idea may

be formed when we consider the great length of years which he employed in making anatomical preparations, and in the dissection of morbid bodies, added to the eagerness with which he procured additions from the museums of Sandys, Falconar, Blackall, and others, which were, at different times, offered for sale in the metropolis. Friends and pupils were constantly augmenting his store with new specimens.

On removing to Windmill Street, he began to extend his views to the embellishment of his collection, by a magnificent library of Greek and Latin classics; and formed also a very rare cabinet of ancient medals, which was, at the time, considered as only inferior to that belonging to the King of France. The coins alone had been purchased at an expense of £20,000. Minerals, shells, and other objects of natural history were gradually added to this museum, which became an object of curiosity throughout Europe. It now enriches the University of Glasgow; and the liberal owner bequeathed to that body £8000, as a fund for the support and augmentation of the whole.

EDWARD JENNER.

Among all the names which ought to be consecrated by the gratitude of mankind, that of Jenner stands pre-eminent; it would be difficult—we are inclined to say impossible—to select from the catalogue of benefactors to human nature an individual who has contributed so largely to the preservation of life, and to the alleviation of sufferings. Into whatever corner of the world the blessing of printed knowledge has penetrated, there also will the name of Jenner be familiar; but the fruits of his discovery have ripened in barbarous soils, where books have never been opened, and where the savage does not pause to inquire from what source he has derived relief. No improvement in the physical sciences can bear a parallel with that which ministers, in every part of the globe, to the prevention of deformity, and, in a great proportion, to the exemption from actual destruction.

The ravages which the small-pox formerly committed are scarcely conceived or recollected by the present generation, and an instance of death occurring after vaccination is now eagerly seized and commented upon; yet scarcely eighty years have elapsed since this disease might fairly be termed the scourge of mankind, and an enemy more extensive and more insidious in its warfare than even the plague. A family blighted in its fairest hopes, through this terrible visitation, was an everyday spectacle: the imperial house of Austria alone lost eleven of its offspring by the small-pox in fifty years; the

instance is mentioned, because it is historical, but in the obscure and unrecorded scenes of this life, pest was often a still more merciless intruder.

Nevertheless, a painful reflection is forced upon us in considering the history of Jenner; he surely did not receive, among his countrymen, the distinction, the fortune, and the fame which he merited. It seems that, among nations called civilized, the persons who contribute to amusement, and to the immediate gratification of the senses, occupy a higher share of attention than the gifted and generous beings who devote their existence to the discovery of truths of vital importance. The sculptor, the painter, the musician, the actor, will engross a thousand times the thoughts of citizens, who perhaps only five times in a whole life consider the merits of a Jenner. The little arts of puffing, the mean machinery of ostentation, never once entered the heads of a Newton, a Watt, or a Jenner; but they surpass in their meridian splendour the puny pretensions of countless poetasters, witlings, and amateurs. Real genius and active industry should not be dismayed, however, by this indifference which clouds the dawn of their exertions, and which sometimes nips the bud of noble aspirations. For great truths there will always come a time and a place. The man who works for the benefit of his fellows can afford to wait the hour allotted for the full development of his labours, and bequeaths, in tranquil confidence, to posterity the reputation which he may have failed to obtain from a dominant coterie of capricious contemporaries.

Edward Jenner was born at Berkeley in Gloucestershire, on the 17th of May 1749.

When Jenner was pursuing his professional education in the house of his master at Sudbury, a young countrywoman applied for advice. The subject of small-pox was casually mentioned in her presence; she immediately remarked, 'I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox.' This was a popular notion in this district, but it now fixed his attention, and grew with his growth. It appears that in Dorsetshire a pustular eruption, derived from infection, and chiefly showing itself on the hands of milkers who had milked cows similarly disordered, attracted attention many years ago. It had been found to secure persons from the small-pox. Numerous examples are said to have been communicated to Sir Charles Baker, who had been, not long before, engaged in a very troublesome though honourable and successful controversy respecting the endemical colic of Devonshire, and was probably unwilling to break another lance. In one of Jenner's note-books we find the following anecdote:— 'I know of no direct allusion to the disease in any ancient writer, yet the following seems not very

distantly to bear upon it. When the Duchess of Cleveland was taunted by her companions, Moll Davis (Lady Mary Davis) and others, that she might soon have to deplore the loss of that beauty which was then her boast—the small-pox at that time raging in London—she made a reply to this effect: that she had no fear about the matter, for she had had a disorder which would prevent her from ever catching the small-pox. This was lately communicated by a gentleman in this county, but unfortunately he could not recollect from what author he gained this intelligence.'

Jenner had frequently witnessed the ravages of small-pox; he also vividly remembered the discipline to which he had been himself subjected preparatory to his inoculation for that disease. 'There was,' to use his own words, 'bleeding till the blood was thin, purging till the body was wasted to a skeleton, and starving on vegetable diet to keep it so.' He early mentioned his rumours of the vaccine protection to John Hunter, who does not seem to have afforded him much encouragement. He appears to have first considered the subject in 1775, and it often recurred to him between that time and 1796, when he made his first decisive experiment. Riding with his friend Gardner, in 1780, on the road between Gloucester and Bristol, he sketched to his friend, in the outlines of anticipation, the plan which he wished to pursue, and the success which might possibly hereafter dawn upon him. These are the delicious moments of genius, of industry, when, wandering for a time from the rugged or thorny walk of daily exertion, the prospective eye looks down from a tranquil and lofty eminence on the distant and varied scenery of hope, melting into the sky, and illumined with all the colours of imagination.

At the meetings of the Alveston Medical Club, of which he was a member, he often introduced his favourite theme, but failed in communicating his own enthusiasm to his hearers, who denounced the topic as a nuisance, from its frequent appearance, and even sportively threatened to expel the orator if he continued to harass them with this importunate discourse. Jenner everywhere proclaimed his belief in the efficacy of his antidote, but he found none to second his wishes; a similar reception had been experienced by Harvey, when he published his views of the circulation of the blood. Let no one hereafter abate the honest zeal of useful pursuit because his ideas are chilled at first by a universal frigid sneer, or by careless ridicule. Such has ever been the fate of those who labour for the benefit of mankind; even the wisest among us oppose innumerable prejudices to the acknowledgment of a new truth; and happy are those who, like Jenner, survive to witness the

triumph of their painful struggles in its promulgation.

In 1788 he carried to London a drawing of the casual disease, as seen on the hands of the milkers, and showed it to Sir Everard Home, and to others. John Hunter had alluded frequently to the fact in his lectures; Dr. Adams had heard of the cow-pox both from Hunter and Cline, and mentions it in his treatise on Morbid Poisons, printed in 1795, three years previously to Jenner's own publication. Still no one had the courage or the penetration to prosecute the inquiry except Jenner. A noble but modest spirit animated him amidst the doubts of all; he has left us an interesting picture of his feelings: 'While the vaccine discovery was progressive, the joy I felt at the prospect before me of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence, and domestic peace and happiness, were often so excessive, that, in pursuing my favourite subject among the meadows, I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that those reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other blessings flow.'

Hitherto he had only remarked the casual disease: it remained to be proved whether it was possible to propagate the affection by inoculation from one human being to another, and thus communicate security against small-pox at will. On the 14th of May 1796, an opportunity occured of making the trial. Matter was then taken from the hand of Sarah Nelmes, who had been infected by her master's cows, and inserted by two superficial incisions into the arms of James Phipps, a healthy boy of about eight years old. After zealously multiplying his experiments, he published his first memoir in June 1798. He had originally intended to consign his results to the transactions of the Royal Society; but Dr. Gregory has quoted from Mr. Moore's *History of Vaccination* the cause of their not appearing in that form —Jenner had been seriously admonished not to present his paper, lest it should *injure* the character which he had previously acquired among scientific men. In this work he announced the security against small-pox afforded by the true cow-pox, and also traces the origin of that disease in the cow to a similar affection of the heel of the horse.

This is not the place for recording the various disappointments and difficulties which darkened the outset of this inestimable discovery, nor do we wish to recall the names of those who violently opposed its progress, or who less candidly sought to undermine the pretensions of its author. The late eminent surgeon, Mr. Cline, deserves to be enumerated among the warm-

est friends of Jenner; he advised him to quit the country, and to settle in Grosvenor Square, promising him an income of ten thousand a year as the fruits of his practice. Here was the tide in Jenner's life which perhaps he might have taken to his advantage, but those who read the modest and philosophic reasons which he assigns for preferring his original situation, will respect his motives. 'Shall I,' says he in a letter to a friend, 'who even in the morning of my days sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life, the valley and not the mountain,—shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame? Admitting it as a certainty that I obtain both, what stock should I add to my little fund of happiness? My fortune with what flows in from my profession is sufficient to gratify my wishes.'

However wisely Jenner may have consulted his own feelings on this occasion, the public lost the benefit of his judgment and presence; after a long period of apathy, and in spite of ridicule, a reaction at length ensued, and vaccination suddenly became a favourite with all ranks, and was not always judiciously practised nor carefully examined. While the author of the discovery was absent, busy rivals started up; he was not present to plead his own claims, nor to explain his own views; cabals were formed, not for the purpose of doing him justice, but rather to repress him into obscurity. But these alloys are seldom wanting to successful projectors, and we are scarcely surprised to find that one active promoter of the discovery is *only* so far penetrated with Jenner's merit as to offer him the situation of extra-corresponding physician to a vaccine establishment, with the privilege of recommending patients by proxy, on the payment of an annual guinea.

But an honourable tribute was paid to him so early as the summer of 1799, when thirty-three of the leading physicians, and forty eminent surgeons of London, signed an earnest expression of their confidence in the efficacy of the cow-pox. Persons of elevated rank deserve the highest commendation when they afford support to objects which do not easily become familiar to them; the Royal Family of England exerted themselves to encourage Jenner; the Duke of Clarence was very active in the cause in the early part of 1800; and in March of the same year, Jenner was introduced successively to the Duke of York, the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Queen, all of whom did themselves honour by the attention which they bestowed upon him.

Jenner next directed his benevolent exertions to diffuse the blessing among other countries. In order to estimate properly the fruits of his exertions, let us consider the evil which he combated, and which he finally de-

prived of its principal strength. From an examination of the London bills of mortality during forty-two years, Dr. Irvine ascertained that even after *inoculation* had been introduced, one in fourteen of all that were born perished by the small-pox. Of persons of every age taken ill in the natural way, one in five or six died, while even of the inoculated one in fifty fell a victim. Condorcet, in recommending the adoption of vaccination in France, exclaimed 'La petite vérole nous décime.' In the Russian empire, it is said to have swept away two millions in a single year. At Constantinople, it proved fatal in many epidemics to one half of those infected. But, after that the disease had been undergone, traces often remained in the habit, only inferior in severity to the evil itself. It appears from the records of the London Asylum for the Indigent Blind, that three-fourths of the objects there relieved had lost their sight through the small-pox. These inflictions might fill many pages of detail; they ought to be steadily borne in mind even at present.

A committee of Parliament was soon appointed to consider the claims of Jenner upon the gratitude of his country. It was clearly proved that he had converted into scientific demonstration a local tradition of the peasantry. The committee reported that he was entitled to a remuneration of £20,000; but an objection was raised in the House, and £10,000 were voted to him in 1802. In 1807, Parliament displayed more justice, and awarded to him an additional grant of £20,000. In 1808, the National Vaccine Establishment was formed by the Government, and was placed under his immediate direction. Honours were now profusely showered upon Jenner by various foreign princes, as well as by the principal learned bodies of Europe. In the biographies of most men such honours would be recapitulated with minuteness, but the character of Jenner can derive from them no additional lustre; the universal voice of mankind has given its suffrage in his favour, and his name will probably survive most of the societies in which it was enrolled. Dr. Baron, in his interesting biography, by which we have largely profited, has published many of the letters which Jenner wrote to afford intelligence, or to express his thanks. They breathe the finest spirit of modesty and temperance, combined with generous zeal and a discriminating judgment. In the explanations which he had sometimes occasion to deliver in society, he always exhibited the same qualities, clothed in an eloquent and winning form.

He passed the remainder of his years principally at Berkeley and at Cheltenham, continuing to the last the inquiries which tended to elucidate the great object of his life, and equally

respected and beloved by those who entered his circle. Dr. Valentin, an eminent physician of Nancy, has published in France an interesting account of a visit, or pilgrimage, which he made to this genius: he left him an enthusiastic admirer. Dr. Joseph Frank, in his *Medical Travels*, printed at Vienna, has paid a similar tribute of disinterested respect.

He died by a sudden attack of apoplexy at Berkeley, in February 1823, in his seventy-fourth year. A statue has been erected to his memory in his native county. At least five medals have been struck in honour of Jenner, and it is greatly to the honour of the German nation that three of these were produced in that country.

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

We may add a few miscellaneous anecdotes of successful physicians.

The celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot, a Scotchman by birth, was educated at the University of Aberdeen, where he took his degree. After finishing his education, he proceeded to London, where his extensive learning and conversational talents introduced him gradually into good society; and among his associates were Pope, Swift, Parnell, Gay, and other wits of the period. Having had the good fortune to be at Epsom when Prince George of Denmark was suddenly taken ill, and being called upon to attend him, his treatment was so successful that the prince, from the time of his recovery, employed him as his regular physician. Arbuthnot was also appointed physician in ordinary to Queen Anne.

But it is related that, ere this good luck befell him, he had settled at Doncaster, and endeavoured to establish a practice in that town. Unfortunately for his prospects, the place was so healthy that it contained scarce a dozen sick inhabitants. He therefore determined to quit a field so ill adapted for the display of his professional skill. 'Where are you off to?' cried a friend, who met him riding post towards London.

'To leave your confounded place,' was the answer, 'for a man can neither live nor die there!'

To arrive at wealth was not among Arbuthnot's faculties; for, after the Queen's death, his practice decayed. Only a few weeks before his own end, he wrote: 'I am as well as a man can be who is gasping for breath, and has a house full of men and women unprovided for.'

PERCIVAL POTT.

The eminent surgeon, Percival Pott, was one of the shining lights of St. Bartholomew's. The following story is told of the celebrated fracture, which he afterwards learned to alleviate, and to which he gave his name:

—In 1756, while on a visit to a patient in Kent Street, Southwark, he was thrown from his horse and received a compound fracture of the leg. This event produced, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary instances of coolness and prudence on record. Aware of the danger of rough and injudicious treatment, he would not suffer himself to be raised from the pavement, but sent a messenger for two chairmen. When they arrived, he directed them to nail their poles to a door, which he had purchased in the interim, on which he was then carefully placed, and borne to his residence in Watling Street, near St. Paul's. A consultation was immediately called, and amputation of the limb was resolved on; but, upon the suggestion of a humane friend, who soon after entered the room, a successful attempt to save the limb was made. This accident confined Mr. Pott to his house for several weeks, during which he conceived, and partly executed, his *Treatise on Ruptures.*

SIR ASTLEY PASTON COOPER.

Sir Astley Paston Cooper owed his success in practice chiefly, it is supposed, to his knowing how and when to operate. Yet on an important occasion his courage had nearly forsaken him. In 1821, George IV. having a small tumour in the scalp, an operation for its removal was resolved upon, and Cooper was selected to perform it. On the day appointed he waited upon his Majesty. Lord Liverpool and other Cabinet Ministers occupied a room adjoining that in which the King was. A short time before the operation was commenced, Cooper was observed to be pale and nervous, when Lord Liverpool, taking hold of his hand, said, 'You ought to recollect that this operation either makes or ruins you. Courage, Cooper!'—and he was so impressed with this timely rebuke that every appearance of anxiety vanished from his countenance, and he performed the operation with his wonted coolness and dexterity. In the course of a few months after this, he received a baronetcy from the King.

His extensive practice had small beginnings: in the first year, his income was only £5, 5s.; the second, £26; the third, £64; the fourth, £96; the fifth, £100; the sixth, £200; the seventh, £400; the eighth, £510.

Probably no surgeon of ancient or modern times has enjoyed a greater share of reputation during his lifetime than he did. The old world and the new alike rang with his fame. On one occasion his signature was received as a passport among the mountains of Biscay by the wild followers of Don Carlos. A young surgeon, seeking for employment, was carried as a prisoner before Zumalacarregui, who demanded what testimonials he had of his calling or his

qualifications. Our countryman presented his diploma of the College of Surgeons; and the name of Astley Cooper, which was attached to it, no sooner struck the eye of the Carlist leader than he at once received his prisoner with friendship, and appointed him as a surgeon in his army.

CHAPTER XVI.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT BANKERS, MERCHANTS, AND MANUFACTURERS.

'If money go before, all ways lie open.'—SHAKESPEARE.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM — EDWARD COLSTON — THOMAS GUY — WILLIAM PATERSON — JOHN LOMBE — COUTTS AND CO. — BARCLAY AND CO. — NATHAN ROTHSCHILD.

ENGLAND, above all other countries, is indebted for its present glorious rank among the nations of the globe to the superiority of its commercial connections and resources. Commerce, there can be little doubt, is nearly as ancient as the world itself; necessity set it on foot; the desire of convenience improved it; and vanity, luxury, and avarice have largely contributed to raise it to its present pitch.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.

Among the worthies of this country, who, after a successful and honourable employment of their talents in life, have generously consulted the advantage of generations to come after them, few names appear more conspicuous than that of Sir Thomas Gresham. This great representative of commerce was born in London in 1519.

On leaving the university, he was placed with his uncle, Sir John Gresham, an eminent citizen; and having been afterwards admitted a member of the Mercers' Company, he continued, with a steady and industrious course, to lay the foundation of that character and fortune which were soon to become eminently distinguished—the former by reflecting true honour on himself and his profession, the latter by affording great and substantial benefits to his fellow-creatures.

His father at this time held the responsible situation of King's merchant, and had the

management of the royal moneys at Antwerp, then the most important seat of commerce in Europe. To this situation Thomas Gresham probably expected to succeed on its becoming vacant by his father's death; but another person was selected, whose unfitness for the office occasioned his speedy recall, upon which Gresham was appointed to it. Having proceeded to Antwerp, he conducted himself with so much ability and address, in the arrangement of certain money transactions, to the honour and advantage of his illustrious employer as well as of England itself, that he not only established his fame as a merchant, but secured universal respect and esteem.

The accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne was an event most favourable to trade; and from that time this country seems to have been aware of the benefits to be derived from its insular situation and natural advantages for the advancement of trade and manufactures. Elizabeth, surrounded by wise counsellors, and actuated by a sincere regard for the welfare of her subjects, applied herself to the formation of a regular navy, and to the promotion of commerce; encouraging the natives of England in preference to foreigners, lending her sanction and support to the various companies of merchants established in London, and united for the purposes of trade.

Qualities such as Gresham's were not likely to be overlooked. He was at once engaged by the Queen for providing and purchasing arms. In 1559 he received the honour of knighthood, and the appointment of 'Agent to the Queen's Highness.' At about this period he built a noble house, befitting a first-rate English merchant, on the west side of Bishopsgate Street, near Broad Street, which, after his death, was converted to the purposes of a college of his own foundation.

While this liberal man, by his attention, prudence, and good fortune, accumulated a large property, he showed himself concerned for the welfare of others. In the year 1564 he made an offer to the Corporation, that 'if the city would give him a piece of ground in a commodious spot, he would erect an Exchange at his own expense, with large and covered walks, wherein the merchants and traders might daily assemble without interruption from the weather,' etc.

Before Gresham's plan of the Royal Exchange was adopted, the merchants were in the habit of meeting twice a day to transact business in Lombard Street, in the open air, often, doubtless, to their great discomfort. The above offer being accepted, the work was soon commenced on a design similar to that of the Exchange at Antwerp. It was an oblong square of brick, with an arcade, as at present, and

beneath the arcade were shops of various kinds; but these not answering the expectations of the tenants nor of the public-spirited founder, he hit upon an expedient for making the place more popular; which was to solicit his sovereign to pay it a visit and honour it with a name. He then offered such shops as were untenanted rent-free for a twelvemonth to any person who would engage to furnish them with 'wares and wax lights' by the time of the Queen's promised visit.

Stow gives a curious account of her Majesty, attended by her nobility, coming in 1570 from Somerset House to dine with Sir Thomas Gresham in Bishopsgate Street; of her afterwards entering the *Burse* or Exchange to view every part thereof; and causing the same Burse by a herald and a trumpeter to be proclaimed the *Royal Exchange*.

This building, which was destroyed by the great fire of London, was very expensively constructed, and ornamented with a variety of statues. The grasshopper (Sir Thomas' crest) was elevated on a Corinthian pillar on the north side, and also above each corner of the building. The same ornament is conspicuous as a vane on the top of the tower and in other parts of the present structure.

EDWARD COLSTON.

Edward Colston, at the age of forty years, became a very eminent East India merchant, prior to the incorporation of the East India Company, and had forty sail of ships of his own, with immense riches flowing in upon him. He was of a very charitable disposition, distributing many thousands of pounds to various charities in and about London, besides private gifts in many parts of the kingdom. In the year 1708 he instituted a very magnificent school in St. Augustine's Back, Bristol, which cost him £11,000 in building, and endowed it with between £1700 and £1800 for ever. He likewise gave £10 for apprenticing each boy, and for twelve years after his death, £10 to help them to begin business. His private charities far exceeded his public benefactions.

One of his ships trading to the East Indies had been given up for lost. At length she arrived with a rich cargo. When his chief clerk brought him the report of her arrival, and of the riches on board, he said, as she had been given up for lost, he would by no means lay any claim to her. He accordingly ordered the ship and the merchandize to be sold, and the proceeds to be applied to the relief of the needy,—an order which was immediately put in execution.

THOMAS GUY.

Thomas Guy was the son of a lighterman in Southwark, and was born in the year 1644. He

was apprenticed in 1660 to a bookseller in the porch of Mercers' Chapel, and ultimately commenced trade for himself with a stock valued at about £200 in a house that at one time formed the angle between Cornhill and Lombard Street. The English Bibles being at that time very badly printed, Mr. Guy engaged with other persons in a scheme for having Bibles printed in Holland, and importing them to this country. But this being put a stop to, he contracted with the University of Oxford for their privilege of printing Bibles, and carried on an advantageous Bible trade for many years, and in this may be said to have reaped the just profits of a person who applies himself to the remedy of a public inconvenience. But it is asserted that his principal gains arose from the purchase of seamen's prize tickets in Queen Anne's time, and from his dealings in South-Sea stock. By his various speculations he ultimately amassed a fortune of nearly half a million sterling.

The case of Guy shows what may be done in the way of acquiring wealth from low beginnings; but we do not know that we have any right to propose him generally as a fit model for imitation. We are the advocates of economical, not of penurious habits, and those of Guy seem to have been of the latter description. His custom was to dine on his shop-counter, with no other tablecloth than an old newspaper; he was not any nicer in regard to his appearance.

Even his splendid public benefactions seem to have been the result rather of accident than design, and, as in many similar cases, do not appear to indicate any peculiar benevolence of disposition. The story runs that, in his old age, Guy had a maid-servant whom he agreed to marry; and preparatory to his nuptials, had ordered the pavement before his door to be mended as far as to a particular spot, which he marked. The maid, while her master was out, observed a broken place which the paviors had not repaired, and seemed to have no intention of repairing. On inquiring the reason, she was told that the spot which had attracted her attention was beyond the distance to which they were limited by Mr. Guy's orders. She told them to mend it nevertheless, and her master would not be angry if he was informed that it was done by her direction. She was mistaken. Guy was greatly enraged to find his orders exceeded; he renounced his matrimonial scheme, and resolved to build hospitals with his money.

His first intention, however, seems rather to have been to improve existing institutions than to found any of his own. In 1707 he built and furnished three wards in the north side of the outer court of St. Thomas's Hospital in Southwark; and

gave £100 to it annually for the eleven years preceding the erection of his own hospital, the design of which he formed about the seventieth year of his age. The charge of erecting this stately pile amounted to £18,793, besides £219,499 which he left to endow it. He just lived to see it roofed in. He died December 17th, 1724, in the eighty-first year of his age, after having dedicated to charitable purposes more money than any one private man upon record in this country.

Guy's Hospital received its first patient on the 6th of January 1725. The statue of the founder was erected in the court on the 11th of February 1734. The building remained much as it was when first built till 1778, when the front was new-faced. In 1829 the funds of the hospital were increased by the handsome legacy of £196,115, bequeathed by Hunt of Petersham.

The beneficence of Guy was not limited to the building and endowing of this hospital; he was a great benefactor to the town of Tamworth in Staffordshire, where his mother was born; and not only contributed towards the relief of private families in distress, but erected an almshouse in that borough for the reception of fourteen poor men and women, to whom he allowed a certain pension during his life; and at his death he bequeathed the annual sum of £125 towards their future support. To many of his relations he gave, while living, annuities of £20 a year; and to others, money to advance them in the world. At his death, he left to his poor aged relations the sum of £870 a year during their lives; and to his younger relations and executors he bequeathed £75,589. He also left a perpetual annuity of £400 to the governors of Christ's Hospital, for taking in four children annually, at the nomination of the governors; and bequeathed £1000 for discharging poor prisoners in the city of London, and in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey, by which, from first to last, many poor persons were set at liberty.

WILLIAM PATERSON.

William Paterson, the original founder of the Bank of England, was born, according to the most reliable authority, in the year 1655, at Skipmyre, in the parish of Tinwald, Dumfriesshire. Nothing is known of his education, but in one memoir of him it is stated that he was educated for the Church. It is certain that he left his native land and resided for some time in the West Indies, probably following there commercial pursuits.

In 1687, Paterson was often met with in the coffeehouses of Amsterdam. One of the subjects which there occupied his attention was the Bank of Am-

sterdam. This Bank had been for more than eighty years an extensive and well-managed establishment, exhibiting all the features of a bank of deposit, and occasionally lending a few millions of florins to the States. There were older establishments of the same kind at Venice, Geneva, Barcelona, and, above all, at Genoa, with all of which it is probable that Paterson had become more or less acquainted during his wandering life. But it is well known that his immediate inspiration came from Holland, and that it was from the Bank of Amsterdam that he borrowed the idea of the Bank of England.

Soon after the Revolution, says a writer in Knight's *London*, several schemes were suggested by different individuals for the establishment of a national bank. The plan adopted was that of Mr. William Paterson, a Scotch gentleman, who, according to his own account, commenced his exertions for the establishment of a national bank in 1691. He had in view from the first the support of public credit, and the relief of the Government from the ruinous terms upon which the raising of the supplies and other financial operations were then conducted. The lowest rate, he tells us, at which advances used to be obtained from capitalists, even upon the land-tax, was 8 per cent., although repayment was made within the year, and premiums were generally granted to subscribers. On anticipations of other taxes, counting premiums, discount and interest, the public had sometimes to pay 20, 30, and even 40 per cent.; nor was the money easily obtained, even on these terms. It was no uncommon thing for Ministers to be obliged to solicit the Common Council of the city of London for so small a sum as £100,000 or £200,000, to be repaid from the first returns of the land-tax; and then, if the application was granted, particular Common Councilmen had in like manner to make humble suit to the inhabitants of their respective wards, going from house to house for contributions to the loan.

Paterson, however, experienced considerable difficulty in prevailing upon the Ministry to investigate his scheme. King William was abroad when the proposal was brought before the Cabinet in 1693, and it was debated there at great length in the presence of the Queen. The project was ultimately laid before Parliament, where it was made a thorough party question. Notwithstanding the opposition, an Act was passed, which, in imposing certain duties 'towards carrying on the war with France,' authorized their Majesties to grant a commission to take subscriptions for £1,200,000, out of the whole £1,500,000 which the new taxes were expected to raise, and to incorporate the subscribers into

a company, under the name of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Interest at 8 per cent. was to be allowed upon the money advanced, and also £4000 a year for management, making the whole annual payment to the Company £100,000. The Company were to be enabled to purchase lands, and to deal in bills of exchange, and gold and silver bullion, but were not to buy merchandise, though they might sell unredeemed goods on which they had made advances. This Act received the Royal assent on the 25th of April 1694. The subscription for the £1,200,000 was completed in ten days, 25 per cent. being paid down; and the company received their royal charter of incorporation on the 27th of July.

The new establishment soon proved its usefulness. Bishop Burnet, in his *History*, says: 'The advantages that the King and all concerned in tallies had from the Bank were soon so sensibly felt, that all people saw into the secret reasons that made the enemies of the constitution set themselves with so much earnestness against it.' Paterson, the projector of the Bank, remarked that 'it gave life and currency to double or treble the value of its capital;' and he ascribes to it no less an effect than the successful termination of the war. The Bank has ever since continued to make advances to the Government according to the necessities of the public service, and in 1833 the Government were indebted to it in the large sum of £14,686,804.

'It is a remarkable circumstance,' says a writer in the beginning of this century, 'that although the Bank of England was originally projected by a Scotsman, yet it has been a constant practice, almost from the period of its first establishment, to exclude all Scotsmen from a share in its direction. They probably think with the Irishman, who, some years ago, feeling indignant at the superior influence of the Scotch over his own countrymen, remarked, "that if ever a Scotch plebeian succeeded in acquiring a fortune in China, he would end by becoming prime minister there; and if the Chinese emperor would let him go on, there would not be a single ecclesiastical, civil, or military situation in the whole empire that in the course of ten years would not be filled by Scotsmen."'

JOHN LOMBE.

Until 1718 all the silk used in England was imported 'thrown,' that is to say, formed into threads of various kinds and twists. In 1702, an attempt was made by a Mr. Crotchet to establish the silk-throwing trade at Derby in a small mill which he had erected there. From defects in his machinery and other difficulties, however, the

project had to be soon abandoned.

In 1715, John Lombe, whose name will ever be remembered with veneration in connection with the silk-trade, resolved to make his way to Italy, and acquire, at any risk and cost, a knowledge of the process followed in that country, in order that he might introduce it into England. He matured his plan, and started on his daring enterprise. On reaching Italy, he found that the difficulties which beset his path were even greater than he had anticipated; for the jealousy of the Italians guarded their secret with the utmost care. At Piedmont, finding that an examination of the silk machinery and processes was strictly prohibited, he bribed some of the workpeople. The silver key opens all doors, so it was not long before Lombe, in the disguise of a common workman, gained access to the mills. He paid several secret visits there, taking careful note at each time of what he saw, and making sketches of parts of the machinery, so as to perfect himself in the art of throwing. Before long, his plot was discovered: he had to fly with the greatest precipitancy. But he managed to bring away with him his notes, sketches, and portions of the machinery; and, better still, he was possessed of a mind which had grasped and comprehended the whole process. He fled to avoid assassination, took refuge on board ship, and returned to England with an accurate knowledge of the trade he had encountered such danger to acquire.

Lombe was accompanied in his flight by two Italian workmen whom he had bribed, and who had risked their lives to further his end. When he arrived in England, he at once fixed on Derby as the scene of his operations, and in 1717 arranged with the Corporation for an island on the river Derwent, at the low rent of £8 a year. On this island Lombe erected a mill at a cost of £30,000. The ground being swampy, before he began to build his mill he caused immense piles of oak, twenty feet in length, to be driven close together by means of an engine which he contrived for the purpose; and on these piles was laid a stone foundation, on which were turned the stone arches that supported the walls.

It took four years to erect the mill, and during that time, Lombe, in order not to be idle, and to raise money so as to carry on the works, hired rooms in various parts of Derby, and even persuaded the Corporation to lend him the town-hall, where he set up machines which were for the time worked by hand. These machines more than fulfilled his most sanguine hopes, and he was enabled to sell thrown silk at lower prices than those at which it could be obtained from Italy. By the time

his large mill was complete and his machinery in active operation, he had permanently established the silk-throwing trade. In 1718 he obtained a patent for the sole and exclusive property in the mill for fourteen years, and, aided by his Italian workmen, he carried on his new manufacture with great success.

His prosperity, however, did not last long: soon afterwards he died, at the early age of twenty-nine. It is said that his death was caused by poison, administered to him by the Italians through whom he had acquired the art. William Hutton, the venerable historian, and a native of Derby, whose early days were spent toiling wearily in this very mill, says quaintly:—

'But, alas! he had not pursued this lucrative commerce more than three or four years, when the Italians, who felt the effect of the theft from their want of trade, determined his destruction, and hoped that of his works would follow. An artful old woman came over in the character of a friend, associated with the parties and assisted in the business: she attempted to gain both the Italians, and succeeded with one. By these a slow poison was supposed, and perhaps justly, to have been administered to John Lombe, who lingered two or three years in great agony. The Italian fled to his own country, and the woman was interrogated; but nothing transpired, except what strengthened suspicion. Grand funerals were the fashion, and perhaps the most superb inhumation known in Derby was that of John Lombe. He was a man of quiet deportment, who had brought a beneficial manufactory into the place, employed the poor, and at advanced wages, and thus could not fail to meet with respect; and his melancholy end excited much sympathy.'

COUTTS AND CO.

One of the most interesting banking firms of which to trace the rise is that of the old house of Coutts — the trunk, so to speak, of the English and other Coutts. It was founded by Patrick Coutts, a native of Montrose, who settled in Edinburgh about the beginning of the eighteenth century. His business consisted in mercantile speculations with France, Holland, and America, and he met with such success as a reward for his prudence, that he acquired a fortune of about £30,000. This was a considerable sum in those days.

On the death of Patrick Coutts, the business was carried on by his son, John, who enlarged it considerably, and took in a cousin as a partner. Their trade was dealing in corn, buying and selling on commission, and the negotiation of bills of exchange on London, Holland, France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The latter division of the concern proved very profitable:

Mr. John Coutts rapidly grew wealthy, and was chosen Lord Provost of Edinburgh. He filled this distinguished office with honour, and is remarkable as the first Lord Provost of the Scottish capital who entertained public guests at his own house: previously it had been the custom to entertain public guests at some convenient tavern or alehouse. It is a pity that Mr. John Coutts fell a victim to his own hospitality; indulging too much in the good things of this life, he fell ill and gave way to fate in 1750, at the age of fifty-one.

Soon the third generation of Coutts came on the stage. They continued the business of corn merchants and commission agents, but gradually extended their connection as bankers. Patrick and Thomas, the two sons of John Coutts, discovered that their bill transactions were very profitable, and they even went so far as to hold money in trust from private persons, and to invest it in securities of various kinds to the advantage both of their clients and themselves. They still, however, stuck to corn-dealing as an important branch of their business, and dabbled now and then in smuggled goods—tea, spirits, tobacco, and the like.

An interesting account of the way in which Patrick and Thomas Coutts conducted their business, in the middle of last century, is given in the private *Memoirs of a Banking House*, drawn up from the manuscript of Sir William Forbes, the subsequent head of the establishment:—'Half bankers and half corn-dealers, the brothers Coutts had a large number of clients, for whom they held money in trust, or for whom they negotiated bills; and the whole of these often very important transactions were carried on in a couple of small rooms, on the second floor of a house in Parliament Close, Edinburgh. This very unostentatious tenement formed also the residence of the two brothers, and from here, likewise, they directed their transactions in corn, which were on a considerable scale. They had a settled agent in Northumberland, who was employed to make purchases for the house, and for no one else in that county; and they had a great many other commission agents in the chief agricultural districts of England and Scotland.'

It happened at last that many of their corn and other speculations failed, and these misfortunes opened the eyes of Coutts & Co. to the value of banking, as decidedly the most profitable of their occupations. They had set up a large paper-mill at Melville, at considerable cost, but, when all was ready, discovered that they could not make paper, and had to consign their imperfect produce to America, from whence they learned through their agent 'that

the printers of the newspapers had bought some of the paper, because they could not find any of a *better* quality, and the apothecaries had bought the rest, because they could not find any that was *worse*.' They were quite as unfortunate in a lead mine speculation. They sank gold, but got no lead in return.

Thereupon they took the wise resolution of keeping thenceforth to banking, giving up all branch occupations; this was about the year 1770.

BARCLAY AND CO.

'The Banking House of Messrs. Barclay & Co.,' says Mr. Frederick Martin, 'sprang into existence about the same time as that of Coutts, and there are some interesting anecdotes connected with the history of its origin. One of these, somewhat apocryphal, is to the following effect:—

'On the occasion of the state visit of George III. to the City, on the first Lord Mayor's day after his accession to the throne, there was a considerable tumult, amounting to a riot, in the great thoroughfare from St. Paul's to the Bank. The shouts of the people, added to the dismal noises made by the creaking of the various signs over the shops,—it must be remembered that the numbering of houses did not take place before 1770, the dwellings being distinguished previously by signs, such as the "Leather Bottle" of Messrs. Hoare, the bankers in Fleet Street,—caused one of the horses of the King's carriage to become restive, so as to cause imminent danger to the illustrious occupants.

'In this emergency, a worthy Quaker and linen-draper, David Barclay, seeing the royal carriage swaying to and fro in front of his door, just opposite Bow Church, and the King and Queen seriously alarmed, stepped forth into the street, and addressed George III. "Wilt thee alight, George, and thy wife, Charlotte, and come into my house and see the Lord Mayor's show?" Friend Barclay bluntly inquired of the Majesty of England.

'The King, who had with many of his family a strong partiality for Quakers,—imported, probably, from the Hanoverian plains, where *Herrnhuter* and other sects of "Friends" are rather numerous,—condescended to accept the invitation of the worthy linen-draper, and went up into the first floor over the shop to see the Lord Mayor's show.

'The aldermanic cavalcade having passed, David Barclay introduced the whole of his family to the King and Queen; "George, King of England—Priscilla Barclay, my wife; Priscilla Barclay, my wife—George, King of England," and so forth.

'On taking his leave to proceed to Guildhall, his Majesty

said, "David, let me see thee at St. James' next Wednesday, and bring thy son John with thee."

'David did not care for the invitation, yet he went westwards into the courtly region to please his guest of the Lord Mayor's show. When making their appearance at the levee, David and John kept a little in the background; but the King had no sooner espied them, when, throwing aside all restraint of etiquette, he descended from the throne, and with a hearty shake of the hand, welcomed the linen-draper and his son to St. James'. After saying many kind words to both of them, he asked David Barclay what he intended to do with his son John; and without waiting for a reply, exclaimed: "Let him come here, and I will provide him with honourable and profitable employment."

'The word "profitable" sounded pleasant enough to the ear of David; yet he was too cautious a man to jump into any wild conclusions about courtly honours. Reflecting for a moment, the Quaker, with many apologies, requested permission to refuse the Royal offer, adding: "I fear the air of your Majesty's court will not agree with my son."

'The compliment was by no means a flattering one; yet King George was pleased, and cried in his peculiar way, "Well, David, well, well; you know best, you know best. But you must not forget to let me see you occasionally at St. James'."

'How often the shrewd linen-draper and his son went to St. James', or whether they went at all, history does not tell; it is highly probable the road from Cheapside to Pall Mall was not frequently trodden by the two Quakers, father and son. What is certain is, that David Barclay, soon after rejecting the royal offer of honours, established his eldest son James, together with John, as bankers in Lombard Street, in the well-founded expectation that the thousands made in linen-drapery would grow into tens and hundreds of thousands in the exercise of the art of banking. So it happened indeed, and in course of time John Barclay, who would have been certainly a bad courtier, became the intelligent founder of one of the most flourishing private banking firms of the period.'

NATHAN ROTHSCHILD.

There is an exciting narrative connected with the famous Rothschilds—'The Bankers of the Red Shield'—told by Mr. Frederick Martin in his *Stories of Banks and Bankers*. The principal actor in it is Nathan Rothschild; the time is that immediately following the return of Napoleon from Elba. When that event took place, the anxiety of the great banker, who had

embarked deeply in speculations on the success of the English arms, knew no bounds. During the Hundred Days he went to Belgium, following in the wake of Wellington's army. Eager to gather the earliest intelligence of events, which, he felt, would settle the fate of Europe for years to come, he did not even shrink from the perils of the battle-field.

All day long, on the memorable 18th of June, Nathan Rothschild stood on the hill of Hougoumont to watch the progress of the battle of Waterloo. From noon till six at night, the whole field was enveloped in thick white smoke; and when it blew off at last, the troops of the French Emperor were seen in full retreat. It was near sunset; and Nathan perceived at a glance that Waterloo was won, and won *for him*. He lost not a moment; he spurred his horse and rode off to Brussels. Here a carriage was ready to convey him to Ostend.

At the break of day, on the 19th of June, he found himself at the coast opposite to England; but separated from the Thames and the Stock Exchange by a furious sea, and waves dashing mountains high. In vain the banker offered 500, 600, 800 francs, to be carried across the straits from Ostend to Deal or Dover. At last he cried that he would give 2000 francs, and the bargain was struck, a poor fisherman risking his life to gain £80 for his wife and children.

The frail bark which carried Cæsar and his fortunes sped swiftly over the waves, a sudden change of wind to the east accelerating the progress to an unexpected degree. The sun was still on the horizon when Nathan Rothschild landed at Dover, and, without waiting, engaged the swiftest horses to carry him onward to the metropolis.

There was gloom in Threadneedle Street, and gloom in all men's hearts; but gloomier than any looked Nathan Rothschild, when he appeared on the morning of the 20th of June, leaning against his usual pillar at the Stock Exchange. He whispered to a few of his most intimate friends that Field-Marshal Blucher, with his 117,000 Prussians, had been defeated by Napoleon in the great battle of Ligny, fought between the 16th and 17th of June—Heaven only knew what had become of the handful of men under Wellington! The dismal news spread like wildfire, and there was a tremendous fall in the funds. Nathan Rothschild's known agents sold with the rest, more anxious than any to get rid of their stock; but Nathan Rothschild's unknown agents bought every scrap of paper that was to be had, and left not off buying till the evening of the following day.

It was only in the afternoon of the 21st of June, nearly two days after the arrival of Nathan in England, that the news of the great battle and victory of



...that the funds rose fas
than they had fallen, as soon
the official reports were publish
of the victory; and Nathan
successful scheming in conne
tion with Waterloo enriched hi
banking house by about a millio
sterling.

The chronicler of the Stock Exchange says that one cause of Rothschild's success was the secrecy with which he shrouded all his transactions, and the tortuous policy with which he misled those the most who watched him the keenest. If he possessed news calculated to make the funds rise, he would commission the broker who acted on his behalf to sell half a million. The shoal of men who usually follow the movements of others, sold with him. The news soon spread through Capel Court that Rothschild was leaving the market, and the funds fell. Men looked doubtingly at one another.

conspiracies. Fancy eclipsed his reason, and in a fit of excitement he seized a huge ledger, which he aimed and hurled at the mustachio'd strangers, calling out at the same time for additional physical force. The astonished Italians, however, were not long, after that, in finding the important documents they looked for, which explained all. The Baron begged the strangers' pardon for the unintentional insult, and was heard to articulate to himself, 'Poor, unhappy me! a victim to nervousness and fancy's terrors, and all because of my money!'

Let us conclude this mercantile chapter with a sensible remark by Izaak Walton. 'I have a rich neighbour,' says he, 'that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy, for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "that there are as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." God grant that, having a competency, we may be content and happy.'

CHAPTER XVII.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT TRAVELLERS AND EXPLORERS.

'This is a traveller, sir, knows men and
Manners, and has ploughed up sea so far
Till both the poles have knocked.'
—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE — JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT — SIR MARTIN FROBISHER — SIR FRANCIS DRAKE — CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH — LORD ANSON — CAPTAIN JAMES COOK — JAMES BRUCE — LEDYARD — MUNGO PARK — DR. LIVINGSTONE.

IT has been remarked that 'the narration of voyages and travels, the histories of geographical research and discovery, form by themselves a library more copious than any single reader could hope to master, and more interesting than any literature of fiction.'

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.[1]

The first traveller we shall notice is the famous Sir John Mandeville.

'John Mandeville, Knight,' says Bale, as translated by Hakluyt, 'born in the town of St. Albans, was so given to study from his childhood, that he seemed to plant a good part of his felicity in the same, for he supposed that the honour of his birth would nothing avail him, except he would render the same more honourable by his knowledge in letters.' His favourite pursuit had been the study of medicine; but in the year 1322 he left his native land, perhaps disgusted with the civil dissensions in which it was involved during the disastrous year which closed the reign of Edward II., and set out with the intention of travelling to the Holy Land.

[1] For fuller details regarding the travels by Mandeville, James Bruce, and Mungo Park, see *The English Explorers*. W. P. Nimmo, London and Edinburgh.

Proceeding in the first instance to Egypt, he engaged in the service of Melek Madaron, sultan of that country, and fought in his wars against that restless but changeless people, the Bedouin Arabs. The monarch became really attached to him, and would have detained him at his Court by most advantageous proposals, which his steady attachment to his religion determined him to reject. 'And he wolde (says he) have maryed me fulle highely to a gret princess' daughter, if that I would have forsaken my law and my beleve. But I thank God, I had not wille to do it for nothing that he behighten me.'

His curiosity being excited by the accounts of the Eastern countries, which reached him through the commercial frequenters of the Mediterranean ports, he determined to pursue his journey from the Holy Land, the next scene of his travels, to the Cham of Tartary, whom he served, with four other knights, in his wars against the King of Mance, for the sake of the opportunities which that employment afforded them of obtaining a more intimate acquaintance with the government and internal economy of that part of Asia. Thus he remarks, from observation upon an astrolabe which he met with in his travels, he had seen that half of the firmament which is situated between the two pole stars, or 180 degrees: and of the other half, had 'seen 62 degrees upon that o (one) part (the north), and 33 upon that other part (the south); that ben 95 degrees out of the other 180.' He pursued his journey no further; averring, however, that 'gif he had companye and schipping for to go more beyonde, he trowed wel in certeyn that he scholde have seen all the roundness of the firmament alle aboute,' and declaring his belief in the spherical form of the earth.

On his return in 1356, after an absence of thirty-four years, he compiled his book of travels, which is not only said to be founded on his own observations, but 'aftre informacion of men that knewen ef things that he had not seen;' and submitted it to the judgment of the Pope, who 'remytted' it 'to be examyned and preved by the avys of his conseille; be the whiche,' he adds, 'my boke was preved for twewe, in so moche, that thei schewed me a boke that my boke was examyned by [probably the journals of some of the missionaries] that comprehended fulle moche more be an hundred parte, be the which the Mappa Mundi was made after.'

He appears to have died and been buried in a convent at Liège in 1371 or 1372; and Ortellius, in his *Itinerarium Belgicæ*, gives the epitaph on his tomb there, and adds that he saw the accoutrements of his journey, which were preserved as relics. St. Albans, however, also claims the honour of his burial.

place; and Weever gives the following verses, which, he says, were written upon a pillar in the abbey of that town; admitting, at the same time, that he had seen the tomb at Liège, as described by Ortellius:—

'All ye that pass by, on this pillar cast eye,
This epitaph read if you can;
'Twill tell you a tomb once stood in this roome,
Of a brave-spirited man.

'John Mandeville by name, a knight of great fame,
Born in this honoured towne;
Before him was none that ever was knowne
For travaile of so high renown.

'As the knights in the Temple, crosse-legged in marble,
In armour, with sword, and with shield;
So was this knight grac't, which time hath defac't,
That nothing but ruines doth yeeld.

'His travailles being done, he shines like the sun,
In Heavenly Canaan;
To which blessed place, the Lord of his grace
Brings us all, man after man.'

Mandeville has been much ridiculed for the wonders which his book contains; and not without reason. His design seems to have been to commit to writing whatever he had read, or heard, or known, concerning the places which he saw or has mentioned.

Agreeably to this plan, he has described monsters from Pliny; copied miracles from legends; and repeated, without quoting, stories from authors who are now justly ranked among writers of romance. What he himself saw he generally describes accurately and judiciously; his authority is thus weighty, and his testimony true. Many instances might be produced of striking coincidences between Mandeville and the accounts of other writers of the age; and these confirm his assertion that he consulted their works in the composition of his own book.

Marco Polo had gone over much of the same country nearly half a century before. His narrative of what he saw of manners and customs, as well as of his personal adventures, is simple, and bears the stamp of truth. Mandeville's account of the old man who made a 'paradyse' on a mountain, in which, by all sorts of enticements, he sought to seduce strangers into serving his purposes of assassination; of the tomb of St. Thomas; of the general customs of the Tartars, and the Court of Cham; remarkably agree with the account of Marco Polo. The fabulous parts of each also often concur. Marco Polo tells us of the men with tails; of Gog and Magog; of the tree of life, whose leaves are green above and white beneath; and of the islands beyond Madagascar, where the wonderful bird is to be found which can carry an elephant through the air.

Mandeville seems also to have been acquainted with Hayton, for his account of the origin of the Tartar monarchy perfectly agrees with that author's; so

also does his description of the Egyptian dynasty of Sultans; of the dethroning of Mango Cham; of the Calif of Baldak (Bagdad), and his death by starvation in the midst of a sumptuous feast of 'precyous stones, ryche perles, and treasure;' and of the province of Georgia, called Hanyson, three days' journey round which is 'alle covered with darkness, and withouten any brightness or light though men witen well that men dwellen therein, but they knew not what men.'

Much, however, rested upon the simple and unsupported authority of Mandeville, which later discoveries and inquiries have abundantly confirmed, although for a long time they might have ranked with Marco Polo's account of the stones used for fuel. He notices the cultivation of pepper; the burning of widows upon the funeral piles of their husbands; the trees which bear wool of which clothing is made; the carrier pigeons; the gymnosophists; the Chinese predilection for small feet; the variety of diamonds; the artificial egg-hatching in Egypt; the balsam trade; the south pole stars, and other astronomical appearances, from which he argues for the spherical form of the earth; the crocodile, the hippopotamus, the giraffe, the rattlesnake, and many other singular productions of nature not before known by the inhabitants of Europe.

It is remarkable that, nowhere in the course of his long journey, does he complain of any ill-usage on the part of the Mussulman powers, either to himself or their Christian subjects.

'Mandeville,' says Isaac Disraeli, 'was the Bruce of the fourteenth century, as often calumniated and even ridiculed. The most ingenious of voyagers has been condemned as an idle fabulist; the most cautious, as credulous to fatuity; and the volume of a genuine writer, which has been translated into every European language, has been formally ejected from the collection of authentic travels.

'At a period when Europe could hardly boast of three leisurely wayfarers stealing over the face of the universe; when the Orient still remained but a land of Faery, and the "map of the world" was yet unfinished; at a time when it required a whole life to traverse a space which three years might now terminate, Sir John Mandeville set forth to enter unheard-of regions. Returning home after an absence of more than thirty years, he discovered a "mervayle" strange as those which he loved to record—that he was utterly forgotten by his friends!

'He had returned "maugre himself," for four-and-twenty years had not satisfied his curiosity; his noble career had submitted to ordinary infirmities—to gout and the aching of his limbs; these, he lamentably tells us, had "defined the end of my labour against my will,

God knoweth!" The knight in this pilgrimage of life seems to have contracted a duty with God, that while he had breath he should peregrinate, and, having nothing to do at home, be honourable in his generation by his enterprise over the whole earth. And earnestly he prays "to all the *readers* and *hearers* of my book" (for "hearers" were then more numerous than "readers") to say for him "a *Paternoster* with an *Ave-Maria*." He wrote for "solace in his wretched rest;" but the old passion, the devotion of his soul, finally triumphed over all arthritic pangs. The globe, evidently, was his true home; and thus Liège, and not London, received the bones of an unwearied traveller, whose thoughts were ever passing beyond the equator.

'Mandeville first composed his travels in the Latin language, which he afterwards translated into French, and, lastly, out of French into English, that "every man of my nation may understand it." We see the progressive estimation of the languages by this curious statement which Mandeville has himself given. The author first secured the existence of his work in a language familiar to the whole European world; the French was addressed to the politer circles of society; and the last language the author cared about was the vernacular idiom, which, at that time the least regarded, required all the patriotism of the writer in this devotion of his pen.

'Copies of these travels were multiplied till they almost equalled in number those of the Scriptures. Now we may smile at the "mervayles" of the fourteenth century, but it was the spirit of these intrepid and credulous minds which has marched us through the universe. To these children of imagination, perhaps, we owe the circumnavigation of the globe and the universal intercourse of nations.'

JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT.

The great renown of Columbus—a renown, indeed, richly deserved—says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, has obscured the history of the first discoverers of the American *Continent;* and the romantic exploits of the Spanish captains have so occupied the attention of mankind, that the equally daring, though not equally successful, deeds of the English adventurers are comparatively unknown. England, nevertheless, which has given a people to the northern Continent of America, and spread her language over it, sent forth Cabot, who was its first discoverer. In the new career of western adventure, says the American historian, Mr. Bancroft, the American Continent was first discovered under the auspices of the English, and the coast of the United States by a native

of England. In the history of maritime enterprise in the New World, the achievements of John and Sebastian Cabot are, in boldness, success, and results, second only to those of Columbus. Yet the Cabots derived little benefit from the expedition which their genius had suggested, and of which they alone defrayed the expense. Posterity hardly remembered that they had reached the American Continent nearly fourteen months before Columbus, on his third voyage, came in sight of the mainland. But England acquired, through their energy, such a right to North America as this undisputed priority could confer.

This discovery of the Continent of America occurred in June 1497, and in the latitude of fifty-six degrees north. In a second voyage, John Cabot and his son, Sebastian, sailed down the coast to a latitude supposed to be as low as Albemarle Sound, and corresponding with that of Gibraltar.

The conquests of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards have indeed a species of marvel and romance attending them, to which the progress of the English upon the more northern portions of the continent offer nothing similar; nevertheless, a far more sustained and a wider interest belongs to the early fortunes of our countrymen in those inhospitable regions. A blaze of renown surrounded Cortes and his inferior contemporary, Pizarro. Enormous wealth at once flowed into the coffers of the Spanish monarch; a vast and fertile territory was quickly added to his dominions; and Spaniards, with their language and their religion, peopled the wide regions extending from California almost to the southern point of South America. But a dark night succeeded this dazzling dawn. Political and religious despotism settled down upon the land, rendering the people unfit to govern themselves, and incapable of a steady obedience to any one else. The great power of Spain and the great interest felt in the colonies, both by her kings and by the nation at large, gave an extraordinary impulse to the peopling of their new possessions in America. Cities arose, magnificent, rich, and for a time thronging with inhabitants and busy with trade. Splendour and wealth and power attended the fortunate possessors of lands teeming with all the products of an exquisite climate. Convents, churches, and palaces were built, which vied with, if they did not surpass, those of Spain herself. It seemed as if the Spanish dominion would soon extend from Cape Horn to the North Pole, and give her an overwhelming preponderance not only in America, but in the world. But this brilliant and showy system contained within itself a fatal taint—a certain cause of early and of rapid decline. This deadly disease

lurked in the institutions which Spain established in her colonial dominions; it not only destroyed her colonial greatness, but sapped the foundations of her European power, and reduced her from the towering supremacy that once threatened the whole of Europe as well as America, to that abject and powerless condition which she now exhibits.

The progress of the English colonists affords a striking contrast to all that sudden splendour and rapid decay. Their early struggles and petty wars were not for extensive power and almost boundless wealth. They landed on a dreary shore, to brave the rigours of an inhospitable climate, to combat savages as fierce as the clime, and more numerous than the intruders; to wring from a niggard soil a scanty subsistence, and to win a narrow footing for their humble homes not only without the aid, but almost in direct opposition to the wishes of the government of their native land.

But these hardy and daring colonists brought with them that which was of greater value than the wealth of Mexico and Peru—the habit of self-government, and obedience to the omnipotence of the law; attesting, with more authority than any antiquarian arguments, the ancient date of liberal institutions in the land that gave them birth. Happily for America, the kings of England and the government took little interest in the early fortunes of the colonies, and therefore did not, at the outset, interfere with the settlements formed by our countrymen. The reigning feelings in England have ever naturally put their stamp and impress on their institutions. The character of Englishmen determined the nature of the law and government established; their self-relying and undaunted spirit was strongly manifested in every colony they planted in America.

SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.

The next name on our list is that of the famous Sir Martin Frobisher. The old English navigators, Willoughby, Chancellor, and Burroughs, had acquired considerable celebrity in their attempt to discover a north-east passage to China, round the coast of Russia. The disasters which they experienced somewhat deterred other navigators from following the same course; but a new idea sprang up, or rather an old idea was revived, that one might get to China by going round the northern coast of America.

Martin Frobisher was one of the daring and noble spirits of the age: he adopted this idea, and was willing to undergo the perils and hardships of the venture. But though he had both the mind and ability for the enterprise, he wanted that very necessary thing, money. For fifteen years he solicited the merchants of London to furnish

him with a ship; but as they could not see a reasonable prospect of profit, they declined. He then submitted his plans to some officer of the Court of Queen Elizabeth. By good luck he met with the support of Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and, as Hakluyt says, 'by little and little, with no small expense and pain, brought his cause to some perfection, and had drawn together so many adventurers, and such sumes of money as might well defray a reasonable charge to furnish himself to sea withal.' He was enabled to prepare two small vessels of twenty and twenty-five tons burden respectively, and a pinnace of ten tons, which he loaded with twelve months' provisions for his crew.

His two vessels, the *Gabriel* and the *Michael*, set sail from London on the 7th of June 1576. When they arrived at Greenwich, at which place Queen Elizabeth was then staying, they fired their guns as a compliment to her. 'Her Majesty beholding the same, commended it, and bade us farewell with shaking her hand at us out of the window.'

After they had proceeded on their voyage a considerable way north-west of England, the crew of the *Michael* became distrustful, and returned back to England, where they spread gloomy forebodings as to the probable fate of their comrades. But Frobisher was not a man to be daunted; although one of his masts was sprung, and another had gone overboard, he sailed onwards, feeling confident, to use his own words, 'that the sea at length must needs have an ending, and that some land should have a beginning that way.'

There appears reason to believe, as far as his description can now be understood, that the first land Frobisher saw was the southern point of Greenland, and that he afterwards crossed the entrance to what was afterwards named Davis Strait, towards the northern part of Labrador. He espied two headlands, divided by a bay or strait, which he called Frobisher's Straits, while he named the southern headland after Queen Elizabeth.

He entered the Strait on the 21st of July, and sailed along it for about fifty leagues, having a mainland on each side. To show how confused the ideas at that time were respecting the relative position of Asia and America, we may mention that he fancied the shore on his right hand to be Asia, and that on the left to be America.

He landed, and found signs of fire on the ground; and ascending to the top of a hill, he saw a number of small objects floating in the sea at a distance. At first he supposed those to be porpoises or seals, but, upon a nearer view, he discovered them to be small leathern boats filled with men. The natives having caught sight of the boat in which

he came on shore, tried to capture it, but he was able to repel their attacks. He afterwards managed to open up a little trade with them; they brought salmon and raw meat, and gave sealskin dresses, bears' skins, etc., in exchange for bells, looking-glasses, and other trinkets. 'And to show their agility, they tried many masteries upon the ropes of the ships after our mariners' fashion, and appeared to be very strong of their arms, and nimble of their bodies.' But this display of friendship did not last long; five of Frobisher's crew, going on shore, were captured in their boat and never heard of more, so that he was deprived of his only boat and of some of his men, whom he could ill spare.

He now began to think of returning to England; but being desirous of bringing with him one of the natives, 'as a token that he had been to this spot, and, therefore, to deceive the deceivers, he wrought a pretty policy.' This 'pretty policy' was to ring a small hand-bell, within sight and hearing of the natives on the shore, and to intimate by gestures that he would give it to any one who came for it in a canoe. The natives were wary, and at first would not venture within reach of the clutches of the captain. At last, however, one of them ventured; Frobisher seized him by the arms, and dragged him up into the ship. The man is said to have bitten his tongue through out of pure vexation, but he was brought to England, where he died soon afterwards.

Some time previously, while sailing up the straits, Frobisher had sent some of his men on shore, with instructions to bring him whatever articles, dead or alive, they might find there, as a token of possessing the country in the Queen's name. Some of the crew brought flowers, some grass, and one man brought a piece of black stone resembling coal in colour, but so heavy as to appear like metal. This little incident had a remarkable effect at a subsequent period.

Frobisher returned homeward, and arrived in England on the 2d of October. He was received by all parties with much attention, as one who had visited lands never before seen by Europeans. All his friends asked him for some tokens of his adventures, and at length he had nothing to give them but fragments of this black stone. The lady of one of the 'merchant adventurers,' who had helped to fit out the expedition, chanced to throw a piece of this stone into the fire, where, after remaining some time, it acquired a golden glittering appearance. It was sent to a refiner in London, who pronounced that it contained a small portion of pure gold. Need we say what was the result? — Everybody conceived the idea that the black stone was an ore of gold, that the newly-found country might contain abundance of it, and

that riches were at the command of those who would assist in fitting out another expedition.

It was not long before a new voyage was planned, the professed object being rather the obtaining the precious ore than the discovery of new lands. The Queen lent him a ship of the royal navy, with which and two barks Frobisher set sail from Blackwall on the 26th of May 1577. He and his men arrived at St. Magnus Sound, at the Orkney Islands, on the 7th of June, and then held on their course for twenty-six days without seeing land. They met, however, with great drifts of wood, and whole bodies of trees, which were either blown off the cliffs of the nearest land by violent storms, or rooted up and carried by floods into the sea.

At length, on the 4th of July, they discovered Friesland, along the coast of which they found islands of ice of incredible size. On arriving at the place where they had found the ore on their last voyage, they were rather unfortunate—they only got a piece as large as a walnut. They met with some of it, however, in other adjacent islands, but not enough to merit their attention. They sailed about, however, to make what discoveries they could, and gave names to several bays and islands.

The Captain's commission directed him in this voyage to search for ore, and to leave the further discovery of the north-west passage till another time. Having therefore, in the Countess of Warwick's island, found a good quantity, he took a lading of it, turned his face homewards, and arrived in England about the end of September.

He was most graciously received by the Queen; and as the gold ore he brought had the appearance of riches and profit, and the hope of a north-west passage to China was greatly increased by this second voyage, her Majesty appointed commissioners to make trial of the ore, and examine thoroughly into the whole affair. The commissioners did so, and reported the great value of the undertaking, and the expediency of further carrying on the discovery of the north-west passage.

Upon this a new expedition was fitted out. It set sail from Harwich on the 27th of May 1578, and proved signally unfortunate. After collecting a quantity of the tempting ore, all the ships, except one which had sunk, succeeded in reaching England during the month of September, with a loss of forty persons. The difficulties experienced by the crews in extricating their vessels from the ice were incessant and perilous.

Thus ended Frobisher's third voyage, and thus ended the attempts to send such expensive expeditions to this new-found country. The ore was found, on more careful and steady examination, to be scarcely worth the trouble of bringing home. It seems probable that the first

specimens really did contain a small portion of gold, but that afterwards too little sagacity was shown in collecting specimens.

Although no one can doubt the energy and skill of Frobisher, yet his last voyage was looked upon as a total failure, and he appears himself for a time to have fallen into unmerited neglect. But in 1585 he served with Sir Francis Drake in the West Indies: three years later, he commanded one of the largest ships of the fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada; and his gallant conduct on that occasion procured him the honour of knighthood. He was killed in battle in the year 1594.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.[1]

Besides his daring exploits against the Spaniards, Sir Francis Drake is renowned for having been the first Englishman who circumnavigated the globe.

The expedition he proposed to Queen Elizabeth was a voyage into the South Seas, through the Straits of Magellan. The project was favourably received at Court, and the means of attempting it soon furnished.

The fleet with which he sailed on this extraordinary enterprise consisted of the *Pelican*, of one hundred tons, commanded by himself; the *Elizabeth*, of eighty tons; the *Marygold*, a bark of thirty tons; the *Swan*, a flyboat of fifty tons, and a pinnace of fifteen tons.

The fleet sailed from Falmouth on the 13th of December 1577. On the 13th of March Drake passed the equinoctial line, and on the 15th of April made the coast of Brazil in lat. 30°, and entered the River de la Plata. Here he took the crews and stores out of two of his vessels, and destroyed them. On the 20th of August he entered the Straits of Magellan, and on the 25th of September he also entered the South Sea, having separated from the rest of his squadron, which he never afterwards rejoined. But, notwithstanding this diminution of his strength, he pursued his voyage with undaunted resolution, coasting along the rich shores of Chili and Peru, and taking all opportunities of capturing Spanish ships, or of attacking their settlements on shore, until his crew were satisfied with the booty they had made. He then coasted the shore of North America to the latitude of 48°, endeavouring to find a passage northward into the Atlantic ocean; but being disappointed in his object, he shaped his course for the Moluccas, and thence homewards. On the 15th of June he doubled the Cape of Good Hope, having then but fifty-seven men on board his ship, and three casks of water. After having crossed

[1] For a fuller account of Drake, Anson, and Cook's voyages round the world, see *The English Circumnavigators*. W. P. Nimmo, London and Edinburgh.

the line, he steered for the coast of Guinea, which he reached on the 10th of July, and there watered. He finally entered the harbour of Portsmouth on the 25th of September 1580. In this voyage he completely circumnavigated the globe, and brought home immense wealth.

In the month of April in the following year, the Queen honoured Drake with a visit on board his ship at Deptford, and conferred on him the honour of knighthood, in testimony of her entire approbation of his conduct. She likewise gave directions for the preservation of his ship, that it might remain a monument of his own and his country's glory; but in process of time, the vessel decaying, it was broken up, and a chair made of the planks was presented to the University of Oxford, where it is still preserved.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

We may also mention here the triumphs of Captain John Smith, a famous soldier of fortune, who was buried in the Church of St. Sepulchre's, London. His romantic adventures and daring exploits have rarely been surpassed. The valiant captain was born towards the close of the sixteenth century, at Willoughby, in the county of Lincoln, and his brave doings helped to enliven both the reign of Elizabeth and that of her successor, James I. He took part in the wars in Hungary in 1602, and in three single combats overcame three ferocious Turks, and cut off their heads. For this and other equally striking actions, Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, gave him his picture set in gold, and settled on him a pension of three hundred ducats; he also allowed him to bear three Turks' heads proper as his shield of arms. After these deeds he went to America, where he was unlucky enough to be captured by the Indians. At last, however, he escaped from them, and resumed his brilliant career by hazarding his life in naval engagements with pirates and Spanish ships of war. The most important period of his life was that which was occupied in civilizing the natives of New England, and reducing that province to Great Britain. He appears for some time to have been 'Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England.'

Of all his chequered career, we know best the story of his capture by the Indians, and the saving of his life by the Indian girl Pocahontas, a story of ad venture that charms as often as it is read. According to Bancroft, the historian of the United States, Smith, during the early settlement of Virginia, left the infant colony on an exploring expedition, during which he not only ascended the Chickahominy, but struck into the interior. He started with seve-

ral companions, but these disobeyed his cautious instructions, and being surprised by the Indians, were put to death. Smith saved his own life by calmness and self-possession. He displayed a pocket-compass, and amused the savages by an explanation of its powers. Their admiration was still further increased by his imparting to them some vague notions of the form of the earth and the nature of the planetary system.

To the Indians who retained him as their prisoner, his captivity was a more strange event than anything of which the traditions of their tribes preserved the memory. It was clear that their captive was a being of a high order. Then arose the question, Was his nature beneficent, or was he to be dreaded as a dangerous enemy? Their minds were bewildered, and the decision of his fate was referred to the chief Powhatan, and before Powhatan the captive Smith was brought.

'The fears of the feeble aborigines,' says Bancroft, 'were about to prevail, and his immediate death, already repeatedly threatened and repeatedly delayed, would have been inevitable, but for the timely intercession of Pocahontas, a girl of twelve years old, the daughter of Powhatan, whose confiding fondness Smith had easily won, and who firmly clung to his neck as his head was bowed down to receive the stroke of the tomahawk. His fearlessness and her entreaties persuaded the council to spare the agreeable stranger, who could make hatchets for her father, and rattles and strings of beads for herself, the favourite child.

'The barbarians, whose decision had long been held in suspense by the mysterious awe which Smith had inspired, now resolved to receive him as a friend, and to make him a partner of their councils. They tempted him to join their bands, and lend assistance in an attack upon the white men at Jamestown; and when his decision of character succeeded in changing the current of their thoughts, they dismissed him with mutual promises of friendship and benevolence. Thus the captivity of Smith did itself become a benefit to the colony; for he had not only observed with care the country between the James and the Potomac, and had gained some knowledge of the language and manners of the natives, but he now established a peaceful intercourse between the English and the tribes of Powhatan.'

LORD ANSON.

The name of Lord Anson is best known for his voyage round the world. This voyage had its origin in the fact that, on the breaking out of the Spanish war in the end of the year 1739, Anson was appointed to the command of a squadron destined for the west coast of South America, to attack the colonies of Spain,

and cut off supplies by intercepting the treasure ships.

The expedition proved a disastrous one, not from any fault of the commander, but owing to the ignorance and imbecility which prevailed at headquarters. Several of the vessels were ill-conditioned, and Anson was obliged to receive on board 260 infirm old men, out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, most of whom were over seventy, and none under sixty years of age. Besides all this, the sailing of the squadron was delayed till the worst season of the year.

On the 18th of September 1740, Anson left St. Helen's. Soon after passing Madeira, scurvy, fever, and dysentery broke out amongst the crews of his ships. Tremendous gales were encountered in rounding Cape Horn, and the squadron was dispersed. Two vessels were driven back along the coast of Brazil, and never rejoined; one was wrecked. The Commodore's ship, the *Centurion*, 60 guns, and the *Tryal* sloop, reached Juan Fernandez on the 9th of June; the *Gloucester*, 50 guns, did not get there till the 23d of July, having been under sail for five months in a stormy ocean, 'a circumstance unparalleled in the history of navigation.' In the delightful island of Juan Fernandez the crew was completely restored to health, but out of the original complement for the three ships of 800 men, there now remained only 335.

A cruise of eight months on the coast of Peru and Mexico enabled Anson to secure some rich prizes, but added very little in the way of geographical discovery, if we except some coast and port surveys.

The two other ships were by this time disabled. They were destroyed; and with the *Centurion* only, containing all the useful stores and the surviving men, whose ranks had been still further reduced by disease, Anson crossed the Pacific to China, having remained some time at Tinian, one of the Ladrones, and 'an earthly paradise,' to recruit.

After a stay of five months, Anson left the Canton river, having in the meantime refitted and taken in fresh provisions. He lay in wait on the coast of Luzon for the Acapulco galleon, which annually brought an immense treasure from Mexico in return for goods from Manilla. This rich prize he captured after a smart engagement with a force more than three times his own, and thus possessed himself of nearly a million and a half of dollars, and 35,682 oz. of pure silver.

Anson immediately returned to Canton, sold the galleon, and soon after set sail for England. He touched at the Cape, passed in sight of St. Helena, ran in a fog through the midst of a French fleet cruising in the Channel, and reached Portsmouth in safety on the 15th of June 1744, after an absence of

three years and nine months. Not one of the 260 veterans returned with him.

Lord Anson suffered much by gaming. The treasure of the Spanish galleon became the prize of some sharpers at Bath; on which occasion it was observed, 'that Lord Anson had been *round* the world, and *over* the world, but never *in* the world.'

This famous circumnavigator of the globe died in 1762.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

Captain James Cook, one of the greatest navigators ever produced by Great Britain or any other country, was the son of a farm-servant in Yorkshire, where he was born on the 27th of October 1728. He was one of a family of nine children, and experienced great hardships in his early years. He was a common seaman at the age of thirty; but as soon as his character and extraordinary capacity came to be noticed, he was rapidly promoted.

In the beginning of the reign of George III., a great spirit of geographical discovery was excited by the attention paid to the subject by Government; and Cook (who was then made a lieutenant) was sent on a voyage of discovery in 1768. On the 30th of July in that year, he sailed in the *Endeavour*, and commenced a course of discoveries which have not only rendered his name, but even those of his vessels, immortal. He made three voyages, to which we are indebted for the greatest part of the knowledge which to this day we possess of the regions scattered through the immense Pacific Ocean. Of these, several had been previously visited by other navigators, but it was a remarkable circumstance in Cook's voyages, that, wherever he touched, everything relative to the place was determined with such accuracy and fulness, that the comparatively vague and imperfect accounts of former discoverers seemed to go for nothing.—Many places considered as being well known were thus, in a great measure, discovered by him.

The interests of science as well as of commerce are indebted to no man more than to the illustrious but unfortunate Cook. Before his time, almost half the surface of the globe was involved in obscurity and confusion; but, since then, such improvements have been made, all originating in his extraordinary exertions, that geography has assumed a new face, and become in a manner a new science, having attained to such completeness as to leave only some less important parts to be explored by future voyagers.

After having twice circumnavigated the globe, in which assiduous and perilous service little short of six whole years had been employed, it was thought by his country but

reasonable that he should be allowed to spend the remainder of his life in quiet; and to enable him to do this in the most comfortable manner, his sovereign made ample and honourable provision. When, however, another expedition was resolved upon, to solve the interesting question whether there was a passage to the East Indies between the northern parts of Europe and Asia, the nation could not help universally turning their eyes towards Cook, the only man in whom they could put their trust for the accomplishment of so important an undertaking. So perfectly did the Government feel that they were without any claim on his services, that they would make no direct solicitation to Captain Cook on the subject; but they took care to put him in no doubt, that if he chose to volunteer his services, they would be most gladly accepted. They consulted him on everything relating to the equipment of the expedition, and at last requested him to name the person whom he judged most fit to conduct it. In order to settle this point, Captain Cook, Sir Hugh Palliser, and Mr. Stephens were invited to the house of Lord Sandwich to dinner. The conversation at their meeting naturally branched into more things than the consideration of the proper officer for conducting the expedition. Lord Sandwich enlarged on its nature and dignity, its consequences to navigation and science, and the completeness it would give to the whole system of discoveries. Sir Hugh Palliser and Mr. Stephens did not fail to contribute their part to swell the tide of feeling. The enthusiasm of Captain Cook became at length so much roused by the representations he heard of the importance and glory of the undertaking, than, starting up, he exclaimed, 'I will conduct it myself!' This was just what the parties present had desired; his offer was instantly laid before the King, and Captain Cook appointed officer of the expedition.

Captain Cook's end is well known: he was savagely murdered by the natives of Owhyhee in 1779.

JAMES BRUCE.

Among the noted men of last century, Bruce stands out very conspicuously as an energetic and persevering traveller in barbarous lands. He was of imposing person—no less than six feet four inches high; of gentlemanly birth and position; accomplished in mind, and possessed of indomitable courage, self-reliance, and sagacity. A better man could not have been found to press his way through the deserts of Abyssinia, Nubia, and Egypt, and bring back accounts of them.

Mr. Bruce was about to retire to a small patrimony he

had inherited from his ancestors, in order to embrace a life of study and reflection, nothing more active appearing within his power, when the celebrated Lord Halifax represented to him that nothing could be more ignoble, at such a time of life, at the height of his reading, health, and activity, to turn as it were peasant, and bury himself in obscurity and illeness; that the fight was then drawing fast to an end, fully as honourable a competition remained among men of spirit, who should acquit themselves best in the dangerous line of useful adventure and discovery.

Lord Halifax adverted then to the field which Africa presented for discovery, and it is not a little curious that, though the discovery of the source of the Nile was Bruce's grand achievement, was also a subject of the conversation in which Lord Halifax always mentioned to Mr. Bruce with a kind of reserve, as if it were a thing only to be expected from a more experienced traveller.

'Whether,' says Bruce, 'this was but another way of exciting me to the attempt I shall not say; but my heart in that instant did me justice to [illegible] that this too [illegible] achieved by [illegible] as it had done [illegible] 2000 years, [illegible] travellers, and [illegible] to geography.

When Bruce [illegible] long-desired spot [illegible] posed to be the [illegible] the Nile,—14th of November 1770. 'It is easier,' he says, 'to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment, standing on that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of ancients and moderns for the course of near 3000 years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies; and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of the numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of the myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain on the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here in my own mind over kings and their armies.'

From this feeling of exultation, a momentary transition took place in Bruce's mind to a sentiment of indifference, which he [illegible]lly and forcibly de-



The marsh and the fountains, upon comparison with the use of many of our rivers, became now a trifling object in my sight. I remembered that magnificent scene in my own native country, where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan rise in one hill; three rivers I now thought not inferior in beauty to the Nile, preferable to it for the cultivation of those countries through which they flow; superior, vastly superior, to it in the virtues and qualities of the inhabitants, and in the beauty of its flocks, crowding its pastures in peace, without fear of violence from man or beast. I had seen the rise of the Rhine and Rhone, and the more magnificent sources of the Soane. I began in my sorrow to treat the inquiry about the source of the Nile as a violent effect of a distempered fancy.

"'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?'"

After all, the mere achievement of discovering the source of the Nile is nothing compared with the extraordinary powers which Bruce exhibited among the savage nations, with whom he was obliged to sojourn in the course of his undertaking. On this subject another traveller has left the following warm testimony, which is the more to be regarded, that it was the result of personal observation:—

'Acquainted,' says Burckhardt, 'as I am with the character of the Nubians, I cannot but sincerely admire the wonderful knowledge of men, firmness of character, and promptitude of mind which furnished Bruce with the means of making his way through these savage inhospitable nations, as an European. To travel as a native has its inconveniences and difficulties; but I take those which Bruce encountered to be of a nature much more intricate and serious, and such as a mind at once courageous, patient, and fertile in expedients, alone could have surmounted.'

The head waters of the Nile reached by Bruce are now ascertained not to have been those of the principal stream, but of the Bahr-el Azergue, or Blue River.

Bruce's singular adventures on his famous expedition, and during his residence in Abyssinia, are detailed at length in his travels.

After having remained above two years in Abyssinia, Mr. Bruce became desirous of leaving it; but this he found a still more difficult matter than getting into it, for he had become of importance to the King, who therefore seemed resolved not to part with him. One day, when the King was in more than ordinary good humour, he told Mr. Bruce that he would grant him anything that he should ask. Mr. Bruce seized this favourable opportunity, and told the King, that as he did not keep his health in that climate, and was anxious to return to his native



rings, and a number of Abyssinian MSS. Having packed up his books and papers, and provided camels and servants to attend him on his journey, he departed from the capital of Abyssinia, giving out that he was to travel back to Egypt the way he came; but being justly apprehensive that the King would change his mind after he was gone, and, indeed, having received intelligence that there was a design to seize him and bring him back, he took quite a different course. Instead of travelling a great way in Abyssinia, he struck off directly for the deserts of Nubia; after getting to which, it was easy to escape from the King of Abyssinia's dominions. He had a dreadful journey during thirty days through sandy deserts, scorched with the intense heat of a glowing sun, and swept by winds of so pestiferous a quality, as to kill both man and beast,

a camel, that journey which it had cost him eight days to come upon foot, when worn out with distress and fatigue.

JOHN LEDYARD.

Few individuals have exhibited the passion of adventure in a higher degree than the unfortunate Ledyard, and still fewer who, in the indulgence of that passion, have gone through greater hardships and perils.

Capable of strong endurance; enterprising beyond all ordinary conception, yet wary and considerate; calm in his deliberations, guarded in his measures, attentive to all precautions, he appeared to be formed by nature for achievements of hardihood and difficulty. 'My distresses,' said he on one occasion, 'have been greater than I have ever owned, or even *will* own to any man. I have known hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering; I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character to avoid a heavier calamity. Such evils are terrible to bear, but they never have yet had *power to turn me from my purpose.*'

In the humble situation of a corporal of marines, to which he submitted rather than forego an opportunity of rare occurrence, he made with Captain Cook the voyage of the world; and feeling on his return an anxious desire of penetrating from the north-western coast of America, which Cook had partly explored, to the eastern coast, he determined to traverse the vast continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. With no more than ten guineas in his purse, he departed from England on this arduous enterprise towards the close of the year 1786; and after more than a year's hard travel, he had reached the coast of the Kamtschatkan Sea; when, for reasons never explained, he was seized by order of the Empress of Russia; stripped of his clothes, money, and papers; conveyed in a sledge through the deserts of Northern Tartary to Moscow, and thence to the town of Tolochin, on the frontiers of the Polish dominions, where, at parting with his conductors, he was advised to make the best of his way home to England if he wished to escape hanging in Russia.

On his arrival in England, he immediately waited on Sir Joseph Banks, on whose generosity he had repeatedly drawn in the course of his travels for his means of subsistence. Sir Joseph, knowing his disposition, and conceiving that he would be gratified by the information, told him that he could recommend him, he believed, to an adventure almost as perilous as that from which he had returned. He then communicated to Ledyard the wishes of the Associa-

tion for Discovering the Inland Countries of Africa. Mr. Ledyard replied that it had always been his determination to traverse the continent of Africa as soon as he had explored the interior of North America. Sir Joseph accordingly furnished him with a letter of introduction to Henry Beaufoy, Esq., an active member of the association. On waiting upon Mr. Beaufoy, that gentleman spread before him a map of Africa; and tracing a line from Cairo to Sennaar, and thence westward in the latitude and supposed direction of the Niger, informed him that this was the route by which he was anxious that Africa might, if possible, be explored. Mr. Ledyard expressed great pleasure at the prospect of being employed in this adventure. Being asked 'when he would be ready to set out,' '*To-morrow morning*' was the answer of this bold and indefatigable man.

He had proceeded as far as Grand Cairo, with the design of penetrating the interior of that interesting country, when he died of a virulent disease in the year 1788.

MUNGO PARK.

Mungo Park was born near Selkirk on the 10th of September 1771, and left England for the scene of his great labours as a traveller on the 22d of May 1795.

One of the objects of Mungo Park's first journey into Africa was to discover the real course of the river Niger, which had been a subject of dispute for ages. After long-continued exertion, and the endurance of many privations, the traveller obtained his first view of the river. Let us have the account of the event in his own words: 'Hearing,' he says, 'that two negroes were going to Sego, I was happy to have their company, and we set out immediately. I was constantly taken for a Moor, and became the subject of much merriment to the Bambarrans, who, seeing me drive my horse before me, laughed at my appearance. "He has been at Mecca," says one; "you may see that by his clothes;" another asked if my horse was sick; a third wished to purchase it, etc., so that I believe the very slaves were ashamed to be seen in my company. Just before it was dark, we took up our lodgings for the night at a small village, where I procured some victuals for myself and some corn for my horse at the moderate price of a button, and was told that I should see the Niger (which the negroes call Joliba, or the great water) early the next day. The lions are here very numerous; the gates are shut a little after sunset, and nobody allowed to go out. The thought of seeing the Niger in the morning, and the troublesome buzzing of mosquitoes, prevented me from shutting my eyes during the night,

and I had saddled my horse and was in readiness before daylight; but on account of the wild beasts, we were obliged to wait till the people were stirring and the gates opened. This happened to be a market-day at Sego, and the roads were everywhere filled with people carrying different articles to sell. We passed four large villages, and at eight o'clock saw the smoke over Sego.

'As we approached the town, I was fortunate enough to overtake the fugitive Kaartans, to whose kindness I had been so much indebted in my journey through Bambarra. They readily agreed to introduce me to their King; and we rode together through the marshy ground, where, as I was looking anxiously around for the river, one of them called out *geo affilli* (see the water); and looking forwards, I saw, with infinite pleasure, the great object of my mission, the long-sought-for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the *eastward*. I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the great Ruler of all things, for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success.'

This great traveller met on his journeyings with many striking adventures. Once, when suffering under the pangs of hunger, he rode up to the Dooty's house in a Foulah village, but was denied admittance, nor could he even obtain a handful of corn either for himself or his horse. 'Turning,' says he, 'from this inhospitable door, I rode slowly out of the town, and perceiving some low scattered huts without the walls, I directed my steps towards them; knowing that in Africa, as well as in Europe, hospitality does not always prefer the highest dwellings. At the door of one of these huts, an old motherly-looking woman sat spinning cotton. I made signs to her that I was hungry, and inquired if she had any victuals with her in the hut. She immediately laid down her distaff, and desired me in Arabic to come in. When I had seated myself upon the floor, she set before me a dish of kouskous that had been left the preceding night, of which I made a tolerable meal; and in return for this kindness I gave her one of my pocket-handkerchiefs; begging, at the same time, a little corn for my horse, which she readily brought me. Overcome with joy at so unexpected a deliverance, I lifted up my eyes to heaven; and whilst my heart swelled with gratitude, I returned thanks to that gracious and bountiful Being, whose power had supported me under so many dangers, and now spread for me a table in the wilderness.'

While Park was waiting on the banks of the Niger for a passage, the King of the country

was informed that a white man intended to visit him. On this intelligence, a messenger was instantly despatched to tell the stranger that his Majesty could not possibly admit him to his presence till he understood the cause of his arrival; and also to warn him not to cross the river without the royal permission.

This message was accordingly delivered by one of the chief natives, who advised Park to seek a lodging in an adjacent village, and promised to give him some requisite instructions in the morning. Park immediately complied with this counsel; but on entering the village, he had the mortification to find every door closed against him. He was therefore obliged to remain all the day without food, beneath the shade of a tree. About sunset, as he was turning his horse loose to graze, and expected to pass the night in this lonely situation, a woman, returning from her employment in the fields, stopped to gaze at him; and observing his dejected looks, inquired from what cause they proceeded? Park endeavoured, as well as he could, to make known his destitute situation. The woman immediately took up his saddle and bridle, and desired him to follow her to her residence, where, after lighting a lamp, she presented him with some broiled fish, spread a mat for him to lie upon, and gave him permission to continue under her roof till morning. Having performed this beneficent action, she summoned her female companions to their spinning, which occupied the chief part of the night, while their labour was beguiled by a variety of songs; one of which was observed by Mungo Park to be an extemporaneous effusion created by his own adventure. The air was remarkably sweet and plaintive, and the words were literally the following: 'The winds roared, and the rain fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind him corn.' *Chorus*—'Let us pity the white man; no mother has he to bring him milk, no wife to grind him corn.'

Mungo Park was murdered while on his travels, November 1805.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The late Dr. Livingstone is the last traveller whom we have space to notice. The discovery of the great Lake Nyassa would alone place Dr. Livingstone high in the rank of African explorers. It would have been first reached by Captain Burton, remarks a *Quarterly Reviewer*, if he had not been misled by erroneous information; for, having been told by some natives that the lake which he was directed by his instructions to seek was of considerable dimensions, he altered his course from west

to north-west, and thus came upon the Lake Tanganyika instead.

The journey to the Nyassa by Dr. Livingstone, his brother, Dr. Kirk, and one seaman, was effected by an overland march of twenty days from the Shiré. The southern end of the Nyassa extends to 14° 25′ south latitude. The stay made at the lake on the first visit by Dr. Livingstone was a short one. The lake was found to be in the very centre of a district which supplies the markets of the coast with slaves.

A second visit to the lake was made in the following year. The length of the Nyassa was found to be 200 miles, and its breadth about 50. It is liable to sudden and violent storms, in one of which the travellers were shipwrecked. The difference in its level throughout the year is only three feet, although it receives the waters of five rivers on the western side. The principal affluent is believed to be at its northern extremity.

Never before in Africa had the travellers seen anything like the dense population on the shores of the Nyassa. Towards the southern end, there was observed an almost unbroken chain of villages. Crowds assembled to gaze at the novel spectacle of a boat under sail, and whenever the party landed, they were immediately surrounded by men, women, and children, all anxious to see the 'chirombo,' or wild animals, feed; the arrival of white men in one of the villages of the Nyassa, exciting much the same kind of interest as that occasioned by the presence of the hippopotamus on the banks of the Thames. The people were, however, on the whole, inoffensive, only lifting slyly the edges of the tent, as boys do the curtains of a travelling menagerie at home, and exclaiming, 'Chirombo, chirombo!' *i.e.* wild beasts fit to be eaten.

Previous to the discovery of Lake Nyassa—indeed, before his visit to England in 1857—Livingstone had visited the stupendous cataract of Mosiatunija. These great falls of the Zambesi, to which, on first visiting them in 1855, Dr. Livingstone gave the name of the Victoria Falls, were again visited on his second expedition, and he was thus enabled to give a much more complete description of them. They constitute, without question, the most wonderful waterfall in the world. The native name is Mosi-oa-tunya, or 'smoke-sounding.' Its fame has been far diffused in Africa, for when Dr. Livingstone was on an excursion in the interior, in 1851, a chief, who resided 200 miles from the falls, asked, 'Have you any smoke-soundings in your country?'

When the river is in flood, the columns of vapour, resplendent in the morning sun, with double and sometimes triple rainbows, are visible for a distance of ten miles. They are caused by a sudden com-

pression of the water falling into a narrow wedge-like fissure. The fall must have originated in an earthquake, which produced a deep transverse crack across the river's bed—a mass of hard basaltic rock — and which is prolonged from the left bank for thirty or forty miles.

The description of this magnificent cascade will be read with interest:—'It is rather a hopeless task to convey an idea of it in words, since, as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter, even by a number of views, could but impart a faint impression of the glorious scene. The probable mode of its formation may, perhaps, help to the conception of its peculiar shape. Niagara has been formed by a wearing back of the rock over which the river falls, and during a long course of ages it has gradually receded, and left a broad, deep, and pretty straight trough in front. It goes on wearing back daily, and may yet discharge the lakes from which its river, the St. Lawrence, flows.

'But the Victoria Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard black basaltic rock which then formed the bed of the Zambesi. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, save about three feet of the edge over which the river rolls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag or symptom of stratification or dislocation. When the mighty rift occurred, no change of level took place in the two parts of the bed of the river thus rent asunder. Consequently, in coming down the river to Garden Island, the water suddenly disappears and we see the opposite side of the cleft, with grass and trees growing where once the river ran on the same level as that part of its bed on which we sail. The first crack is in length a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which by measurement we found to be a little over 1860 yards, and this number we resolved to retain as indicating the year in which the fall was for the first *time* carefully examined. The main stream here runs nearly north and south, and the cleft across it is nearly east and west. The depth of the rift was measured by lowering a line, to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied: one of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending calico, till, after his companions had paid out 310 feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection probably fifty feet from the water below, the actual bottom being still farther down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown piece. On measuring the width of this deep cleft by sextant, it was found at Garden Island, its narrowest part to be eighty yards, and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the

depth of Niagara Falls, the river, a full mile wide, roars with a deafening roar; and this is Mosi-oa-tunya, or the Victoria Falls.

'Looking from Garden Island down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water, which has fallen over that portion of the falls to our right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel twenty or thirty yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course to our left; while the other half, or that which fell over the eastern portion of the falls, is seen in the left of the narrow channel below, coming towards our right. Both waters unite midway, in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the falls. This outlet is about 1170 yards from the western end of the chasm, and some 600 from its eastern end; the whirlpool is at its commencement. The Zambesi, now apparently not more than twenty or thirty yards wide, rushes and surges south, through the narrow escape channel for 130 yards; then enters a second chasm somewhat deeper and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of the second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory, with the escape channel at its point of 1170 yards long, and 416 yards broad at the base. After reaching this base, the river runs abruptly round the head of another promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west by a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and bend once more in another chasm towards the east. In this gigantic zig-zag yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular, that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath, and that this probably took place when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.'

Dr. Livingstone died much as he had lived. There was the mystery of isolation and the grandeur of a noble purpose about his life, and in keeping with that there was a loneliness and an air of self-devotedness about his death. One may wish that he had been spared to return home, to tell his discoveries, to see the narrative of his wanderings through the press, and to receive the well-merited applause of his fellow-countrymen; but it may be questioned whether his name will not be remembered throughout all time with more of admiration from the very fact that he died at his post and in the prosecution of his labours.

Livingstone's death took place on the 1st of May 1873 at Ilala, in Central Africa. For some time previous, we are told, he had been very weak. Forcing

his feeble strength, however, he pushed on, riding on a donkey. Then he had to be carried on a kitanda, or bedstead; but soon after passing Ilala, he gave up travelling, and the boys erected a hut, in which he lay for a few days, gradually growing weaker, and at last, on the day mentioned, he expired.

His body was brought by his faithful followers to the coast, and shipped for this country, where it arrived on Wednesday the 15th of April 1874. It was taken in solemn procession through the streets of Southampton, and conveyed by a special train to London. On the 18th, the remains of the noble missionary and traveller were interred in the central nave of Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a vast assembly, including men of distinction in almost every walk of life.

The lines which Lord Houghton wrote upon the occasion of the Westminster Abbey funeral may here be quoted:

'The swarthy followers stood aloof,
Unled, unfathered;
He lay beneath that grassy roof
Fresh gathered.

He bade them, as they passed the hut,
To give no warning
Of their still faithful presence but
"Good morning!"

To him, may be, through broken sleep,
And pains abated,
These words were into senses deep
Translated.

Dear dead salutes of wife and child,
Old kirkyard greetings;
Sunrises over hillsides wild,
Heart-beatings;

Welcoming sounds of fresh-blown seas,
Of homeward travel,
Tangles of thought's last memories
Unravel.'

So it must have been with the mind of this true British hero, this nobly faithful servant of science, of charity, and Christianity, when he lay down to rest in the wilderness, at the end of a lonely and laborious wandering life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT ENGINEERS.

'Bid harbours open, public ways extend;
Bid temples, worthier of God, ascend.'—POPE.

HUGH MIDDLETON—JOHN SMEATON—HENRY WINSTANLEY—JOHN RUDYERD—JAMES BRINDLEY—THOMAS TELFORD—JOHN RENNIE—ROBERT STEVENSON — GEORGE STEPHENSON — ROBERT STEPHENSON — ALAN STEVENSON—BRUNEL—BARLOW—ISAMBARD K. BRUNEL.

'OUR first lessons in mechanical civil engineering,' says Mr. Smiles, 'were principally obtained from Dutchmen, who supplied us with our first windmills, watermills, and pumping engines. Holland even sent us the necessary labourers to execute our first great works of drainage. The great level of the Fens was drained by Vermuyden, and another Dutchman, Freestone, was employed to reclaim the marsh near Wells in Norfolk. Canvey Island, near the mouth of the Thames, was embanked by Joas Croppenburgh and his company of Dutch workmen. When a new haven was required at Yarmouth, Joas Johnson, the Dutch engineer, was employed to plan and construct the works, and when a serious breach occurred in the banks of the Witham at Boston, Matthew Hake was sent for from Gravelines in Flanders; and he brought with him not only the mechanics, but the manufactured iron required for the work. The art of bridge-making had sunk so low in England about the middle of the last century, that we were under the necessity of employing the Swiss engineer, Labelye, to build Westminster Bridge.

'In short, we depended for all our engineering upon foreigners. At a time when Holland had completed its magnificent system of water communication, and when France, Germany, and even Russia had opened up important lines of inland

navigation, England had not cut a single canal. It was not until the year 1760 that Brindley began his first canal for the Duke of Bridgewater.

'After the lapse of a century, we find the state of things has become entirely reversed. Instead of borrowing engineers from abroad, we now send them to all parts of the world. British-built steamships ply on every sea; we export machinery to all quarters, and supply Holland itself with pumping engines. During that period our engineers have completed a magnificent system of canals, turnpike roads, bridges, and railways, by which the internal communications of the country have been completely opened up; they have built lighthouses round our coasts, by which ships freighted with the produce of all lands, when nearing our shores in the dark, are safely lighted along to their destined havens: they have hewn out and built docks and harbours for the accommodation of a gigantic commerce; whilst their inventive genius has rendered fire and water the most untiring workers in all branches of industry, and the most effective agents in locomotion by land and sea. Nearly all this has been accomplished during the last century, much of it within the life of the present generation.

'Most of the Continental nations had a long start of us in art, in science, in mechanics, in navigation, and in engineering. Not many centuries since, Italy, Spain, France, and Holland looked down contemptuously on the poor but proud islanders, contending with Nature for a subsistence amidst their fogs and their mists. Though surrounded by the sea, we had scarcely any navy until within the last three hundred years. Even our fisheries were so unproductive, that our markets were supplied by the Dutch, who sold us the herrings caught upon our own coasts. England was then regarded principally as a magazine for the supply of raw materials, which were carried away in foreign ships and partly returned to us in manufactures worked up by foreign artists. We grew wool for Flanders, as America grows cotton for England now. Even the little manufactured at home was sent to the Low Countries to be dyed.

'Most of our modern branches of industry were begun by foreigners, many of whom were driven by religious persecution to seek an asylum in England. Our first cloth-workers, silk-weavers, and lace-makers, were French and Flemish refugees. The brothers Elers, Dutchmen, began the pottery manufacture; Spillman, a German, erected the first paper-mill at Dartford; and Boomen, a Dutchman, brought the first coach into England.

'When we wanted any skilled labour done, we almost invariably sent for foreigners to do it.

Our first ships were built by Danes or Genoese. When the *Mary Rose* sank at Spithead in 1545, Venetians were hired to raise her. On that occasion Peter de Andreas was employed, assisted by his ship-carpenter and three of his sailors, with "sixty English maryners to attend upon them."

SIR HUGH MIDDLETON.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and James, a number of schemes were projected for supplying London with water, the conduits resorted to for that purpose being now found insufficient to answer the increasing demands of an extending metropolis. Elizabeth granted an Act which gave the citizens liberty to cut and convey a river from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to the city of London, within the limited time of four years, but which was never acted upon.

In the early part of James' reign, the citizens procured an Act for the bringing in a fresh stream of running water to the north part of the city of London, which was followed by another to explain the said statute; but the difficulties of the undertaking appeared so great, that they declined to embark any further in it.

Mr. Hugh Middleton, or Myddleton, a native of Denbigh, a citizen and goldsmith of London (who had considerably enriched himself by a copper, or according to others, a silver mine, in Cardiganshire), at whose instigation, it would seem, the city had applied for the Acts last mentioned, made an offer to the Court of Common Council on the 28th of March 1609, that he would begin this work within two months, they transferring to him the power vested in them by the said two Acts; whereupon the Court accepted his offer, and ordered that a letter of attorney should be made out from the Mayor and Common Council, which was done on the 1st of April following, and that indentures should be made and passed between them and him, which was also done on the 21st of the same month.

Being vested with ample power from the city, this gentleman, with a spirit equal to the importance of the undertaking, at his own risk and charge, began the work, but had not proceeded far when innumerable and unforeseen difficulties presented themselves. The art of civil engineering was then little understood in this country, and he experienced many obstructions from the occupiers and proprietors of the lands through which he was under the necessity of conducting his stream.

The distance of the springs, from Chadwell and Amwell, is twenty miles from London; but it was found necessary, in order to avoid the eminences and valleys in the way, to make

it run a course of more than thirty-eight miles. 'The depth of the trench in some places descended full thirty feet, if not more, whereas in other places it required a sprightfull arte againe to mount it over a valley in a trough betweene a couple of hills, and the trough all the while borne up by woodden arches, some of them fixed in the ground very deep, and rising in heighth above twenty-three foot.'

The progress of the work, indeed, appears to have been attended with difficulties almost insurmountable, for the industrious proprietor soon found himself so harassed and impeded by sundry interested persons in Middlesex and Herts, that he was obliged to petition the city for a prolongation of the time to accomplish his undertaking. The Corporation now granted him a term of five, in addition to a former term of four, years. But his difficulties did not terminate here, for, after having adjusted all his controversies with the landholders in an amicable manner, and brought the water into the neighbourhood of Enfield, he was so impoverished by the expense of the undertaking, that he was once more obliged to apply to the city to interest themselves in this great and useful work; and upon their refusal to embark in so changeable and hazardous an enterprise, he applied with more success to the King himself, who, upon a moiety of the concern being made over to him, agreed to pay half the expense of the work past and to come. It now went on without interruption, and was finished according to Mr. Middleton's original agreement with the city, when, on the 29th September 1613, the water was let into the basin, now called the *New River Head*, in the parish of Clerkenwell, which had been prepared for its reception.

'Being brought,' says Stow, in his celebrated *Survey*, 'to the intended cisterne, but not (as yet) the water admitted entrance thereinto, on Michaelmas day, in anno 1613, being the day when Sir Thomas Middleton, brother to the said Sir Hugh Middleton, was elected Maior of London for the yeere ensuing, in the afternoone of the same daye, Sir John Swinerton, Knt. and Lord Maior of London, accompanied with the said Sir Thomas, Sir Henry Montague, Knt., Recorder of London, and many of the worthy aldermen, rode to see the cisterne, and first issuing of the water thereinto, which was performed in this manner:—

'A troope of labourers, to the number of sixty or more, well apparelled, and wearing green Monmouth caps, all alike, carried spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such like instruments of laborious employment, marching after drummes, twice or thrice about the cisterne, presented themselves before the mount, where the Lord Maior,

aldermen, and a worthy company beside, stood to behold them; and one man (in behalf of all the rest) delivered a poetical speech.'

When this was over, 'the floodgates flew open, the stream ran gallantly into the cisterne, drummes and trumpets sounded in triumphall manner, and a brave peale of chambers gave full issue to the intended entertainment.'

One of the most difficult parts of the work now remained to be accomplished, which was to convey the water to the various parts of the metropolis. The expense attending this was very great, and it was a considerable time before the water came into general use; but this being effected, it proved of unspeakable benefit to the city and its immediate neighbourhood, since, by the water supplied from this river, a speedy stop was put to a great number of alarming fires, and the health of the metropolis was remarkably preserved by the cleanliness it introduced not only in the streets, but into the dwellings. Yet so little were the great advantages at first understood, that the shares continued to be of very small value, and for the first nineteen years after the completion of the work, the annual profit upon each scarcely amounted to *twelve shillings*.

'The property of the New River,' says Nelson in his *History of Islington*, 'is divided into seventy-two shares, which division took place soon after the commencement of the undertaking; thirty-six of these were originally vested in Sir Hugh Middleton, the first projector, who, having impoverished himself and his family by a concern which has proved so beneficial to the public as to render his name ever honoured and respected, was obliged to part with his property in the undertaking, which was divided amongst various persons. These shares are called adventurers' shares. The moiety of the undertaking which was vested in the crown, was by King Charles I., on account of the then unpromising aspect of the company's affairs, re-granted to Sir Hugh Middleton, Bart., his heirs and assigns, on condition that they should for ever pay to the King's Receiver-General, or into the receipt of the Exchequer, for his Majesty's use, the yearly sum of £500, which is still paid, and almost entirely out of the King's shares.'

Sir Hugh Middleton died in 1631. There is an old Islington tradition that he became a pensioner in a Shropshire village, applied in vain for relief to the city, and died in obscurity. This tradition, it is pleasant to know, has no foundation in fact; he died, comparatively speaking, in prosperity.

JOHN SMEATON AND HENRY WINSTANLEY.

John Smeaton, the celebrated engineer, discovered great

strength of understanding and originality of genius at a very early age. His playthings were not the baubles of children, but the tools with which men work; and he appeared to have had greater pleasure in seeing the men in the neighbourhood work, and asking them questions, than in anything else. One day he was seen, to the distress of his family, on the top of his father's barn, fixing up something like a windmill. Another time, he attended some men who were fixing a pump at a neighbouring village; and observing them cut off a piece of broad pipe, he procured it, and actually made with it a working pump that raised water. All this was done while he was in petticoats, and before he had reached his sixth year.

About his fourteenth or fifteenth year, he had made for himself an engine to turn rose work; and presented several of his friends with boxes of ivory or wood, turned by him in that way. He made a lathe, by which he cut a perpetual screw in brass; a thing little known at that day, and which is supposed to have been the invention of Mr. Henry Hindley, of York, a great lover of mechanics, and a man of the most fertile genius. Mr. Smeaton soon became acquainted with him; and they frequently spent whole nights together, conversing on such subjects until daylight.

Mr. Smeaton had thus, by the strength of his genius and indefatigable industry, acquired at the age of eighteen an extensive set of tools, and the art of working in most of the mechanical trades, without the assistance of any master. Of his talents as an engineer in after life, the Eddystone Lighthouse will, we trust, long remain a splendid monument.

The famous Eddystone Rocks are a perilous reef about fourteen miles from Plymouth, and about ten from the Ram Head on the Cornish coast, against which the swell of the Atlantic waves beats and breaks with uncontrollable fury. As these rocks raised themselves in the midst of the broad highway of commerce, it is no wonder that many a noble ship met with misfortune in mid-career; and no wonder either that men's minds should have been anxiously set upon devising some mode of pointing out the dangerous reef.

As early as 1696, in the person of Henry Winstanley, a man was found ready to plant his colours on the rock and withstand the assault of the angry waves. He spent the first summer in boring twelve holes in the rock in which to insert iron fastenings to secure the structure he meant to erect. During the course of the next season, he raised a round pillar 12 feet high and 14 in diameter. It was still there when he returned to it in the succeeding spring; and he built at it until, including the vane, it rose to the height of 80 feet.

He now determined to enter upon possession of his strange citadel. The first night on which he ventured to lodge there, was a night of storm and tumult, and for eleven succeeding days the sea was so boisterous that not a single boat could venture to approach to his relief.

On the 14th of November in the same year (1698), Winstanley lighted his lantern. The days and nights that followed were wild. The kindly glimmer of his beacon shone over the troubled sea, but he who lighted it came to be rather badly off: it was not until three days from Christmas, that, in the very extremity of hunger, he regained the shore.

The fourth season was spent in re-casing the tower with fresh outworks, and in raising it to a height of 120 feet; for, even when his lantern was at an elevation of sixty feet above the rock, Winstanley found that it was often actually buried under the water.

'The first Eddystone Lighthouse,' says one writer, 'contrived to maintain a sort of dying life until the November of 1703, when, some repairs being required, its bold architect, accompanied by a body of workmen, landed on the rock. There is a painful feature in this story, which we should have been glad to suppress, were it not for the moral teaching which it conveys. Poor Winstanley, in his strong, self-reliant confidence in the stability of his work, had declared that he "only wished to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens, that he might see what effect it would have on the structure." And now a storm was coming which has been memorable in history for its wild fury and for the fearful destruction which it wrought—the storm of the 26th of November 1703. When the morning of the 27th arose on the troubled scene, not a vestige remained of the lighthouse, of the architect, or of his men, saving only some small length of chain which was firmly jammed into a crevice of the rock! There is a wide distinction between presumption and courage, between a bold self-confidence and a humble trust. Smeaton remarks that the common sense of the public had led them to anticipate some such sorrowful tragedy, so little was the tower of Winstanley adapted to endure the shock of its peculiar trials.'

JOHN RUDYERD.

The vital importance of a light on the Eddystone was, soon after Winstanley's melancholy end, painfully illustrated by the loss on the rock of the *Winchelsea* man-of-war with nearly all her crew. The next man who wrestled with the stubborn difficulty was Mr. John Rudyerd. His antecedents were very unlike lighthouse-building: he had

been a London silk-mercer. Flinging aside his soft and showy merchandize, he addressed himself to his critical task in the summer of 1706, with such energy and skill, that in two more summers the light might again be seen shining like a star over the waves, at a height of 92 feet above the rock.

Rudyerd's tower was of wood. At its base, it was weighted by a considerable mass of stone work, and its form was an elegant frustum of a cone, carried up unbroken by any of those whimsical outworks which in Winstanley's tower had afforded the waves so many points of irritating resistance.

This tower lasted for forty-seven years, and then it paid the penalty of its perishable material. It was destroyed by fire, its three tenants escaping with great difficulty from this second adverse element, and one of them dying of injuries received during the conflagration.

JOHN SMEATON.

And now a man of real genius steps upon the stage. This man is John Smeaton.

Smeaton was born at Austhorpe in Yorkshire, was articled to an attorney, and afterwards followed the business of a mathematical-instrument maker. He was the first person in England who pursued the calling of a civil engineer, and in fact he may be said to have created that profession.

Smeaton was determined, in spite of the opposition of the authorities, that his tower on the Eddystone rock should be entirely of stone. 'The material being decided on, the form next became the subject of anxious consideration. And now his thoughts settled upon the study of Nature's own noble type of strength—a grand old oak. He considered its spreading roots, which take such a broad, firm grip of the soil of its mother earth. He studied the rise of its swelling base, which, when it attains to the height of about one diameter, is reduced by a graceful curve concave to the eye, which carries it to a diameter less by one-third than its original base. Then it runs up more perpendicularly in the form of a cylinder, and then, a preparation being required for the support of its swelling boughs, a renewed swelling of its diameter is observable.

'Now, Smeaton proceeded to reason, were we to cut off the branches of our noble oak, and in that denuded state expose its bole to the assaults of wild waves at the base, instead of wild winds at the summit, we have a type of such a lighthouse column as is best adapted to endure the peculiar tests of its position.'

Such is the well-known story of the conception of the Eddystone Lighthouse. But Mr. Alan Stevenson, the distin-

guished engineer of the great Skerryvore Lighthouse, shows in one of his interesting works, that if the idea of his celebrated column sprang up in Smeaton's mind from the fancied analogy of the oak, he was unconsciously led to a correct conclusion by following a faulty train of reasoning, — in other words, reasoning correctly from wrong premises. 'The difference in material destroys the force of the analogy. The oak stands the shock of winds not only from the breadth of its swelling base, but by the *strength* of its fibrous texture, the elasticity and cohesion of its parts. The tower resists the assault of the waves by the lowness of its true centre of gravity, and by the *weight* and *friction* of its massive material. No; the great idea of the Eddystone Lighthouse could never have grown up from an acorn; it sprang, Minerva-like, from the thoughtful brow of genius.

'It was on the 5th of April 1756 that Smeaton first stepped upon the rock, and prepared for his coming work by cutting the surface in regular steps or trenches, into which the blocks of stone were to be dovetailed.

'The first stone was laid on the 12th of June 1757, and the last on the 24th of August 1759, completing a tower of 68 feet in height. The structure is a solid mass to the height of 12 feet, and the blocks of stone are held together by stone joggles, dovetailed joints, and oaken treenails. That so sagacious an engineer as Smeaton should have arched the floors of his different storeys has created some surprise, as he thereby lost the added element of strength which he might have secured by making those floors serve as tie-walls. His ingenuity, however, helped him out of the difficulty, by suggesting a mode of counteracting the dangerous tendency of the outward thrust of those arched floors. He bound the courses of his stonework together by belts of chain, which were set in grooves while in a heated state, by the application of hot lead, and which, on cooling, of course tightened their clasp upon the tower.

'On the 16th of October 1759, the benignant light again shone out over the waters, a welcome gleam to the straining eye of the seaman, though it was but the concentrated light of a few tallow candles. And after such mighty preparations, and such a world of thought, was *this* all that science could do to light up its grand new sea-tower? Yes, truly; the group of tallow candles burned on, and did their best to testify of danger, until the year 1807, when argand burners with silvered copper reflectors were displayed, completely taking the shine out of the poor endeavouring candles.

'You may stand upon the

Hoe at Plymouth, with the grand blue Sound spread before you, bristling with fortified points and islands, with the beautiful curved promontory of Mount Edgecombe sweeping out to sea on your right, with the straight black line of the breakwater boldly dividing the swells, and with its own little beacon telegraphing to the great men-of-war the road into the magnificent port; and when twilight slowly descends upon the scene, you may see the light of the Eddystone beaming like a bright star far out upon the sea. It was here that Smeaton used to stand with his telescope, when storms forbade his landing on the rocks, and watch how the sea ran up his trembling tower, and hung for a fearful moment suspended like a canopy at twice its height above its brow, completely shrouding it from his sight.'

JAMES BRINDLEY.

James Brindley was born in 1716, and was greatly distinguished in youth for his inventive genius. When out of his apprenticeship as a millwright, he engaged in various local schemes on his own account.

His thoughts were drawn towards a larger sphere of action by the resolution of Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, to cut a canal from his coal-mines at Worsley to the town of Manchester, distant about seven miles. This scheme is said to have been conceived by one of that nobleman's predecessors; but that circumstance does not detract from the honour due to the great perseverance and resolution displayed in the execution of his plan. Divesting himself of the splendour which usually belongs to rank, he devoted his large revenue almost entirely to his favourite undertaking; resisting the temptation to borrow money, lest he should involve himself and his successors in irremediable difficulties, in case of the failure of an undertaking which, from its novelty, no man living could assert to be certain of success. At the same time, having selected Brindley as his engineer, on good experience of his skill and talent, he placed a noble confidence in him; and without fear or distrust, devoted his energy and fortune to work out the magnificent design which the genius of his coadjutor had planned.

As the difficulties to be overcome were very great, so there was little experience to guide the projectors. Navigable rivers, indeed, had been improved, and those which were not navigable by nature had been made so by pounding up their waters with locks and dams; but of canals properly so called, this was the first constructed in England.

That it might be perfect in its kind, it was resolved to preserve a level, and avoid locks altogether; but to effect

this, obstacles were to be overcome such as never had been surmounted in England — obstacles which had always been considered wholly insurmountable. Navigable tunnels were to be cut; long and large mounds to be carried across valleys; and in the line which finally was adopted, an aqueduct-bridge of three arches, nearly 50 feet in height, and including the embankment on each side, 500 yards in length, was to be carried over the river Irwell. This part of the scheme being generally considered wild and extravagant, Brindley, to justify himself to his employer, desired that the opinion of another engineer might be taken. This was accordingly done, but the second, on being conducted to the spot where it was intended that the aqueduct should be made, exclaimed, 'I have often heard of castles in the air, but never before was shown the place where any of them were to be erected.' But the Duke of Bridgewater's confidence in Brindley was not to be shaken, and the bridge was undertaken and finished within less than a year.

In 1762 the Duke of Bridgewater obtained an Act of Parliament, enabling him to continue his canal from Worsley in an opposite direction to Runcorn in the tideway of the Mersey, so as to establish a perfect water-way between Liverpool and Manchester, unembarrassed by the constant current and inequalities of flood and drought, which impeded the navigation of the Irwell. In this part of the line, several deep valleys, especially those of the rivers Mersey and Bollin, were to be crossed, and this was done without the assistance of a single lock.

Brindley's method of constructing the long embankments which occurred in some places was remarkable; he built caissons along the line of its intended course, in which boats laden with excavated soil were conducted by the canal itself, and discharged their contents upon the very spot where the ground was to be raised. Thus the canal, as it were, pushed itself forward, and the labour and expense of transporting these immense masses of earth was greatly diminished.

To guard against the total loss of water and ruin to the surrounding country, which might occur from a breach of these embankments, Brindley contrived stops, which were gates so hung as to lie horizontally near the bottom when the water was at rest; but to rise and close when any current should be produced by the banks giving way, and thus prevent the escape of any water, except that portion near the breach which should be comprised between them.

It is hardly necessary to add that the result of this, the greatest undertaking perhaps ever performed by any private

person out of his own fortune, has been the realization of an enormous income to the peer who undertook it, and to his heirs.

The following account of the engineering works connected with the Bridgewater Canal will be found of singular interest:—

The plans were first laid in 1758. A canal was cut, which, at its upper extremity in Worsley, enters a hill by an arched passage, partly bricked, and partly formed by the solid rock, wide enough for the admission of long flat-bottomed boats, which are towed by means of hand-rails on each side. This passage penetrates nearly three-quarters of a mile before it reaches the first coal-works. It there divides into two channels, one of which goes five hundred yards to the right, and the other as far to the left, and may be continued at pleasure. In the passage, at certain distances, air-funnels are cut through the rock, issuing perpendicularly at the top of the hill. The arch at the entrance is about six feet wide, and about five in height from the surface of the water. It widens within, so that in some places the boats may pass each other. To this subterraneous canal the coals are brought from the pits within the bowels of the hill, in low waggons, holding about a ton each, which, as the work is on the descent, are easily pushed or pulled by a man along a railed way, to a stage over the canal, whence they are shot into one of the boats. These boats hold seven or eight tons, and several of them being linked together, are easily drawn out, by the help of the rail, to the mouth of the subterraneous passage, where a large bason serves as a dock. Hence they are sent along a canal to Manchester, in strings, drawn by a horse or two mules. It was the principle of this, as it has been that of all Mr. Brindley's canals, to keep on the level as much as possible; whence it has been necessary to carry them over the roads or streams, upon arches, after the manner of an aqueduct, and to fill up the valleys by artificial mounds for their conveyance, as well as to cut down or bore through hills. The most striking of all the aqueduct works is in this first canal, where it passes over, as we have already told, the navigable river Irwell at Barton Bridge. The aqueduct begins upwards of two hundred yards from the river, which runs in a valley. Over the river itself it is conveyed by a stone bridge of great strength and thickness, consisting of three arches; the centre one is sixty-three feet wide, and being thirty-eight feet above the surface of the water, admits the largest barges navigating the Irwell to go through with masts and sails standing. The spectator was therefore here gratified with the sight of one vessel sailing over the top of another, a thing never before

beheld in this country; and those who had at first ridiculed the attempt as of the most extravagant description, were obliged to join in admiration of the wonderful abilities of the engineer by whom it had been accomplished.

This canal, after passing Barton Bridge, was conveyed on the level with great labour and expense, in a circuitous track of nine miles to Castlefield, adjacent to Manchester. The most remarkable part of its course is that where it crosses the low grounds near Stratford, upon a vast mound of earth, of great length, the construction of which exercised all the inventive powers of the conductor.

Several other canals were afterwards constructed by the Duke under the direction of the ingenious Mr. Brindley. In one of them, the canal crosses the small river Bollin, which running in a tract of low meadows, has made a mound in that part necessary for the conveyance of the canal, of a height, breadth, and length that form a spectacle truly stupendous. The principle of keeping the level has been rigorously pursued, in defiance of expense and difficulty, for the whole length of the canal till it is brought in full view of the Mersey at Runcorn. There it is precipitately lowered ninety-five feet, in a chain of locks, of admirable construction, furnished at different heights with capacious reservoirs of water, in order to supply the waste incurred by the passage of vessels.

But a greater and more adventurous project in canal navigation still remained. It was desired to form a canal from Leeds to Liverpool, a distance of upwards of a hundred miles, which was much augmented by the very winding course which the nature of the country demanded. The work was so difficult and expensive, that nothing but the extraordinary zeal with which schemes of this kind now began to be pursued could have stimulated the persons concerned to put it into execution. The fall from the central level is, on the Lancashire side, 525 feet; on the Yorkshire side, 446 feet.

Since this time, canal navigation has been extensively and successfully prosecuted in various parts of the country; but never with greater ability than that displayed by James Brindley, who may almost be considered as the father of the art.

THOMAS TELFORD.

Thomas Telford, the able and distinguished engineer, was born in the parish of Westerkirk, and county of Dumfries, on the 9th of August 1757. His very limited education he received at Westerkirk school, and during the summer season he was employed by his uncle as a shepherd boy. This occupation left him abundant

leisure for reading, and his early and eager love of knowledge he was enabled to gratify by the kindness of some individuals who accommodated him with the loan of books.

At an early age he quitted Westerkirk school and the care of his uncle's flock, in order to learn the trade of a mason in the neighbouring town of Langholm. After the completion of his apprenticeship, he continued to work for some time as a journeyman. Langholm Bridge, over the river Esk, was partly reared by hands which were destined for more scientific occupations.

Telford at length quitted Eskdale, and sought for better employment in Edinburgh, where he is said to have continued, with unremitting application, to study architecture on scientific principles. In the meantime, however, he must have earned his daily bread by the labour of his hands. Here he remained till the year 1782, when he was emboldened to try his fortune in London. He was now twenty-five years of age, and seems to have acquired new confidence in the resources of his own talents.

In London he had the good fortune to find employment under Sir William Chambers, in the building of Somerset House; and in the progress of this work he acquired much information, both in the useful and ornamental branches of architecture. His merit was not long in being discovered by Chambers, and he experienced promotion accordingly. It would be tedious to detail the steps by which he subsequently reached the head of the profession of engineering; but it was allowed on all hands, says one writer, that 'his elevation was owing solely to his consummate ability and persevering industry, unless we are to allow a share in the process to the singular candour and integrity which marked every step in his career.'

Telford's works are so numerous all over the island, that there is hardly a county in England, Scotland, or Wales in which they may not be seen. The Menai and Conway Bridges, the Caledonian Canal, the St. Katharine's Docks, the Holyhead roads and bridges, the Highland roads and bridges, the Chirke and Pont-y-Cysylte aqueducts, the canals in Salop, and great works of that county, of which he was surveyor for more than half a century, are some of the proofs of his genius, and will immortalize the name of Thomas Telford.

The Menai Bridge will unquestionably be the most imperishable monument of Telford's fame. It is one of the most magnificent specimens of engineering talent in existence. The history of it is as follows: In 1818, Telford was surveying the improvements which could be effected on the extensive line of roads from London to Holy-

head—the point of the Welsh coast nearest to Ireland. Holyhead is situated in the island of Anglesea, which is separated from Caernarvonshire by a celebrated strait or arm of the sea, named the Menai, through which the tide flows with great velocity, and, from local circumstances, in a peculiar manner. The intercourse of the inhabitants with the opposite portion of Wales was thus circumscribed. There were five or six ferries, but the navigation was often difficult and sometimes dangerous. One of the staple productions of the island is cattle, and they were generally compelled to swim across the Strait.

The importance of obtaining more rapid intercourse with Ireland occasioned Telford strongly to direct his attention to the possibility of throwing a bridge across the Menai. The obstacles were a rapid stream with high banks. To have erected a bridge of the usual construction would have obstructed the navigation; besides, the erection of piers in the bed of the sea was impracticable. Telford therefore recommended the construction of a suspension bridge, which was completed in 1826. It was built partly of stone and partly of iron.

This bridge occasioned Telford more anxious thought than any other of his works. To a friend, a few months before his death, he stated that his anxiety for a short time previous to the opening was so extreme that he had but little sound sleep; and that a much longer continuance of that condition of mind must have undermined his health. Not that he had any reason to doubt the strength and stability of any part of the structure, for he had employed all the precautions that he could imagine useful, as suggested by his own experience and consideration, or by the zeal and talents of his able assistants; yet the bare possibility that some weak point might escape his and their vigilance in a work so new, kept the whole structure constantly passing in review before his mind's eye, to examine if he could discover a point that did not contribute to the perfection of the whole.

The Caledonian Canal is another of Mr. Telford's splendid works, in constructing every part of which, though it was necessary to surmount enormous difficulties, he was successful. 'But even this great work,' it has been said, 'does not redound so much to his credit as the roads throughout the same district.' That from Inverness to the county of Sutherland, and through Caithness, made not only so far as respects its construction, but its direction, under Mr. Telford's orders, is superior in point of line and smoothness to any part of the road of equal continuous length between London and Inverness. This is a remarkable fact, which, from the great difficulties he had to

overcome in passing through a rugged, hilly, and mountainous district, incontrovertibly establishes his great skill in the engineering department, as well as in the construction of great public communications.

JOHN RENNIE.

The celebrated John Rennie rose entirely by his own merits. In a country where instruction is general, he was not without the benefits of an ordinary education; but it was by powers that must have shone in any country, and in any condition of life, that he scaled the heights of science and art.

No man, however, ever showed a juster sense of his early advantages than Rennie. When the inhabitants of Perth proposed to remunerate him for some trouble which he had taken in directing and superintending certain improvements in the navigation of the river Tay, he nobly declined all recompense, remarking 'that he had long since been amply paid for whatever services he could render to the citizens of Perth, for it was in the Academy of that city that he commenced those studies which had gained him a name in the world.'

Mr. Rennie commenced his professional career as a machinist, and executed for Messrs. Bolton & Watt some of the best steam-mills ever seen in the country. He afterwards devoted himself to the study of hydraulic construction, and by diligent attention to the admirable lessons in this branch of art, furnished by Mr. Smellie, was at length enabled in some respects to equal, and in many to surpass, his teacher.

The ports of London, Liverpool, Hull, Greenock, Leith, Holyhead, Portpatrick, Howth, and Dunleary, all bear testimony to the talents and resources of Mr. Rennie as an architect and hydraulician. For the metropolis he furnished the plans and directed the construction of the East India and London Docks, alike remarkable for their general grandeur, the judgment shown in their various details, and their beautiful style of execution. The West India Docks also, which were at first under the direction of Mr. Jessop, were, after the death of that engineer, completed by Rennie.

In all these undertakings, as M. Dupin, one of the first of French engineers, bears witness, the operations of every sort were so arranged as to produce in a given time, with the lowest number of men, the greatest possible results; and everywhere machines were employed to execute, what machines alone could execute well, with economy, precision, and rapidity.

The same admirable spirit of invention, method, and calculation continued to be displayed by Mr. Rennie in every undertaking in which he was engaged —in the construction of canals,

among which that of Crinan deserves peculiar attention, on account of the many natural difficulties opposed to it; in the draining and embankment of the Fens in the counties of Lincoln, Bedford, and Cambridge; in the improvements of the arsenals and dockyards at Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth; the erection of the new docks at Sheerness; the construction of the breakwater at Plymouth; the Bell Rock Lighthouse; and the Southwark and Waterloo Bridges over the Thames.

'In the hydraulic constructions at Sheerness,' says Dupin, 'we see art struggling with the difficulties of nature, and overcoming them. The whole arsenal is built upon an artificial soil; the foundations of the buildings rest on the hulls of old vessels buried under the alluvial deposit, of which the Isle of Sheppey is formed.' And yet, 'such is the skill with which the works are constructed, and so excellent the materials which have been employed, that they must be proof alike against the outrages of time and the hand of violence—a work worthy of the Romans in the proudest period of their existence!'

It is this unalterable solidity, the result of prudent dimensions and judicious combinations, which M. Dupin justly considers as the great characteristic of Mr. Rennie's labours. But perhaps this feature is more remarkably displayed in the two bridges of Southwark and Waterloo than in any other monuments of his genius.

The Southwark Bridge is the first in which the bold idea was conceived of employing cast iron in large masses, so extensive as far to surpass that of stone voussoirs of the largest dimensions. The arches of this bridge are formed of metallic voussoirs, and such as could only be cast in a country where metallurgy is carried to the highest degree of perfection. 'When we consider,' says the elegant French writer whom we have already quoted, 'the extent and elevation of the arches of the bridge, and the magnitude of the elements which compose it, what an idea does it not give us of the power of man! We exclaim involuntarily, while we gaze on the *chef d'œuvre*, Behold the bridge of giants!'

Yet even this bridge is inferior to that of Waterloo, the noblest bridge not only in the three kingdoms, but perhaps in the world. The celebrated Canova, when he visited this country, declared that it was the grandest fabric of the kind he had ever seen, and that it was worth a journey from the remotest corner of the earth to behold it. But here again we must quote M. Dupin:—

'The English have hitherto pointed with pride to the bridges of Blackfriars and Westminster. But since this new bridge has been thrown over the space be-

tween these fine monuments of public utility, these seem as if they had lost their regularity, their extent, and all their majesty.

'The three bridges, Blackfriars, Westminster, and London, being constructed of a soft stone, strongly liable to decomposition, have suffered prodigiously from the ravages of time; and the same is the case with the greater part of those edifices which grace the British metropolis.

'If, by the incalculable effect of those revolutions to which empires are exposed, people should one day ask, Where stood the New Sidon? and what is become of the Tyre of the west, which covered the whole ocean with its ships? — the greater part of its buildings, destroyed by a destructive climate, will no longer reply to the curiosity of men with the voice of monuments; but the bridge built by Rennie, in the centre of the commercial world, will subsist to tell to generations the most remote, "Here was a city, rich, industrious, and powerful." The traveller, at the sight of this superb monument, will be apt to suppose that some great prince had endeavoured, by long years of toil, to consecrate his name to everlasting renown by this magnificent structure. But should tradition inform him that six years sufficed to undertake and complete this work; that a simple association of merchants possessed opulence enough to build, at their expense, this colossal monument, worthy of the Sesostrises and the Cæsars, he will admire still more the nation where such works could be produced by the efforts of individuals without name, and lost for ever to fame, amidst a crowd of industrious citizens.'

How much merit there is in the completion of so stupendous a design, in so admirable a manner, no one who is in the least acquainted with works of art need be told. Mr. Rennie, while executing it, seemed to feel that he was building for immortality; no branch of the work, however minute or apparently immaterial, escaped his most vigilant attention; he would only use those materials which were the most excellent of their kind, and not an inch of work would he suffer to pass which was not executed in the very best possible manner. One writer remembered to have seen him superintending the preparation of the mortar, as if that had been the only thing he had to attend to in the whole undertaking; and repeatedly turning back loads of the material, because they were not so well wrought as they might be. It was by care like this that the name of Rennie and the genius of stability have in a manner become identified.

Superior to every sentiment of envy or jealousy, Mr. Rennie was neither slow in his admiration of other men's powers, nor

averse to profit honourably by them. He gave due praise to foreign nations, and to the French in particular, for the work which they have accomplished; and to all strangers who came hither to gather instruction from the many models of art with which Britain has supplied the world, he was ever free of access, and most liberal in his communications. He experienced in return many flattering marks of gratitude and esteem from men of genius of other countries. In 1819, having communicated to some of his scientific friends in France his wish of inspecting the arsenals at Brest and Cherbourg, the French Minister of Marine was no sooner apprised of his wishes than he sent instructions to the superior officers of both these ports, to afford him, for that purpose, every aid and facility in their power. M. Dupin has with equal liberality and good sense remarked, 'that whatever information Mr. Rennie may have derived from such inspection, France may be well assured, that in this interchange of knowledge and politeness she is not the least gainer.'

ROBERT STEVENSON.

We have now to tell the story of another celebrated lighthouse. The Inchcape Rock lies on the coast about twenty-four miles to the east of the harbour of Dundee. It stands in the track of all vessels making for the estuaries of the Friths of Forth and Tay, and was, from a very remote period, the scene of numerous shipwrecks. The top of the rock being visible at low water, the abbots of Aberbrothock attached to it a framework and a bell, which, being rung by the waves, warned mariners to steer clear of the fatal reef. Every one knows the tradition regarding this bell, preserved by Southey in his ballad of 'Ralph the Rover.' A notorious pirate is said to have cut the bell from the framework 'to plague the abbot of Aberbrothock,' and some time after to have met with the just punishment of his wickedness by being shipwrecked on the spot.

Since the days of the monks and their bell, says a writer whom we have previously quoted, two attempts have been made to raise a wooden beacon on the rocks; but on each occasion, the sea has swept it indignantly away. It was at last suggested by Mr. Robert Stevenson, engineer to the Lighthouse Board, that a tower of stone should be raised on the reef; and his suggestion was at length adopted.

This was a most formidable undertaking, for the rock was covered to the depth of 12 feet by the tide, and at every spring-tide was liable to be buried by 16 feet of water. On the 17th of August 1807, Mr. Stevenson landed on the rock, and commenced his labour by

preparing it to sustain a temporary pyramid of wood, in which a barrack for the protection of the workmen was to be reared. This was a most critical part of the business; two or three hours were considered a good spell of labour; for as soon as the flood-tide began to swell up the sides of the rocks, the workmen had to gather up their tools and take refuge in the boats. So precious was time, that even at night, when the state of the tide favoured the work, the little band of devoted men might be seen labouring hard on this one point of rock, illuminated by the fitful glimmer of torches amidst the dark waste of water.

In the long list of perils and providential escapes which mark the rise of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, there was one which stands out prominently from the rest. The attendant vessel, the *Smeaton*, had been anchored at some distance; she broke her moorings and drifted hopelessly away from the rock. Just then the tide, crested by rude waves, was observed to be rising upon the engineer and his 31 men. Soon would the rock be submerged, with its cluster of helpless tenants. In dread silence the men gathered together, their eyes fixed upon the face of their chief. He was about to address them, but he found that all power of speech had left his parched mouth and throat in [illegible] moment of agony. Suddenly some one exclaimed, 'A boat! a boat!' Thank Heaven, it was a large pilot-boat which had been riding leisurely at some distance from the rock. The pilot on board had, with his practised eye, read the true position of affairs when he saw the *Smeaton* drifting away from the shore; and a joyful deliverance was the result.

All preparations at last were completed, and all discouragements surmounted. The first stone of the sea-tower was laid on the Bell Rock on the 10th of July 1808, 16 feet, let it be remembered, under the surface of the sea at high water of the spring tides; and when the second season closed, some 5 or 6 feet of building were entrusted to the forbearance of the waves. At the beginning of the next season, the storms were found to have dealt gently with these bold beginnings of man's enterprise; and when the third season closed, 30 feet of solid masonry had crept up above the waters. The fourth season's operations completed the stone-work of the tower; and on the night of the 1st of February 1811, a beautiful revolving star of alternate red and white lights shone over the sea from a tower 100 feet in height. 'This effect is produced by the revolution of a framework bearing 16 argand lamps in the *foci* of paraboloidal mirrors, whose alternate faces have shades of red glass before the reflectors. The machinery

June 1826. It was, indeed, a most formidable undertaking; and it has been well observed that to carry a railway along, under, or over such material as the Moss presented, could never have been contemplated by an ordinary mind. Michael Drayton supposed Chat Moss to have had its origin at the Deluge. Nothing more impassable could have been imagined than that dreary waste; and Mr. Giles only spoke the popular feeling of the day when he declared that no carriage could stand on it "short of the bottom." In this bog, singular to say, Mr. Roscoe, the accomplished historian of the *Medicis*, buried his fortune in the hopeless attempt to cultivate it. Nevertheless, farming operations had for some time been going on, and were extending along the verge of the Moss; but the tilled ground, underneath which the bog extended, was so soft that the horses when ploughing were provided with flat-soled shoes to prevent their hoofs sinking deep into the soil.

'For weeks the stuff was poured in, and little or no progress seemed to have been made. The directors of the railway became alarmed, and they feared that the evil prognostications of the eminent civil engineers were now about to be realized.

'Mr. Stephenson was asked for his opinion; and his invariable answer was, "We must persevere." And so he went on; but still the insatiable bog gasped for more material, which was emptied in truck-load after truck-load without any apparent effect. Then a special meeting of the Board was summoned, and it was held upon the spot, to determine whether the work should be proceeded with or *abandoned*. Mr. Stephenson himself afterwards described the transaction at a public dinner given at Birmingham on the 23d of December 1837, on the occasion of a piece of plate being presented to his son, the engineer of the London and Birmingham Railway. He related the anecdote, he said, for the purpose of impressing upon the minds of all who heard him the necessity of perseverance.

'"After working for weeks and weeks," said he, "in filling in materials to form the road, there did not yet appear to be the least sign of our being able to raise the solid embankment one single inch: in short, we went on filling in without the slightest apparent effect. Even my assistants began to feel uneasy, and to doubt of the success of the scheme. The directors, too, spoke of it as a hopeless task, and at length they became seriously alarmed; so much so, indeed, that a Board meeting was held on Chat Moss to decide whether I should proceed any further. They had previously taken the opinion of other engineers, who reported unfavourably. There was no help for it, however, but to go

on. An immense outlay had been incurred; and great loss would have been occasioned had the scheme been then abandoned and the line taken by another route. So the directors were *compelled* to allow me to go on with my plans, of the ultimate success of which I myself never for one moment doubted. Determined, therefore, to persevere as before, I ordered the work to be carried on vigorously; and to the surprise of every one connected with the undertaking, in six months from the day on which the Board had held its special meeting on the Moss, a locomotive engine and carriage passed over the very spot with a party of the directors' friends on their way to dine at Manchester."'

'This great and original work,' says a writer in the *Quarterly Review* (1857), 'has, we believe, only one counterpart. A great part of the line from Norwich to Yarmouth, of which railway Mr. Stephenson was chairman, passes over a morass formerly, no doubt, occupied by the sea, and which in many places is so soft that no animal can walk over it without sinking. The railway has been constructed across these lowlands by fir-poles laid transversely and covered with fascines, upon which the permanent way is laid with light materials. There can be no doubt, though the passengers may not know it, that this is nothing more than a floating road.'

After the Liverpool and Manchester line was made, the crop of railways soon became plentiful as blackberries. Among the first with which the name of George Stephenson was associated were the lines from Canterbury to Whitstable, and from Leicester to Swannington. The great work of the London and Birmingham, now called the London and North-Western, was constructed by his distinguished son, though, in an address which he delivered on his election as president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, he declared, with appropriate modesty, that 'all he knew and all he had accomplished was primarily due to that parent whose memory he cherished and revered.'

Having in conjunction with this worthy inheritor of his great name successfully inaugurated our most important railway systems, George Stephenson retired from the anxieties of railway life. Had he been a man of more ambitious pretensions, he would probably have remained longer in the field; but having lived to see his projects carried into effect to an extent far beyond any anticipations he could possibly have formed at the outset, he wisely resolved to enjoy the sweets of domestic repose for the remainder of his days, and withdrew himself to the enjoyment of rural pursuits. There were, however, few great works upon which he was not consulted, and he may be regarded as emphatically *the* engineer, to

whose intelligence and perseverance we owe the introduction of railways into England, and who set the first example in this country of works which others have successfully carried into execution throughout the world.

From his earliest years he had cherished an ardent love for natural history. The latter days of his life were spent on an estate in Derbyshire, adjacent to the Midland Railway, where, engaged in horticulture and farming, he lived amongst his rabbits, dogs, and birds. He died of an intermittent fever, on the 12th of August 1848, at the not very advanced age of sixty-seven, leaving behind him the highest character for simplicity, kindness of heart, and absolute freedom from all sordidness of disposition.

In summing up the character of the subject of his memoir, Mr. Smiles makes two remarks well worth bearing in mind: '1. The whole secret of Mr. Stephenson's success in life was his careful improvement of his time, out of which fortunes are carved and characters formed. 2. His mind was always full of the work in hand. He gave himself thoroughly up to it. Whatever he was engaged upon, he was as careful of the details as if each were itself the whole. He did all thoroughly and honestly.'

ROBERT STEPHENSON.

Robert Stephenson was the son of George Stephenson, whose engineering triumph we have just been considering. He was sent by his father for six months to Edinburgh University, and he turned this brief period of college education to excellent advantage. On his return from Edinburgh, one of his first employments was to assist his father in the survey of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, entering the figures, while his father took the sights. Then he was engaged on the more difficult task of scheming out the line, of which we have spoken, between Liverpool and Manchester over Chat Moss.

In 1824 he went to South America to superintend some mining operations in Columbia; but finding life there dull and unsatisfactory, and his father writing that his help was urgently required at home, he returned to England after an absence of three years, and assumed the management of a locomotive factory which had been set up at Newcastle. There he constructed the *Rocket*, that celebrated engine which won the prize of £500 at the competition at Rainhill in 1829, and established the efficiency of the locomotive for working the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and indeed all future railways.

His next great undertaking was the formation of the railway between London and Birmingham, a work of prodigious difficulty and anxiety. In examining the country to ascertain the best line, he walked the whole

distance between London and Birmingham upwards of twenty times. Long tunnels and miles of deep excavation had to be driven through unknown strata. The business of railway making was new, and those who contracted for its execution seldom came to any good. Speaking of the difficulties encountered during the construction of this line, Robert Stephenson observed: 'After the works were let, wages rose, the prices of materials of all kinds rose, and the contractors, many of them men of comparatively small capital, were thrown on their beam-ends. Their calculations as to expenses and profits were completely upset. Let me just go over the list. There was Jackson, who took the Primrose Hill contract—he failed. Then there was the next length—Nowells; then Copeland and Harding; north of them Townsend, who had the Iring cutting; next Stoke Hammond; then Lyers; then Hughes: I think all of these broke down, or at least were helped through by the directors. Then there was that terrible contract of the Kilsby tunnel, which broke the Nowells, and killed one of them. The contractors to the north of Kilsby were more fortunate, though some of them pulled through with the greatest difficulty. Of the eighteen contracts in which the line was originally let, only seven were completed by the original contractors. Eleven firms were ruined by their contracts, which were re-let to others at advanced prices, or were carried on and finished by the company.'

The skill with which Robert Stephenson overcame obstacles between London and Birmingham, established his reputation beyond cavil, and projectors thought themselves fortunate who could secure his name, and he had only to propose his own terms to obtain them. In one session of Parliament he appeared as engineer for no fewer than thirty-three new schemes. His work was enormous, and his income larger than ever fell to any of his profession.

His business did not, however, fall into easy routine: he was continually called to exercise his genius by surmounting difficulties hitherto unattempted by engineers. He designed the Royal Border Bridge which crosses the Tweed at Berwick, and the High-Level Bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle, both of which are marvellous and beautiful works; but as engineer to the Chester and Holyhead Railway he won his chief triumph, in carrying the line through tubular bridges over the Straits of Menai and the estuary of the Conway.

These Welsh works cost him intense thought and anxiety. When he had got the first tube floated at Conway, and saw all safe, he said, 'Now I shall go to bed!' The Britannia Bridge over the Straits gave him still more trouble. 'It was,' he said,

'a most anxious and harassing time with me. Often at night I would lie tossing about, seeking sleep in vain. The tubes filled my head. I went to bed with them, and got up with them. In the grey of the morning, when I looked across the square,[1] it seemed an immense distance across to the houses on the opposite side. It was nearly the same length as the space of my tubular bridge!' When the first tube had been floated, a friend remarked to him: 'This great work has made you ten years older.' 'I have not slept sound,' he replied, 'for three weeks.'

The tubular bridge he repeated on a grander scale in the Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal; and in two bridges across the Nile, he varied his plan by running the line *upon* the tubes instead of within them.

'The traveller by railway,' says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, 'sees comparatively little of the formidable character of the works along which he is carried. His object is merely to pass over a given space in the shortest time and with the greatest comfort. He scarcely bestows a thought upon the amount of hard work that has been done, the anxieties that have been borne, the skill and contrivance that have been exercised, and the difficulties that have been overcome, in providing for him a smooth way through the country, across valleys, under hills, upon bogs, over rivers, or even arms of the sea. Yet for boldness of design, science of construction, and successful completion, the gigantic engineering works executed in connection with our railways greatly surpass, in point of magnitude as well as utility, those of any former age.'

It is a remarkable proof—to add a few words here on the subject of engineering generally—of the practical ability of the English people, that the greatest engineering works of the last century have been designed and executed for the most part by self-educated men. Down to quite a recent date, there was no college or school for engineers in this country, and some of the most eminent practitioners had not even the benefit of ordinary day-school instruction. Brindley was first a day-labourer; John Rennie, a farmer's son, apprenticed to a millwright; George Stephenson, a brakesman and engineman. Probably no training would have made them greater than they were. Endowed with abundant genius and perseverance, their best education was habitual encounter with difficulties.

It is also worthy of note, that although the English have latterly eclipsed all other nations in engineering, it was the last of the practical sciences, as we pointed out in the beginning of

[1] No. 34 Grosvenor Square, Hyde Park, London, where he lived.

[redacted]



ROBERT STEPHENSON.

Great Triumphs, p. 519.

this chapter, to which they applied themselves.

The first English engineer, properly so called, was James Brindley, the great canal-maker. He was followed by a number of able engineers in rapid succession. From a cattle and corn farm, England had become, by the end of last century, also a magazine of trade and commerce. Then the engine invented by James Watt, and first brought into operation about the year 1773, shortly rendered this country a great workshop of steam-power. From a land of bridle-tracks it had advanced to one of wheel-roads and navigable canals. Time had become more precious; and to economize time, new high roads and bridges, superior to all that had preceded them, were constructed by Telford, whose suspension-bridge over the Menai Straits was regarded as a world's wonder. Shipping crowded the English ports, and docks now became necessary. The London Docks by Rennie, completed in 1805, were the first great work of this kind, and were succeeded by others constructed by Telford, Walker, and Palmer. Several noble bridges were thrown across the Thames to facilitate the communication between the two sides of the river. The Waterloo Bridge, the Southwark Bridge, and the New London Bridge, were built within a period of twenty years, at an expenditure of about four millions sterling.

Engineering had now acquired importance as a profession; and as the number of those who followed it increased, and the demand for their services extended, they gradually formed themselves into an association. Mr. Palmer brought together a few young men, who were the nucleus of the Institution of Civil Engineers. This society struggled on for several years, and when Mr. Telford accepted the office of president in 1818, it entered upon a career of distinguished usefulness and prosperity. It was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1828.

English engineering had now arrived at the commencement of its grandest era. Trade, commerce, and manufactures had rapidly expanded in all directions, and the public requirements had outgrown the accommodation provided by turnpike roads and canals. Raw cotton lay upon the canal wharves at Liverpool, and manufactured cotton upon those at Manchester, for weeks together, while operatives and mills were standing idle for want of the material to work up. The contrivance of the railway solved the difficulty.

The chief object of the railway engineer was to reduce his roads as nearly as possible to a *level*. The Romans, formerly the great road-makers of the world, disregarded levels; in undulating countries their highways stretched from hill-top to hill-top, and on those hills their

watch-towers were placed. Their principal object was necessarily to keep to a straight line, for they do not seem to have discovered the moveable joint by which the two first wheels of a four-wheeled vehicle are enabled to turn a corner. When Telford and Macadam took up the work, they cut down the roads and metalled them; and they had almost reached perfection when they were superseded by the new invention of the iron highway.

In the construction of canals, when a continuous level could not be secured, the lock was adopted, and thus a series of levels, with sudden drops, was obtained. In a railway no such contrivance was applicable. High grounds had to be cut down, and embankments formed across the lower lands. When a ridge of country intervened, in which an open cutting throughout was impracticable, the expedient of a tunnel was adopted. When a deep valley lay in the way, and an earth embankment was found not to be feasible, then a viaduct was adopted; and even when an arm of the sea, such as the Menai Straits, had to be overleaped, the work was accomplished by means of iron tubes suspended in mid-air.

Of 8635 miles of railway constructed in Great Britain by 1858, about 70 miles passed through tunnels, and more than 50 miles over viaducts; whilst of railway bridges, there had been built some 30,000, or far more than all the bridges previously existing in England.

'It is difficult,' says a writer in 1858, 'to form an adequate idea of the immense quantity of earth, rock, and clay, that has been picked, blasted, shovelled, and wheeled into embankments by English navvies during the last thirty years. On the South-Western Railway alone, the earth removed amounted to 16,000,000 cubic yards,—a mass of material sufficient to form a pyramid 1000 feet high, with a base of 150,000 square yards.' Mr. Robert Stephenson has estimated the total amount on all the railways of England as at least 550,000,000 of cubic yards. And what does this represent? 'We are accustomed,' he says, 'to regard St. Paul's as a test for height and space; but by the side of the pyramid of earth these works would rear, St. Paul's would be but a pigmy to a giant. Imagine a mountain half a mile in diameter at its base, and soaring into the clouds one mile and a half in height,—that would be the size of the mountain of earth which these earthworks would form; while St. James' Park, from the Horse Guards to Buckingham Palace, would scarcely afford space for its base.'

ALAN STEVENSON.

Twelve miles W.S.W. of the seaward point of the island of Tyree, which lies off the Argyleshire coast, there is a group of nearly submerged rocks, which

for many long centuries have been a terror to seamen, under the name of Skerryvore. When a storm has swept the west coast of Scotland, an expedition to Skerryvore used always to be made by the islanders of Tyree, in search of the sad spoils which they were sure to find upon or around it; and richly was their little fleet laden, as a rule, on their homeward voyage.

The readers of Sir Walter Scott's life are acquainted with the striking description of his visit to these wild rocks, in company with the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses in the year 1814. The difficulty of landing on a surface, which is polished as smooth as glass by the perpetual friction of the waves of the Atlantic is excessive. Of all the rocks, scattered over an area of nearly 8 miles in extent, only *one* affords sufficient standing ground for the base of a lighthouse, and even this is so restricted that there is no room to spare. The rock is compact gneiss, smooth, hard, and impracticable.

Upon the one suitable rock it was at last resolved to erect a lighthouse, and the work of planing and raising it was entrusted to Mr. Alan Stevenson, the distinguished son of the engineer who had so successfully erected that on the Bell Rock.

Those who have perused the *Diary* of Mr. R. Stevenson's voyages to and fro, and long residences in anchored vessels at the Bell Rock, will anticipate that much of the difficulty with which the father had to contend was obviated in the case of the son by the application of steam-power to navigation. The first year's operations at Skerryvore were not, however, assisted by this new auxiliary. A steamer was advertised for, but the river and harbour craft offered for sale were quite unfit to encounter the seas of Tyree, and it was found necessary to build a vessel for such rough service, of 150 tons, with two engines of 30 horse-power each. Mr. Stevenson found, as he conceived, compensation for the delay, in the accurate knowledge of the reef and surrounding waters which constant trips in the *Pharos* vessel of 36 tons procured for him.

The grand undertaking was begun in the summer of 1838. A wooden barrack was set up for the shelter of the workmen. It would have proved a treacherous abode, for on a wild night in November, a storm arose which left upon the rock not a single trace of the whole season's work but a few twisted and broken stanchions, and part of a beam lashed into ribbons by the waves. Fortunately, the gallant chief and his brave band had not yet taken up their precarious abode in the barrack, and were living on board a vessel which rode at moorings a short distance from the rock.

A successful attempt was afterwards made to provide a shelter

for the men more stable than that of the vessel. This last edifice of wood was so well contrived, that it survived the shock of wind and waves for years. There, nestled aloft in this strange abode, which was lifted on a framework of spars 40 feet above the wave-beaten rock, the intrepid engineer and his thirty men lived season after season, availing themselves of every opportunity for pursuing their important work, but often forced to idleness by stress of weather. Sometimes, for weeks together, there was an anxious outlook over the angry sea, for the arrival of supplies from the distant shore. 'For miles around,' writes Mr. Stevenson, 'nothing could be seen but white foaming breakers, and nothing heard but howling winds and lashing waves. At such seasons, much of our time was spent in bed; for there alone we had effectual shelter from the winds and the spray which searched every cranny in the walls of our barrack. Our slumbers, too, were at times fearfully interrupted by the sudden pouring of the sea over the roof, the rocking of the house on its pillars, and the spurting of water through the seams of the doors and windows.'

In addition to the magnificent phenomena of inorganic nature, an object of interest was afforded by the gambols of the seal, which is said by report of the neighbouring islanders to attain a remarkable size in the neighbourhood of the reef. The seals enjoyed the surf which menaced Mr. Stevenson with destruction, and revelled in the luxuries of a capital fishing station. 'Among the many wonders of the great deep,' says the engineer, 'which we witnessed at the Skerryvore, not the least is the agility and power displayed by the unshapely seal. I have often seen half a dozen of these animals around the rock, playing on the surface or riding on the crests of the curling waves, come so close as to permit us to see their eyes and their head, and lead us to expect that they would be thrown high and dry at the foot of the tower; when suddenly they performed a somersault within a few feet of the rock, and diving into the flaky and wreathing foam, disappeared, and as suddenly reappeared a hundred yards off, uttering a strange low cry, as we supposed of satisfaction at having caught a fish. At such times the surf often drove among the crevices of the rock a bleeding cod, from whose back a seal had taken a single moderate bite, leaving the rest to some less fastidious fisher.'

In the meantime, the magnificent tower was rising to its full height—its strength tested by storms as it grew upward to an elevation of 138 feet 6 inches. The last stage in its growth was attained in its fifth season.

At its base, the Skerryvore Lighthouse is 42 feet in diameter, and at its summit 16 feet. It contains a mass of

stonework of about 55,580 cubic feet, more than double that of the Bell Rock, and scarcely short of five times more than that of the Eddystone. Its light, which is a revolving one, reaches its brightest state once every minute, and may be recognised at a distance of 18 miles around, and its mode of lighting belongs to the first order of dioptric lights, in the beautiful system of Fresnel. The cost of this magnificent work, including all the needful expenses, such as the attendant steam-vessel, the harbour at Hynish, etc., was about £87,000. Its great height was a necessary element, in consequence of the widely scattered distances of many of the outlying rocks. We may mention that its form is hyperbolic, the first 26 feet being solid.

Mr. Alan Stevenson thankfully records that, during the six successive seasons of his anxious labour, in the midst of privations and in the face of storms, with the daily perils of landing on a surf-beaten rock which was polished smooth as glass, with the perpetual risk to which they were exposed from the blasting of the splintery gneiss in the heart of their little islet, from which they had neither escape nor shelter, not a single accident occurred to either life or limb.

But the exhaustion resulting from perpetual toil and protracted anxiety was so great, that sleep used to seize irresistibly upon each member of the group as soon as he sat down; nay, the wearied hand was often arrested on its way with a morsel to the mouth, and the pen in the engineer's hand was frequently transfixed in the middle of a word.

It may be interesting, as an appendix to our notices of light-houses—we have now mentioned three—to add a few words regarding those constructed by other nations and in other times. The information which we possess is, however, but meagre. We can hardly doubt that some must have existed of which no record has been preserved. The torch in Hero's tower, and the telegraphic fire-signals so magnificently described in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus could hardly have failed in times anterior to the Pharos of Ptolemy to have suggested the use of continuous lights for the guidance of the mariner.

In later periods, when the coasts of France and Britain were more frequented by the predatory Northman than by the peaceful merchant, and when the harvest of shipwreck was considered more profitable than the gains of commercial intercourse, it probably often appeared to the inhabitants of the seaboard more their interest to increase than to diminish its dangers. It is related of one of the Breton Counts, St. Leon, that, when a jewel was offered to him for purchase, he led the dealer to a window of his castle, and show-

ing him a rock in the tideway, assured him that black stone was more valuable than all the jewels in his casket.

The only modern work of consequence anterior to the Eddystone is the Tour de Cordouan, situated in the mouth of the Garonne some two leagues from Bordeaux, which, in respect of altitude and architectural grandeur and embellishments, remains the noblest edifice of the kind in the world. Whether that embellishment be as well suited to the subject-matter as the severer grandeur of the curvilinear towers of Smeaton and the Stevensons, may be questioned. Commenced by Louis de Foix, A.D. 1584, in the reign of Henry II., and finished in 1610 under Henry IV., it exhibits that national taste for magnificence which attained its meridian under Louis XIV. The tower does not receive the shock of the waves, being protected at the base by a wall of circumvallation, which contains also casemated apartments for the attendants. Hence a construction in successive stages, and angular in the interior, consequently less adapted for solidity, but more susceptible of decoration than the conical, has for two centuries stood uninjured. In this, as in our own lighthouses, the inventions of science have been gradually substituted for the rude original chauffoir, or brazier of coal or wood, such as within memory was in use in the Isle of May. In the latter case, it is supposed to have led to the destruction of two frigates, which mistook for it some kilns on the coast, and ran ashore on the same night near Dunbar. The Tour de Cordouan has, in our times, been made illustrious by the first application of the dioptric contrivances of Fresnel, which Alan Stevenson has borrowed, not without ample acknowledgment, nor without some improvements, for the service of his own country.

SIR MARK ISAMBARD BRUNEL.

Brunel is most popularly known by his great work of engineering construction—the Thames Tunnel—consisting of a brick-arched double roadway under the river between Wapping and Rotherhithe.

In 1799, an attempt was made to construct an archway under the Thames from Gravesend to Tilbury by Ralph Dodd, engineer; and in 1804, the 'Thames Archway Company' commenced a similar work from Rotherhithe to Limehouse, under the direction of Vasey and Trevethick, two Cornish miners. The horizontal excavation, in the latter case, had reached 1040 feet, when the ground broke in under the pressure of high tides, and the work was abandoned; fifty-four engineers declaring it impracticable to make a tunnel under the Thames of any useful size for commercial progression.

In 1814, when the allied sovereigns visited London, Bru-

nel submitted to the Emperor of Russia a plan for a tunnel under the Neva, by which the terrors of the ice of that river in the spring would have been obviated. The scheme which he was not permitted to carry out in Russia, he was destined to execute in London.

In 1823, Mr. Brunel appeared before the public with a proposal which, it was stated, had received the sanction of the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Wollaston. The mere idea of a tunnel below rivers is of course a matter of little moment, whoever the originator—the doing it is everything. The novelty of Mr. Brunel's proposed mode of operation, therefore, was rightly judged of great importance. That gentleman has himself explained the origin of his idea. The author of the article *Tunnel*, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, states that he was informed by Mr. Brunel that the idea upon which his new plan of tunnelling is founded was suggested to him by the operations of the toredo, a testaceous worm, covered with a cylindrical shell, which eats its way through the hardest wood, and has on this account been called by Linnæus, *Calamitas navium*. The same happy observation of the wisdom of nature led our celebrated countryman, Mr. Watt, to deduce the construction of the flexible water-main from the mechanism of the lobster's tail.

The wonderful toredo shield invented by Mr. Brunel consisted of twelve separate divisions, each containing three cells, one above the other. When an advance was required, the men in their cells pulled down the top poling-board defences, and cut away the earth about six inches; the poling-boards in each division below were then *seriatim* opened, and the same amount of earth removed, the poling-boards being in each case immediately replaced. 'Each of the divisions,' says a writer who has examined the shield, 'was then advanced by the application of two screws, one at its head and one at its foot, which, resting against the finished brickwork of the tunnel, impelled the shield forward into the new-cut space.'

Great as was the confidence of Mr. Brunel in his shield, and the resources which he must have felt he had within himself ready for every difficulty, it is impossible that he could ever have anticipated the all but overwhelming amount of obstacles that he actually experienced, principally from the character of the soil, and the extraordinary influence which the tides exercised even at the tunnel's depth. The first 9 feet of the tunnel (commenced with the new year 1826) were passed through firm clay. The clay was succeeded by a loose watery sand, where every movement was attended with imminent hazard. Thirty-two anxious days passed in this part. On

the 14th of March, substantial ground was again reached, and matters went on prosperously till September following, at which time 260 feet had been completed.

On the 14th of that month, the engineer startled the directors with the information that he expected the bottom of the river, just beyond the shield, would break down with the coming tide. It appears he had discovered a cavity above the top of the shield. Exactly at high tide, the miners heard the uproar of the falling soil upon the head of their good shield, and saw bursts of water follow; but so complete were the precautions taken, that no injury ensued, and the cavity was soon filled by the river itself. Another month, and a similar occurrence took place.

By the 2d of January 1827, 350 feet were accomplished, when the tide, during the removal of one of the poling-boards, forced through the shield a quantity of loose clay; but still no irruption of the river itself followed — the fear of which, from the commencement to the termination of the work, was continually on every one's mind.

At last, on the 18th of May 1827, the river did break in. The disaster was chiefly caused by two vessels coming in at a late tide, and mooring just above the head of the tunnel, causing a great washing away of the soil around them. Mr. Beamish, the resident engineer, thus graphically describes the irruption :—

'As the water,' he writes, 'rose with the tide, it increased in the frames very considerably between Nos. 5 and 6, forcing its way at the front, then at the back; Ball and Compton (the occupants) were most active. About a quarter before six o'clock, No. 11 (division) went forward. Clay appeared at the back. Had it closed up immediately. While this was going forward, my attention was again called to No. 6, where I found the gravel forcing itself in with the water. It was with the utmost difficulty that Ball could keep anything against the opening. Fearing that the pumpers would now become alarmed, as they had been once or twice before, and leave their post, I went upon the east stage to encourage them, and to choose more shoring for Ball. Godwin, who was engaged at No. 11, where the indications of a run appeared, called to Rogers, who was in the act of working down No. 9, to come to his assistance. But Rogers, having his second poling-board down, could not. Godwin again called. I then said to Rogers, "Don't you hear?" upon which he left his poling for the purpose of assisting Godwin; but before he could get to him, and before I could get fairly into the frames, there poured such an overwhelming volume of water and sludge as to force them out of the frames. William Carps, a bricklayer, who had

gone to Godwin's assistance, was knocked down and literally rolled out of the frames on the stage, as though he had come through a mill-sluice, and would undoubtedly have fallen off the stage had I not caught hold of him, and, with Rogers' assistance, helped him down the ladder.

'I again made an attempt to get into the frames, calling upon the miners to follow; but all was dark (the lights at the frames and stage being all blown out), and I was only answered by the hoarse and angry sounds of Father Thames' roaring.

'Rogers (an old sergeant of the Guards), the only man left upon the stage, now caught my arm, and gently drawing me from the frames, said, "Come away; pray, sir, come away; 'tis no use, the water is rising fast." I turned once more; but hearing an increasing rush at No. 6, and finding the column of water at Nos. 11 and 12 to be augmenting, I reluctantly descended. The cement-casks, compo-boxes, pieces of timber, were floating around me. I turned into the west arch, where the enemy had not yet advanced so rapidly, and again looked towards the frames, lest some one might have been overtaken; but the cement casks, etc., striking my legs, threatened seriously to obstruct my retreat, and it was with some difficulty I reached the visitors' bar' (a bar so placed as to keep the visitors from the unfinished works), 'where Mayo, Bertram, and others were anxiously waiting to receive me. . . . I was glad of their assistance; indeed, Mayo fairly dragged me over it. Not bearing the idea of so precipitate a retreat, I turned once more; but vain was the hope! The wave rolled onward and onward; the men retreated, and I followed. Met Gravatt coming down. Short was the question, and brief was the answer. As we approached, I met I. [Isambard] Brunel. We turned round; the effect was splendid beyond description. The water as it rose became more and more vivid, from the reflected lights of the gas. As we reached the staircase a crash was heard, and then a rush of air at once extinguished all the lights. . . . Now it was that I experienced something like dread. I looked up the shaft, and saw both stairs crowded; I looked below, and beheld the overwhelming wave appearing to move with accumulated velocity.

'Dreading the effect of the reaction of this wave from the back of the shaft upon our staircase, I exclaimed to Mr. Gravatt. "The staircase will blow up!" I. Brunel ordered the men to get up with all expedition; and our feet were scarcely off the bottom stairs when the first flight, which we had just left, was swept away. Upon our reaching the top, a bustling noise assailed our ears, some calling for a raft, others for a boat, and others again a rope; from which it was evident that

some unfortunate individual was in the water. I. Brunel instantly, with that presence of mind to which I have been more than once witness, slid down one of the iron ties, and after him Mr. Gravatt, each making a rope fast to old Tillet's waist, who, having been looking after the packing of the pumps below the shaft, was overtaken by the flood. He was soon placed out of danger. The roll was immediately called—*not one absent.*'

The diving-bell was now brought into use; the hole or chasm in the bed of the river was discovered, and 3000 bags of clay, armed with small hazel rods, were expended before it was effectually closed.

In a few weeks the water was got under, and by the middle of August the tunnel was cleared of the soil that had washed in, and the engineer was able to examine his shattered fortifications. In all essentials the structure remained perfectly sound, though a part of the brickwork close to the shield had been washed away to half its original thickness, and the chain which had held together the divisions of the shield had snapped like a cotton thread. The enemy—so powerless when kept at a distance, so irresistible at its full strength—had driven deep into the ground heavy pieces of iron belonging to the shield.

'Amid all these dangers,' says Mr. Thornbury, 'the men displayed great courage and perseverance. Brunel's genius had roused them to a noble and generous disregard of the opposing principles of nature. The alarms were frequent, the apprehension incessant. At any moment the deluge might come; and the men worked, like labourers in a dangerous coal mine, in constant terror from either fire or water. Now and then a report like a cannon-shot would announce the snap of some portion of the overstrained shield; sometimes there were frightened cries from the foremost workers, as the earth and water rushed in and threatened to sweep all before them. At the same time, during these alarming irruptions, large quantities of carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen would burst into fire, and wrap the whole place in a sudden sheet of flame. Those who witnessed these explosions describe the effect of the fire dancing on the surface of the water as singularly beautiful. The miners and bricklayers, encouraged by the stedfast hand at the helm, got quite accustomed to these outbursts, and, at the shout of "Fire and water!" used to cry, "Light your pipes, my boys," reckless as soldiers in the trenches.'

But still worse than these violent protests of Nature was a more subtle and deadly enemy. The air grew so thick and impure, especially in summer, that sometimes the most stalwart labourers were carried out



insensible, and all the workmen suffered from headache, sickness, and cutaneous eruptions. It was a great struggle, nobly borne. They shared Brunel's anxieties, and were eager for a share of his fame, for he had inspired the humblest hodman with something of his own high impulse. 'It was touching,' writes a chronicler of the tunnel, 'to hear the men speak of Brunel. As in their waking hours these men could have no thought but of the tunnel, so, no doubt, did the eternal subject constantly mingle with their dreams, and harass them with unreal dangers. One amusing instance may be mentioned. Whilst Mr. Brunel, jun., was engaged one midnight superintending the progress of the work, he and those with him were alarmed by a sudden cry of "The water! the water!—wedges and straw here!" followed by an appalling silence. Mr. Brunel hastened to the spot, where the men were found perfectly safe. They had fallen fast asleep from fatigue, and one of them had been evidently dreaming of a new irruption.'

By January 1828, the middle of the river had been reached, and no human life had yet been sacrificed. But, as if the evil principle had only retired for a fresh attack, a terrible crisis now came. 'I had been in the frames,' says Mr. Brunel, jun., in a letter addressed to the directors on the fatal Saturday, August 12, 1828, 'with the workmen throughout the whole night, having taken my station there at ten o'clock. During the workings through the night, no symptoms of insecurity appeared. At six o'clock on this morning (the usual time for shifting the men), a fresh set came on to work. We began to work the ground at the west top corner of the frame. The tide had just then begun to flow, and finding the ground tolerably quiet, we proceeded by beginning at the top, and had worked about a foot downwards, when, on exposing the next six inches, the ground swelled suddenly, and a large quantity burst through the opening thus made. This was followed instantly by a large body of water. The rush was so violent as to force the man on the spot where the burst took place out of the frame (or cell) on to the timber stage behind the frames.

'I was in the frame with the man, but upon the rush of water, I went into the next box in order to command a better view of the irruption; and seeing there was no possibility of their opposing the water, I ordered all the men in the frames to retire. All were retiring except the three men who were with me, and they retreated with me. I did not leave the stage until those three men were down the ladder of the frames, when they and I proceeded about twenty feet

along the west arch of the tunnel. At this moment, the agitation of the air by the rush of the water was such as to extinguish all the lights, and the water had gained the height of the middle of our waists.

'I was at that moment giving directions to the three men, in what manner they ought to proceed in the dark, to effect their escape, when they and I were knocked down and covered by a part of the timber stage. I struggled under water for some time, and at length extricated myself from the stage; and by swimming and being forced by the water, I gained the eastern arch, where I got a better footing, and was enabled, by laying hold of the railway rope, to pause a little in the hope of encouraging the men who had been knocked down at the same time with myself. This I endeavoured to do by calling to them. Before I had reached the shaft, the water had risen so rapidly that I was out of my depth, and therefore swam to the visitors' stairs, the stairs of the workmen being occupied by those who had so far escaped. My knee was so injured by the timber stage that I could scarcely swim or get up the stairs, but the *rush of the water carried me up the shaft.* The three men who had been knocked down with me were unable to extricate themselves, and I grieve to say they are lost, and I believe also two old men and one young man in other parts of the work.'

Here was a crisis indeed. The funds of the company were exhausted, and everything seemed against the successful continuation of the enterprise. The hole in the river-bed was reported by the divers to be very formidable. It was oblong and perpendicular, and measured about seven feet in length. Brunel, whose tenacity of purpose was immoveable, was almost in frenzy at this accident. So far, his plan had entirely failed. The hole was patched up in the bed of the river, forty thousand tons of earth—chiefly clay, in bags—being employed for the purpose, and the tunnel remained as substantial as ever. But for seven long years all further work upon it was suspended.

The engineer's star, however, though clouded, had not set. In January 1835, the Government, after many applications, agreed to make some advances for the continuation of the work, and it was once more resumed with energy. The progress at first was not much to speak of, even though the workmen worked energetically during the first eighteen weeks. It was only two feet four inches per week.

'This will excite little surprise when we know,' says a clever writer on the subject, 'that the ground in front of the shield was, from excessive saturation, almost constantly in little better



than a fluid state; that an entirely new and artificial bed had to be formed in the river in advance, and brought down by ingenious contrivances till it was deep enough to occupy the place of the natural soil where the excavation was to be made, and that then there must be time allowed for its settlement, whenever the warning rush of sand and water was heard in the shield. Lastly, owing to the excavation being so much below that of any other works around the tunnel, it formed a drain and receptacle for all the water of the neighbourhood. This was ultimately remedied by the sinking of the shaft on the Wapping side. Yet it was under such circumstances that the old shield injured by the last irruption was taken away and replaced by a new one. This was executed by Brunel without the loss of a single life. But now fresh difficulties arose: the expenditure had been so great that the Lords of the Treasury declined to make further advances without the sanction of Parliament. The examination of Mr. Brunel and the assistant engineers before a Parliamentary Committee led, however, to favourable results, and the work was again renewed.'

In August 1837, a third irruption and several narrow escapes occurred. 'The water,' says Mr. Thornbury, 'had gradually increased at the east corner since 2 P.M. on the 23d, rushing into the shield with a hollow sound, as though it fell through a cavity in the river-bed. A boat was then sent into the tunnel to convey material to block up the frames. Notwithstanding, the water gained upon the men, and rapidly rose in the tunnel. About 4 P.M., the water having risen to within 7 feet of the crown of the arch, it was thought wise for the men to retire, which they did with great courage, along a platform constructed by Mr. Brunel in the east arch only a few weeks before. As the water still continued rising, after the men left, Mr. Page, the acting engineer, and four others, got into the boat, in order to reach the stages and see if any change had taken place; but after passing the 600 feet mark in the tunnel, the line attached to the boat ran out, and they returned to lengthen it. This accident saved their lives, for while they were preparing the rope the water surged up the arch ten or twelve feet. They instantly made their way to the shaft, and Mr. Page, fearing the men might get jammed in the staircase, called to them to go steadily; but they, misunderstanding him, returned, and could hardly be prevailed upon to go up. Had the line been long enough, all the persons in the boat must have perished, for no less than a million gallons of water now burst into the tunnel in a single minute. The lower gas-lights were now

under water, and the tunnel was almost in darkness. The water had now risen to within fifty feet of the entrance of the tunnel, and was advancing in a wave. As Mr. Page and his assistants arrived at the second landing of the visitors' stairs, the waves had risen up to the knees of the last man.

'The next irruption was in November of the same year, when the river burst in about four in the morning, and soon filled the tunnel. Excellent arrangements, however, had been made for the safety of the men, and all those employed at the time—there were seventy or more of them—escaped, excepting one — he alone did not answer when the roll was called. The fifth and last serious irruption took place on the 6th of March 1838. A noise like thunder preceded it, but it was attended by no loss of life.'

The last feeble struggle of the river against its persistent enemy was in April 1840. About 8 A.M., it being then low water, during a movement of the poling-boards in the shield, a quantity of gravel and water rushed into the frame. The ground rushed in immediately, and knocked the men out of their cells, and they fled in a panic; but finding the water did not follow, they returned, and by great exertions succeeded in stopping the run, when upwards of 6000 cubic feet of ground had fallen into the tunnel. The fall was attended with a noise like thunder, and the extinguishing of all the lights. At the same time, to the horror of Wapping, part of the shore in that place sank, over an area of upwards of 700 feet, leaving a cavity on the shore of about 30 feet in diameter, and 13 feet in depth. Had this taken place at high water, the tunnel would have been filled; as it was, men were sent over with bags of clay and gravel, and everything rendered secure by the return of the tide.

Sometimes sand, nearly fluid, would ooze through minute cracks between the small poling-boards of the shield, and leave large cavities in the ground in front. On one of these occasions, the sand poured in all night and filled the bottom of the shield. In the morning, on opening one of the faces, a hollow was discovered, 18 feet long, 6 feet high, and 6 feet deep. This cavity was filled up with brickbats and lumps of clay. One of the miners was compelled to lay himself down in this cavity, for the purpose of building up the further end, though at the risk of being buried alive.

At last, on the 13th of August 1841, Sir Isambard Brunel passed down a shaft which had been opened to facilitate the work on the Wapping side of the Thames, and thence, by a small drift-way through the shield into the tunnel. The difficulties

of the great work had been at last surmounted.

To give the statistics of the undertaking, the tunnel is 1200 feet in length. The carriage-ways were originally intended to consist of an immense spiral road winding twice round a circular excavation 57 feet deep, in order to reach the proper level. The extreme diameter of this spiral road was to be no less than 200 feet. The road itself was to have been 40 feet wide, and the descent very moderate. The tunnel is now turned into a part of the East London Railway.

Sub-river tunnels, it may be added, are not unfrequent in the coal-mining districts of the north of England. The beds of both the Tyne and the Wear are pierced in this manner; while at Whitehaven, and at the Botallack mines in Cornwall, the bed of the ocean has been penetrated for long distances, the tunnel at the former place extending upwards of a mile beneath the sea. At the close of the last century, a North-country engineer proposed a sub-aqueous passage to connect North and South Shields, but the scheme was never carried out. The same gentleman then proposed the tunnel from Gravesend to Tilbury, mentioned by us a few pages back; but it was soon abandoned as impracticable, as was also two Cornish miners' proposal to connect Rotherhithe with Limehouse.

BARLOW.

It has long been a question with English engineers, says the author of *Old and New London*, whether, as the wealth and population of the City increase, London must not some day or other be double-decked. The metropolis is going plethoric, to use a medical metaphor—it makes so much blood; and if something is not done, a stoppage must ensue. A person disposed to fat sometimes grows larger the more depletive his diet; so increased railways (like the Metropolitan) seem rather to increase than lessen the general traffic. When that undertaking was opened in 1863, it was feared that the ''buses' from Paddington and Oxford Street would be driven off the line, for in the first year the railway carried 9,500,000 passengers. A little later it carried nearly 40,000,000 passengers; and since it began it has carried 150,000,000 persons to and fro. Yet, at the present moment, there are more omnibuses on this line of route from the West to the City than there were when the railway started, and they are earning one penny per mile a day more than they were before it was opened. These facts may seem almost astounding; but the surprise disappears when we remember the fact, that in dealing with London passenger traffic, we are dealing with a population greater than that of all Scotland, and more than two-thirds that of all Ireland;

a population, too, which increases in a progressive ratio of about 42,000 a year. But with all this increase of numbers, which literally means increase of difficulty in moving about, the great streets most frequented grow not an inch wider. Fleet Street and 'Old Chepe' are just as narrow as in the days of Elizabeth, when the barrier stood at Ludgate; and Thames Street, which is no wider than it was in the days of Alfred, is congested with its traffic twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

'A few years ago, Mr. Barlow, a very practical engineer, came forward to meet this crying want, and offered, at a cost of £16,000, in less than a year to bore a subway through the bed of the Thames. Brunel's scheme of the Thames tunnel, it must be remembered, had cost half a million of money, and taking twenty-one years' labour to complete.

'Mr. Barlow's tunnel, from Tower Hill to Tooley Street, was, of course, looked upon as chimerical. Mr. Barlow, with less ambition and genius, but more common sense and thriftiness than his great predecessor, took good care to remember that the crown of Brunel's arches, in some places, came within 4 feet of the river water. In the Tower subway, the average distance preserved is 30 feet, and in no place is there less than 18 feet of sound London clay between the arch and the tide-way. The cardinal principle of Mr. Barlow was to sink deep into the London clay, which is as impervious to water as stone, and in which no pumping would be required.

'The works were begun on February 16, 1869, by breaking ground for the shaft on the north side of the river; in February 1870, numerous visitors were conveyed from one shaft-head to the other. The tunnel commences, as we have said, at Tower Hill, where a hoarding encloses a small square of ground, not larger than an ordinary sitting-room, for which, however, the Government made the Company pay at the rate of about £240,000 an acre. In the centre of this is a little circular shaft, about 14 feet diameter and 60 feet deep, and at the end of this, facing south, a clean, bright, vaulted chamber, which serves as a waiting-room. At the end of this chamber is the tunnel, a tube of iron not unlike the adit of a mine, which, in its darkness and silence, heightened by the knowledge that this grim-looking road runs down deeply below the bed of the river, gives it at first sight anything but an inviting appearance. The length of the whole tunnel is about 1340 feet, or as nearly as possible about a quarter of a mile. From Tower Hill it runs in a south-west direction, and passing under Barclay's brewery, emerges under a shaft similar to that at entering, but only 50 feet deep, and out of this the passengers come within a few

yards of Tooley Street, close to the railway station. From the Tower Hill shaft to the centre of the river the tunnel makes a dip of about one in thirty. From this point it rises again at the same incline to what we may call the Tooley Street station.'

The method of constructing the tunnel, we need hardly remark, from its excessive cheapness, was simple in the extreme. It has been built in 18-inch lengths of cast-iron tubing, perfectly circular, each 18-inch circle being built up of three segments, with a key-piece at the top, which, fitting in like a wedge, holds the rest with the rigidity of a solid casting. The cast-iron shield used for excavation was less than 2½ tons weight. In front of the shield, which was slightly concave, was an aperture about 2 feet square, closed with a sliding iron water-tight door, and at the back of the shield were iron sockets, into which screw-jacks fitted, and when worked by hand, forced the shield forward. The mode of advance was this:—When the shaft on Tower Hill had been bored to a sufficient depth below the London clay, the shield was lowered and placed in its required position. The water-tight door we have spoken of as in the centre was then opened. Through this aperture sufficient clay, just of the consistency of hard cheese, was cut away by hand till a chamber was made large enough for a man, who entered and worked till there was room for two, and these soon made a circular space exactly the size of the shield, and about 2 feet deep. This done, the miners came out, and with their screw-jacks forced the shield forward into the space which they had cut, but with the long telescope-like cap of the shield still over them. Under cover of this an 18-inch ring was quickly put in and bolted together; and while this was doing, the clay was being excavated from the front of the shield as before. Thus every eight hours, night and day, Sundays and week-days, the shield went forward 18 inches, and 18 inches length of iron was added to the tube, which so advanced at the rate of 5 feet 4 inches every twenty-four hours.

The clay was so completely water-proof, that water had to be sent down to the workmen in cans to mix with the cement. No traces of fresh-water shells were found, but very large clay-stones and a great many sharks' teeth and marine shells. So perfect were Mr. Barlow's calculations, that the two opposite tunnels met within a quarter of an inch. The small interval between the iron and the clay was filled with blue lias cement, which coats the tube and protects it from oxidization. The gain to the east end of London by this successful and cleverly executed undertaking is enormous, and the intercourse between the north and south

banks of the Thames is greatly facilitated; and the conception has been seized upon by Mr. Bateman as the basis of his well-known suggestion for a submarine tube to carry a railway from England to France. The Thames tube is 7 feet in clear internal diameter, and it originally carried a railway of 2 feet 6 inches gauge. On this railway formerly ran an omnibus capable of conveying twelve passengers. The omnibus was constructed of iron; it was light, but very strong, and ran upon eight wheels, and was connected with a rope of steel wire by means of a gripe that could be at any time tightened or relaxed at pleasure, and at each end of the tunnel this wire ran over a drum worked by means of a stationary engine.

If the carriage was stopped in the centre of the tunnel, the beat of the paddles of the steamers above could be heard, and even the hammering on board ships. In time there will be subways at Gravesend, Woolwich, and Greenwich. The Tower subway is now only used for foot-passengers, at a charge of one halfpenny.

ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL.

The vastness of our sea-going steamships culminates in the *Leviathan* (now the *Great Eastern*), constructed on the wave principle and lines of Mr. Scott Russell, at Millwall, in 1857, with these dimensions: Length, 680 feet; breadth, 83 feet; depth, 58 feet; tonnage, 23,000 tons; carries of coal and cargo, 18,000 tons; nominal horse-power of paddle-wheel engines, 1000; nominal horse-power of screw-engines, 1600; draught of water (light), 18 feet; draught of water (loaded), 28 feet. The four cylinders of the engines are probably the largest steam-cylinders ever made for marine service, at least in England. Their diameter is 74 inches, and they have a stroke of 14 feet. Each cylinder is a casting in one piece, and weighs 28 tons. The condenser is a casting in one piece, weighing 36 tons. The upper frames consist of four castings of 13 tons each, all cast in the works at Millwall without a flaw. The paddle-wheel shafts are supplied with Mr. Scott Russell's self-acting gearing, by which engines engage or disengage themselves from either paddle-wheel. Each paddle-wheel is 58 feet in diameter, and in turning one round advances 60 yards. Two revolutions of the wheel per minute would cover 600 yards per minute, or 36,000 yards per hour, which is a speed of 20 miles an hour from the circumference of the wheel.

The story of the early career of the *Great Eastern* is rather a melancholy one. The large ship originally belonged to the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, which had for its chairman the late Mr. Henry Thomas



Hope, a member of the wealthy family of that name. The company was established to carry the India and China mails by the long sea-route, but in this they were overmatched by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. In 1854, the ship was commenced by Mr. I. K. Brunel, and nearly a million of money was expended before she was tried. Pecuniary difficulties ensued, and in 1858 a new company was formed with £330,000 capital. In the autumn of 1859 she went to sea. When off Hastings a destructive accident occurred, and then followed a series of casualties, but without material injury to her hull or machinery. She rode out a gale in Holyhead Harbour, and encountered a hurricane in the Atlantic, which disabled her rudder and damaged her paddles, and left her for three or four days rolling about in the trough of a heavy sea. She ran upon a rock at New York, and broke her bottom plates for a length of 80 feet, which were repaired while afloat and without going into dock; she then came home safely. More costly repairs increased her financial difficulties, and eventually the ship was sold for £25,000, scarcely one-third of its value as old materials. Her subsequent history and her connection with the laying of the Atlantic cables are too well known to require repetition.

In the lives of these great engineers, as indeed in all the lives referred to in this book, we see the advantage of untiring earnest work. 'There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness,' says Carlyle, 'in work. Were he ever so benighted or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task; and doubt, desire, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of sour smoke itself, there is made a bright and blessed flame.

'Destiny has no other way of cultivating us. A formless chaos, once set *revolving*, grows round, ranges itself into strata, and is no longer a chaos, but a compacted world. What would become of the earth did it cease to revolve? So long as it revolves, all inequalities disperse themselves, all irregularities incessantly become regular. Of an idle, unrevolving man, destiny can make nothing more than a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour, let her spend on him what colouring she may. Let the idle think of this.

'Blessed is he who has found his work—let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life-pur-

pose. Labour is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon, thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent, and see whether there be any bounteous moisture. Let thy heart be spread out in a silent appeal to Heaven, and dew to suffice thee will have fallen.

'All work of man is like that of a swimmer, whom an ocean threatens to devour. If he front it bravely, behold how loyally it supports him, and bears him as its conqueror along. The winds had something else to do, than to fill rightly or wrongly the sails of Columbus's cockle-boats. He was not among articulately speaking men, but among dumb monsters, tumbling and howling. Patiently he waited till the mad south-wester spent itself; with swift decision he struck in when the favouring east sprang up. Mutiny of men he sternly repressed. Complaints of weariness, weakness, or despondency in others and in himself, he swallowed down. There was a depth of silence in him, deeper than the sea. His strong soul embraced and harnessed the unmeasured world.

'Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Disorder is thy enemy; attack him swiftly; make him the subject of divinity and intelligence. Complain not. Look up, wearied brother, see thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity; the sacred band of immortals!'

CHAPTER XIX.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF GREAT INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS.

'All the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out nor brains;
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight.'—BUTLER.

ROGER BACON—WILLIAM LEE—MARQUIS OF WORCESTER—PRINCE RUPERT—SIR SAMUEL MORLAND—JOHN FLAMSTEAD—JOHN HARRISON—GEORGE GRAHAM—JAMES FERGUSON—MATTHEW BOULTON—JOSEPH BLACK—JOSEPH PRIESTLEY—JAMES HARGREAVES—JOSIAH WEDGWOOD—RICHARD ARKWRIGHT—JAMES WATT—HENRY CORT—SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL—SAMUEL CROMPTON—HENRY BELL—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY—SIR DAVID BREWSTER—CHARLES BABBAGE—HENRY BESSEMER.

ALMOST all useful discoveries, it has been remarked, have been made not by the brilliancy of genius, but by the right direction of the mind to one object. In all trades, in all professions, success can be expected only from undivided attention. This common-sense view of things, a little different from that in the motto given above, is what we should adopt as we travel here for a short time through the world of invention and discovery.

ROGER BACON.

Roger Bacon, a learned English monk of the Franciscan order, who flourished in the thirteenth century, was born near Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in 1214, and was descended of a very ancient and honourable family. He received the first tincture of letters at Oxford, where, having gone through grammar and logic, the dawnings of his genius gained him the favour and patronage of the greatest lovers of learning, and such as were equally distinguished by their high rank and the excellence of their knowledge. It is not very clear, says the *Biographia Britannica*, whether he was of Merton College or of Brazenose College, and perhaps he studied at neither,

but spent his time at the public schools.

He went early over to Paris, where he made still greater progress in all parts of learning, and was looked upon as the glory of that university and an honour to his country. At Paris he did not confine his studies to any particular branch of literature, but endeavoured to comprehend the sciences in general fully and perfectly by a right method and constant application.

When he had attained the degree of Doctor, he returned again to his own country, and, as some say, took the habit of the Franciscans in 1240, when he was about twenty-six years of age; but others assert that he became a monk before he left France. After his return to Oxford, he was considered by the greatest men of that university as one of the ablest and most indefatigable inquirers after knowledge that the world had ever produced; and therefore they not only showed him all due respect, but likewise, conceiving the greatest hopes from his improvements in the method of study, they generously contributed to his expenses, so that he was enabled to lay out, within the compass of twenty years, no less than £2000 in collecting curious authors, making trials of various kinds, and in the construction of different instruments for the improvement of useful knowledge.

But if this assiduous application to his studies, and the stupendous progress he made in them, raised his credit with the better part of mankind, it excited the envy of some, and afforded plausible pretences for the malicious designs of others. It is very easy to conceive that the experiments he made in all parts of natural philosophy and the mathematics must have made a great noise in an ignorant age, when scarcely two or three men in a whole nation were tolerably acquainted with those studies, and when all the pretenders to knowledge affected to cover their own ignorance by throwing the most scandalous aspersions on those branches of science which they either wanted genius to understand, or which demanded greater application to acquire than they were willing to bestow. They gave out, therefore, that mathematical studies were in some measure allied to those magical arts which the Church had condemned, and thereby brought suspicion upon men of superior learning. It was owing to this suspicion that Bacon was restrained from reading lectures to the young students in the university, and at length closely confined and almost starved, the monks being afraid lest his writings should extend beyond the limits of his convent, and be seen by any besides themselves and the Pope. But there is great reason to believe that though his application to the occult sciences was their pre-

tence, the true cause of his ill-usage was, the freedom with which he had treated the clergy in his writings, in which he spared neither their ignorance nor their want of morals.

Notwithstanding this harsh treatment, his reputation continued to spread over the whole Christian world, and even Pope Clement IV. wrote him a letter desiring that he would send him all his works. This was in 1266, when our author was in the flower of his age; and to gratify his Holiness, he collected together, greatly enlarged, and arranged in some order, the several pieces he had written before that time, and sent them the next year by his favourite disciple John of London, or rather of Paris, to the Pope. This collection, which is the same as he entitled *Opus Magnus*, or his great work, is yet extant, and was published by Dr. Jebb in 1773.

It is said that this learned book procured Roger Bacon the favour of Pope Clement IV., and also some encouragement in the prosecution of his studies; but this could not have lasted long, as that Pope died soon after, and then we find our author under fresh embarrassments from the same cause as before; but he became in more danger as the general of his order, having heard his cause, ordered him to be imprisoned. This is said to have happened in 1278; and to prevent his appealing to Pope Nicholas III., the general procured a confirmation of his sentence from Rome immediately, but it is not very easy to say on what pretences. It is certain that his sufferings for many years must have brought him low, since he was sixty-four years of age when he was first put in prison, and deprived of the opportunity of prosecuting his studies, at least in the way of experiment. That he was still indulged in the use of his books appears very clearly from the great use he made of them in the learned works he composed.

He was not released from prison till the latter end of the reign of Pope Nicholas IV., when he owed his freedom to the interposition of some noblemen. He returned to Oxford, where, at the request of his friends, he composed *A Compendium of Theology*, which seems to have been his last work, and of which there is a copy in the royal library.

He spent the remainder of his days in peace, and died in the college of his order on the 11th of June 1292, as some say, or in 1294, as others assert, and was interred in the Church of the Franciscans. The monks gave him the title of 'Doctor Mirabilis,' or the 'Wonderful Doctor,' which he deserved in whatever sense the phrase is taken.

He was certainly the most extraordinary man of his time. He was a perfect master of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and has left posterity such indubitable marks of his critical skill

in them, as might have secured him a very high character, if he had never distinguished himself in any other branch of literature. In all branches of the mathematics he was well versed. In mechanics particularly, the learned Dr. Friend says, that a greater genius had not arisen since the days of Archimedes. He comprehended likewise the whole science of optics with accuracy, and is very justly allowed to have understood both the theory and practice of those discoveries which have bestowed such high reputation on those of our own and other nations who have brought them into common use. In geography, also, he was admirably well skilled, as appears from a variety of passages in his works, which was the reason that induced the judicious Hakluyt to transcribe a large discourse out of his writings into his collection of travels.

But his skill in astronomy was even more remarkable, since it appears that he not only pointed out the error which occasioned the reformation in the calendar, and the distinction between the old style and the new, but also offered a much more effectual and perfect reformation than that which was made in the time of Pope Gregory XIII.

He was so thoroughly acquainted with chemistry, at a time when it was scarcely known in Europe, and principally cultivated among the Arabians, that Dr. Friend ascribes the honour of introducing it to him, who speaks in some part or other of his works of almost every operation now used in chemistry.

Three capital discoveries, or attempted discoveries, of his deserve to be particularly considered. The first is the invention of gunpowder, which, however confidently ascribed to others, was unquestionably known to him, both as to its ingredients and effects. The second is that which goes under the name of alchemy, or the art of transmuting metals, of which he has left many treatises, some published and some still remaining in MS., which, whatever they may be thought of now, contain a multitude of curious and useful passages independently of their principal subject. The third discovery in chemistry, not so deserving of the reader's attention, was the tincture of gold for the prolongation of life, of which, Dr. Friend says, he has given hints in his writings, and has said enough to show that he was no pretender to this art, but understood as much of it as 'any of his successors.'

As to the vulgar imputation on his character of his leaning to magic, it was utterly unfounded, and the ridiculous story of his making a brazen head, which spoke and answered questions, is a calumny indirectly fathered upon him, having been originally imputed to Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. That he had too high an opinion of judicial astrology, and some other arts of that nature, was not so

properly an error of his as of the age in which he lived; and considering how few errors, among the many which infected that age, appear in his writings, it may be easily forgiven.

WILLIAM LEE.

There is a singular confusion pervading the early history of the stocking-frame: persons, places, and dates are all jumbled up together in the accounts given of the inventor and the invention, and these accounts it is difficult to reconcile, unless we implicitly believe the evidence of a painting which long adorned the Stocking-weavers' Hall in Redcross Street, London. This portrait represented a man in collegiate costume, in the act of pointing to an iron stocking-frame, and addressing a woman who is knitting with needles by hand. The picture bore the following inscription: 'In the year 1589, the ingenious William Lee, A.M., of St. John's College, Cambridge, devised this profitable art for stockings (but, being despised, went to France), yet of iron to himself, but to us and to others of gold; in memory of whom this is here painted.'

In Deering's *Account of Nottingham* we learn that William Lee (whose name is sometimes written Lea) was a native of Woodborough, a village about seven miles from Nottingham. He was heir to a considerable freehold estate, and a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge. It is said that he fell in love with a young country girl, who during his visits paid more diligent attention to her work, which was knitting, than to the fond speeches of her lover. He endeavoured, therefore, to invent a machine which might facilitate and forward the operation of knitting, and by this means furnish the object of his affections with more leisure to converse with him. Beckmann says: 'Love indeed is fertile in inventions, and gave rise, it is said, to the art of painting; but a machine so complex in its parts, and so wonderful in its effects, would seem to require longer and greater reflection, more judgment, and more time and patience than could be expected in a lover. But even if the case should appear problematical, there can be no doubt in regard to the inventor, whom most of the English writers positively assert to have been William Lee.' Deering expressly states that Lee made the first loom in the year 1589, the date inscribed on the picture.

But this is not the only version of the story. Another one states that Lee was expelled from the university for marrying contrary to the statutes. He had no fortune, and his wife was forced to contribute to their joint support by knitting. Lee, while watching the movement of her fingers, conceived the happy idea of imitating

those movements by a machine. According to a third version, Lee, while yet unmarried, excited the contempt of his mistress by contriving a machine to imitate the primitive process of knitting, and was rejected by her. And a fourth account, slightly resembling the first tradition, exhibits Lee in a very unamiable light. It is said that he had taken a pique against a townswoman with whom he was in love, and who, it seems, disregarded his passion. She got her livelihood by knitting stockings, and with the unamiable view of depreciating her calling, he constructed the stocking-frame. He first worked at it himself, and afterwards taught his brothers and others of his relations.

All these accounts agree that the stocking-frame was invented by Lee. A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, 1816, however, cautiously observes: 'This painting might give rise to the story of Lee's having invented the machine to facilitate the labour of knitting, in consequence of falling in love with a young country girl, who, during his visits, was more attentive to her knitting than to his proposals; or the story may, perhaps, have suggested the picture.'

The story of Lee's after-life corroborates his being the inventor. He is mentioned as such in the petition of the stocking-weavers of London, to allow them to establish a guild. It is related that he practised his new invention some time at Calverton, near Nottingham. After remaining there for five years, he applied to Queen Elizabeth for countenance and support. She neglected him, and so did her successor, James I.; so Lee in disgust transferred himself and his machines to France, where Henri IV. and his gracious minister, Sully, gave the inventor a welcome reception. After the assassination of Henri, Lee shared in the persecution of the Protestants, and is said to have died in great distress. Some of his workmen made their escape to England, and under one Aston, who had been apprenticed to Lee, established the stocking manufacture permanently in England.

Lee's invention was important. It not only enabled our ancestors to discard their former inelegant hose, but it likewise caused the English manufactures to excel all of foreign production, and to be therefore eagerly sought after. Our makers soon exported vast quantities of silk stockings to Italy, and these so long maintained their superiority, that Keyslar, in his *Travels through Europe*, as late as the year 1730, remarks: 'At Naples, when a tradesman would highly recommend his silk stockings, he protests they are right English.'

MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

When this distinguished nobleman first published his *Century of*



Inventions, he was regarded by the public as at best a visionary projector, if not an absolute relator of falsehoods.

The Marquis, who had sacrificed his fortune in scientific pursuits, wished to obtain the encouragement of the King or of the Parliament, and offered to carry his grand projects into effect *gratis*. In a dedication to the King, speaking of the list of his inventions, he says, 'If it might serve to give aim to your Majesty how to make use of my poor endeavours, it would crown my thoughts, who am neither covetous nor ambitious, but of deserving your Majesty's favour, upon my own cost and charges; yet according to the old English proverb, "It is a poor dog not worth whistling after." Let but your Majesty approve, and I will effectually perform to the height of my undertaking; vouchsafe but to command, and with my life and fortune I shall cheerfully obey, and *maugre* envy, ignorance, and malice, ever appear your Majesty's passionately devoted, or otherwse disinterested, subject and servant,

'WORCESTER.'

In a second dedication to the members of the two Houses of Parliament, he states that he had already spent more than £10,000 in maturing his discoveries for the public good. He speaks of them with that modest confidence so inseparable from transcendent talents:

'The treasures buried under these heads,' he says, 'both for war, peace, and pleasure, being inexhaustible, I beseech you pardon me if I say so; it seems a vanity, but comprehends a truth; since no good spring but becomes the more plentiful, by how much more it is drawn; and the spinner to weave his web is never stinted, but enforced.

'The more, then, that you shall be pleased to make use of my inventions, the more inventive shall you ever find me, one invention begetting still another, I more and more improving my ability to serve my King and you; and as to my heartiness therein, there needs no addition, nor to my readiness a spur. And therefore, my lords and gentlemen, be pleased to begin, and desist not from commanding me, till I flag in my obedience and endeavours to serve my King and country.

"For certainly you'll find me breathless first t' expire,
Before my hands grow weary, or my legs do tire."'

It may be observed, that however much his work was slighted in his own day, it is pretty clear that the Marquis suggested the first idea of the *steam engine;* and that in like manner he evidently hints at the *telegraph*, the *torpedo*, and at the *velocipede*. And it is not improbable that in his 15th 'Scantling,' 'A boat driving against wind and tide,' he had an eye to steam navigation.

In his *Century of Inventions*, the manuscript of which, by the

way, dates from 1655, he describes a steam apparatus by which he raised a column of water to the height of 40 feet. This, under the name of 'Fire-waterwork,' appears actually to have been at work at Vauxhall in 1656.

PRINCE RUPERT.

Prince Rupert, third son of the King of Bohemia, by the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James I. of England, was born in 1619, and educated, like most German princes, for the army; and those who have been least inclined to favour him admit that he was well adapted, both by natural abilities and acquired endowments, to form a great commander. On the commencement of the rebellion, which happened when he was scarcely of age, he offered his services to King Charles, and throughout the whole war behaved with great intrepidity.

On the Restoration he was invited to return to England, and had several offices conferred upon him. After the display of considerable ability in the Dutch wars of the reign of Charles II., he withdrew into retirement, mostly at Windsor Castle, of which he was governor, and spent a great part of his time in the prosecution of chemical and philosophical experiments, as well as the practice of mechanical arts. He delighted in making locks for fire-arms, and was the inventor of a composition called from him Prince's metal.

He communicated to the Royal Society his improvements upon gunpowder, by refining the several ingredients, and making it more carefully, which augmented its force, in comparison of ordinary powder, in the proportion of ten to one. He also acquainted them with an engine he had contrived for raising water, and sent them an instrument for casting any platform into perspective, and for which they deputed a select committee of their members to return him their thanks.

He was the inventor of a gun for discharging several bullets with the utmost speed, facility, and safety; and the Royal Society received from His Highness the intimation of a certain method of blowing up rocks in mines and other subterraneous places. Dr. Hooke has preserved another invention of his for making hail shot of all sizes. He devised a particular kind of screw, by means of which observations taken by a quadrant at sea were secured from receiving any alteration by the unsteadiness of the observer's hand or through the motion of the ship. It is said that he had also, among other secrets, that of melting or running black lead like a metal into a mould, and reducing it again into its original form.

But there is one invention of which he has the credit, which requires more particular notice.

Besides being mentioned by foreign authors with applause for his skill in painting, he was considered as the inventor of mezzotinto, owing, as it is said, to the following casual occurrence. Going out early one morning during his retirement at Brussels, he observed the sentinel at some distance from his post very busy doing something to his piece.

The Prince asked the soldier what he was about?

He replied that the dew had fallen in the night and made his fusil rusty, and that he was scraping and cleaning it.

The Prince, looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes closed together like friezed work on gold or silver, part of which the fellow had scraped away. The Prince immediately conceived that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine pressed holes, which would undoubtedly give an impression all black; and that by scraping away proper parts, the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his idea to Walleraut Vaillant, a reputable painter then in the neighbourhood of Brussels, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller with projecting points or teeth like a file, which effectually produced the black ground, and which being scraped away or diminished at pleasure left the gradations of light.

Such was the invention of mezzotinto, according to Lord Orford, Mr. Evelyn, and Mr. Vertue, though in all fairness we must state that it has been disputed by some, and the credit assigned to a German, Von Tregen, whose early works bear the date of 1642.

The earliest of Rupert's engravings in mezzotinto that is now extant is dated 1658. It is a half-length figure from Spagnoletto: the subject, an executioner holding a sword in one hand, and in the other a head, which is probably intended for that of John the Baptist.

Prince Rupert died at his house in Spring Gardens, November 29, 1682, and was interred in Henry VIII.'s chapel, regretted as one whose aim in all his actions and all his accomplishments was the public good.

SIR SAMUEL MORLAND.

As a machinist, Sir Samuel Morland, who was born about 1625, deserves more respect than has hitherto been paid to him. He invented the speaking-trumpet, the fire-engine, a capstan to heave up anchors, and two arithmetical machines, of which he published a description under the title of *The Description and Use of Two Arithmetical Instruments; together with a short treatise, explaining*

the ordinary operations of Arithmetic, etc., presented to his Most Excellent Majesty Charles II. *by S. Morland, in* 1662. This work, which is exceedingly rare, but of which there is a copy in the Bodleian, which bears date 1673, 8vo, is illustrated with twelve plates, in which the different parts of the machine are exhibited; and whence it appears that the four fundamental rules in arithmetic are very readily worked, and to use the author's own words, 'without charging the memory, disturbing the mind, or exposing the operations to any uncertainty.' That these machines were at the time brought into practice there seems no reason to doubt, as by an advertisement prefixed to the work it appears that they were manufactured for sale by Humphrey Adamson, who lived with Jonas Moore, Esq., in the Tower of London.

The speaking-trumpet is said to have been invented by Sir Samuel Morland in 1670. His trumpet was of the same form as that now in use—that is to say, it was a truncated cone, with an outward curve or lip at the opening.

'The theory of the action of this instrument,' says one writer, 'has never been thoroughly explained; but it is supposed that the sides of the tube throw the sound back and back in various reflections, until ultimately the waves quit the instrument in parallel lines. It does not seem to depend on the vibration of the instrument.'

JOHN FLAMSTEAD.

John Flamstead, the great astronomer, who was a contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton, was led to the study of astronomy by perusing Sacrobosco's work, *De Sphæra*. He prosecuted his studies with so much assiduity as to be appointed first Astronomer-Royal. His great work is entitled, *Historia Cœlestis Britannicæ*. This publication contains his famous catalogue of the fixed stars, the first trustworthy one ever made; the immense mass of celestial observations of which the catalogue was the fruit, or rather the first fruit; and a full account of his methods of observation and his instruments.

Like most men of superior learning in his day, Flamstead had the reputation among the lower orders of being able to foretell events. In this persuasion, a poor washerwoman of Greenwich, who had been robbed at night of a parcel of linen, came to him, and with great anxiety requested him to use his art, to let her know where the linen was, and who had robbed her. The Doctor, who was a humorist, thought he would indulge himself in the joke; he bade the poor woman stay, and he would see what he could do; perhaps he might let her know where she might find it; but who the persons were,

he would not undertake to inform her, for as she could have no positive proof to convict them, it would be useless. He then set about drawing circles, squares, etc., to amuse her; and after some time, told her if she would go into a particular field, she would find the whole bundled up in a part of the ditch. The woman repaired there immediately, and found it. She came back with great haste and joy to thank the Doctor, and offered him half a crown as a token of her gratitude, that being as much as she could afford. The Doctor, more surprised than the woman, told her, 'Good woman, I am heartily glad you have found your linen; but I assure you I knew nothing of it, and intended only to joke with you, and then to have read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any person to know events not in the human power to tell. But I see Satan has a mind I should deal with him: I am determined, however, I will not; so never come nor send any one to me any more, on such occasions, for I never will attempt such an affair again whilst I live.'

JOHN HARRISON.

John Harrison, the inventor of the time-keeper which procured him the reward of the Board of Longitude, was the son of a carpenter in Yorkshire, and assisted his father in the business until he was twenty years of age. Occasionally, however, he was employed in measuring land, and mending clocks and watches. He was from his childhood attached to any wheel machinery; and when he lay ill in his sixth year, he had a watch placed open upon his pillow, that he might amuse himself by contemplating the movement. Though his opportunities of acquiring knowledge were very few, he eagerly improved every incident for information. He frequently passed whole nights in drawing or writing; and he always acknowledged his obligations to a neighbouring clergyman for lending him a manuscript copy of Professor Sanderson's Lectures, which he carefully and neatly transcribed, with all the diagrams.

On the reward being offered, in the 14th of Queen Anne, for discovering the longitude, Harrison's attention was drawn to the subject, and he began to consider how he could alter a clock, which he had previously made, so that it might not be subject to any irregularities, occasioned by the difference of climates and the motions of a ship. These difficulties he surmounted; and his clock having answered his expectations in a trial, attended with very bad weather, upon the river Humber, he was advised to carry it to London, in order to apply for the parliamentary reward. He first showed it to several members

of the Royal Society, who gave him a certificate that his machine for measuring time promised a very great and sufficient degree of exactness. In consequence of this certificate, the machine, at the recommendation of Sir Charles Wager, was put on board a man-of-war in 1736, and carried with Mr. Harrison to Lisbon and back again, when its accuracy was such, that the Commissioners of the Board of Longitude gave him £500, and recommended him to proceed. He made two others afterwards, each of which was an improvement on the preceding, and he now thought he had reached the *ne plus ultra* of his attempts; but in an endeavour to improve pocket-watches, he found the principles he applied to surpass his expectations so much as to encourage him to make his fourth time-keeper, which was in the form of a pocket-watch, about sixteen inches in diameter, and was finished in 1759. With this time-keeper his son made two voyages, the one to Jamaica, and the other to Barbadoes, in both which experiments it corrected the longitude within the nearest limits required by the Act of Parliament; and the inventor, at different times, though not without considerable trouble, received the promised reward of £20,000.

GEORGE GRAHAM.

George Graham, clock and watch maker, the most ingenious artist of his time, was born at Horsgills, in the parish of Kirklinton in Cumberland, in the year 1675.

In 1688 he came up to London, and was put apprentice to a person in that profession; but after being some time with his master, he was received, purely on account of his merit, into the family of the celebrated Mr. Tompion, who treated him with a kind of paternal affection as long as he lived.

That Mr. Graham was, without competition, the most eminent of his profession, is but a small part of his character. He was the best general mechanic of his time, and had a complete knowledge of practical astronomy; so that he not only gave to various movements for measuring time a degree of perfection which had never before been attained, but invented several astronomical instruments, by which considerable advances have been made in that science: he also effected great improvements in those which had before been in use; and, by a wonderful manual dexterity, constructed them with greater precision and accuracy than any other person in the world.

A great mural arch in the Observatory at Greenwich was made by Dr. Halley, under Mr. Graham's immediate inspection, and divided by his own hand; and from this incomparable original, the best foreign instruments of the kind are copies



made by English artists. The sector by which Dr. Bradley first discovered two new motions in the fixed stars was of his invention and fabrication. He comprised the whole planetary system within the compass of a small cabinet, from which, as a model, all the modern orreries have been constructed. And when the French Academicians were sent to the north to make observations for ascertaining the figure of the earth, Mr. Graham was thought the fittest person in Europe to supply them with instruments; by which means they finished their operations in one year, while those who went to the south, not being so well furnished, were very much embarrassed and retarded in their operations.

Mr. Graham was many years a member of the Royal Society, to which he contributed several ingenious and important discoveries, chiefly on astronomical and philosophical subjects; particularly a kind of horary alteration of the magnetic needle, a quicksilver pendulum, and many curious particulars relating to the true length of the simple pendulum, upon which he continued to make experiments till almost the year of his death, which happened on the 20th of November 1751, in his house in Fleet Street.

His temper was not less communicative than his genius was penetrating; and his principal view was the advancement of science and the benefit of mankind. As he was perfectly sincere, he was above suspicion; as he was above envy, he was candid; and as he had a relish for true pleasure, he was generous. He frequently lent money, but could never be prevailed upon to take any interest; and for that reason he never placed out any money upon Government securities. He had bank-notes which were thirty years old in his possession when he died; and his whole property, except his stock-in-trade, was found in a strong box, which, though less than would have been heaped together by avarice, was yet more than would have remained to prodigality.

JAMES FERGUSON.

James Ferguson, the eminent practical philosopher and astronomer, was born in a humble station at Keith, a small village in Scotland, in the year 1710. He learned to read by merely listening to the instructions which his father communicated to an elder brother. He was afterwards sent for about three months to the grammar school at Keith; and this was all the scholastic education he ever received. His taste for mechanics appeared when he was only about seven or eight years of age. By means of a turning-lathe and a knife, he constructed machines that served to illustrate the properties of the lever, the wheel, and the axle. Of these machines, and the mode of their applica-

tion, he made rough drawings with a pen, and wrote a brief description of them. Unable to subsist without some employment, he was placed with a neighbouring farmer, and occupied for some years in the care of his sheep. In this situation he commenced the study of astronomy, devoting a great part of the night to the contemplation of the heavens; while he amused himself in the daytime with making models of spinning-wheels, and other machines which he had an opportunity of observing. By another farmer, in whose service he was afterwards engaged, he was much encouraged in his astronomical studies, and enabled, by the assistance that was afforded him in his necessary labour, to reserve part of the day for making fair copies of the observations which he roughly sketched out at night. In making these observations, he lay down on his back, with a blanket about him, and by means of a thread strung with small beads, and stretched at arm's length between his eye and the stars, he marked their positions and distances. The master who thus kindly favoured his search after knowledge, recommended him to some neighbouring gentlemen, one of whom took him into his house, where he was instructed by the butler in decimal arithmetic, algebra, and the elements of geometry! Being afterwards deprived of the assistance of this preceptor, he returned to his father's house, and, availing himself of the information derived from Gordon's *Geographical Grammar*, constructed a globe of wood, covered it with paper, and delineated upon it a map of the world; he also added the meridian ring, and horizon, which he graduated; and by means of this instrument, which was the first he had ever seen, he came to solve all the problems in Gordon. His father's contracted circumstances obliged him again to seek employment; but the service into which he entered was so laborious as to affect his health. For his amusement in this enfeebled state, he made a wooden clock, and also a watch, after having once seen the inside of such a piece of mechanism. His ingenuity obtained for him new friends, and employment suited to his taste, which was that of cleaning clocks, and drawing patterns for ladies' needlework; and he was thus enabled not only to supply his own wants, but to assist his father. Having improved in the art of drawing, he was induced to draw portraits from the life with Indian ink on vellum. This art, which he practised with facility, afforded him a considerable subsistence for several years, and allowed him leisure for pursuing those favourite studies which ultimately raised him to eminence.

'My taste for mechanics,' says Mr. Ferguson, in a sketch of his own life, 'arose from an odd accident. When about seven or eight years of age, a part of



the roof of the house being decayed, my father applied a prop and lever to an upright spar to raise it to its former situation; and, to my great astonishment, I saw him, without considering the reason, lift up the ponderous roof as if it had been a small weight. I attributed this, at first, to a degree of strength that excited my terror as well as wonder; but thinking further of the matter, I recollected that he had applied his strength to that end of the lever which was farthest from the prop, and finding, on inquiry, that this was the means by which the seeming wonder was effected, I began making levers (which I then called bars), and by applying weights to them different ways, I found the power given by my bar was just in proportion to the lengths of the different parts of the bar on either side of the prop. I then thought it was a great pity that, by means of this bar, a weight could be raised but a very little way. On this I soon imagined that, by pulling round a wheel, the weight might be raised to any height by tying a rope to the weight, and winding the rope round the axle of the wheel, and that the power gained must be just as great as the wheel was broader than the axle was thick, and found it to be exactly so, by hanging one weight to a rope put round the wheel, and another to the rope that coiled round the axle, so that in these two machines it appeared very plain that their advantage was as great as the space gone through by the working power exceeded the space gone through by weight; and this property, I thought, must take place in a wedge for cleaving wood, but then I happened not to think of the screw. I then wrote a short account of the machines, and sketched out figures of them with a pen, imagining it to be the first treatise of the kind that ever was written.' So early did this philosopher's genius for mechanics first appear; and from such small beginnings did that knowledge spring for which he was afterwards so justly distinguished.

MATTHEW BOULTON.

Matthew Boulton, the partner of James Watt, also deserves mention here. He was born on the 3d of September 1728 at Birmingham, where his father carried on business as a hardwareman.

He received an ordinary education at a school in Deritend, and also acquired a knowledge of drawing and mathematics. At the age of seventeen, he effected some improvements in shoe-buckles, buttons, and several other articles of Birmingham manufacture.

The death of his father left him in possession of considerable property; and in order to extend his commercial operations, he purchased, about 1762, a lease of Soho, near Hands-

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care of his sheep. In this situa- and horizon, which h
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of astronomy, devoting a great which was the first he
part of the night to the contem- seen, he came to solv
plation of the heavens; while problems in Gordon. His
he amused himself in the day- contracted circumstance
time with making models of him again to seek employ
spinning-wheels, and other ma- but the service into whic
chines which he had an oppor- entered was so laborious as
tunity of observing. By another affect his health. For
farmer, in whose service he was amusement in this enfeble
afterwards engaged, he was much state, he made a wooden clock,
encouraged in his astronomical and also a watch, after having
studies, and enabled, by the as- once seen the inside of such a
sistance that was afforded him piece of mechanism. His in-
in his necessary labour, to reserve genuity obtained for him new
part of the day for making fair friends, and employment suited
copies of the observations which to his taste, which was that of
he roughly sketched out at night. cleaning clocks, and drawing
In making these observations, patterns for ladies' needlework;
he lay down on his back, with and he was thus enabled not
a blanket about him, and by only to supply his own wants,
means of a thread strung with but to assist his father. Having
small beads, and stretched at improved in the art of drawing,
arm's length between his eye he was induced to draw portraits
and the stars, he marked their from the life with Indian ink on
positions and distances. The vellum. This art, which he
master who thus kindly favoured practised with facility, afforded
his search after knowledge, re- him a considerable subsistence
commended him to some neigh- for several years, and allowed
bouring gentlemen, one of whom him leisure for
took him into his house, where favouritestudi
he was instructed by the butler raised him
decimal arithmetic, algebra, 'My tas
d the elements of geometry! Mr. Fer
ng afterwards d of the own
tance of th he ac
ned to e,

worth, about two miles from Birmingham, but in the county of Stafford. It would scarcely be possible, says one writer, to select a more striking instance of the beneficial changes effected by the combined operations of industry, ingenuity, and commerce, than that which was presented by Soho after it had been some time in Mr. Boulton's possession. Previously it had been a bleak and barren heath, but it was soon diversified by pleasure grounds, in the midst of which stood Mr. Boulton's spacious mansion, and a range of extensive and commodious workshops capable of receiving over a thousand artisans.

To Mr. Boulton's active mind this country is eminently indebted for the manner in which he extended its resources, and brought into repute its manufacturing ingenuity. Water was an inadequate moving power in seconding his designs, and he had recourse to steam. The old engine on Savary's plan was not adapted for some purposes in which it was necessary that great power should be combined with delicacy and precision of action.

In 1769, Mr. Boulton having entered into communication with James Watt, who had obtained a patent for improvements in the steam-engine, Watt was induced to settle at Soho. In 1775, Parliament granted him a further extension of his patent for improvements in the steam-engine; and on his entering into partnership with Mr. Boulton, the Soho works soon became famous for their excellent engines. Not only was the steam-engine itself brought to greater perfection, but its powers were applied to a variety of new purposes. In none of these, perhaps, was the success so remarkable as in the machinery for coining, which was put in motion by steam. The coining apparatus was first set agoing in 1783, but it soon underwent important improvements, until it was at length brought to an astonishing degree of perfection. One engine put in motion eight machines, each of which stamped on both sides and milled at the edges from seventy to eighty-four pieces in a minute; and the eight machines together completed, in a style far superior to anything which had previously been accomplished, from 30,000 to 40,000 coins in an hour.

The manufacture of plated wares, of works in bronze, and ormolu, such as vases, candelabra, and other ornamental articles, were successively introduced at Soho, and the taste and excellence which these productions displayed soon obtained for them an unrivalled reputation in every part of the world. Artists and men of taste were warmly encouraged, and their talents called forth, by Mr. Boulton's liberal spirit. The united labours of the two partners contributed to give that impulse to British industry which has never since ceased.

Mr. Boulton has been de-



scribed by Playfair as possessing a most generous and ardent mind, to which was added an enterprising spirit that led him to grapple with great and difficult undertakings. 'He was a man of address,' continues the same writer, 'delighting in society, active, and mixing with people of all ranks with great freedom and without ceremony.' Watt, who survived Mr. Boulton, spoke of his deceased partner in the highest terms. He said, 'To his friendly encouragement, to his partiality for scientific improvement, and to his ready application of them to the purposes of art, to his intimate knowledge of business and manufactures, and to his extended views and liberal spirit, may in a great measure be ascribed whatever success may have attended my exertions.'

Mr. Boulton expended about £47,000 in the course of experiments on the steam-engine, before Watt perfected the construction and occasioned any return of profit.

JOSEPH BLACK.

Joseph Black, the famous chemist, was born in France in 1728. He was educated at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. In 1756 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Lecturer on Chemistry at Glasgow. It was during his residence at Glasgow that he made and established his discovery of latent heat.

The following most interesting account of one of the principal discoveries in modern science is from a biographical memoir prefixed by Professor Robinson to Dr. Black's Lectures :—

'It seems to have been between the years 1759 and 1763 that his speculations concerning *heat*, which had long occupied his thoughts, were brought to maturity. And when it is considered by what simple experiments, by what familiar observations, Dr. Black illustrated the laws of fluidity and evaporation, it appears wonderful that they had not long before been observed and demonstrated. They are, however, less obvious than might at first sight be imagined, and to have a clear and distinct conception of those seemingly simple processes of nature required consideration and reflection.

'If a piece of wood, a piece of lead, and a piece of ice are placed in a temperature much inferior to that of the body, and if we touch the piece of wood with the hand, it feels cold; if we touch the piece of lead, it feels colder still; but the piece of ice feels colder than either. Now, the first suggestion of sense is that we receive cold from the wood, that we receive more from the lead, and most of all from the ice; and that the ice continues to be a source of cold till the whole be melted. But an inference precisely the contrary to all this is made by him whose

attention and reflection has been occupied with this subject. He infers that the wood takes a little heat from the hand, but is soon heated so much as to take no more. The lead takes more heat before it be as much satiated; and the ice continues to feel equally cold, and to carry off heat as fast as in the first moment till the whole be melted. This, then, was the inference made by Dr. Black.

'Boerhaave has recorded an interesting observation by Fahrenheit, namely, that water would sometimes grow considerably colder than melting snow without freezing, and would freeze in a moment when shaken or disturbed, and in the act of freezing give out many degrees of heat. Founded on this observation, it appears that Dr. Black entertained some vague notion or conjecture that the heat which was received by the ice during its conversion into water was not lost, but was still contained in the water. And he hoped to verify this conjecture, by making a comparison of the time required to raise a pound of water one degree in its temperature, with the time required to melt a pound of ice, both being supposed to receive the heat equally fast. And that he might ascertain how much heat was extricated during congelation, he thought of comparing the time required to depress the temperature of a pound of water one degree, with the time required for freezing it entirely. The plan of this series of experiments occurred to him during the summer season; but for want of ice, which he could not then procure, he had no opportunity of putting it to the test. He therefore waited impatiently for the winter.

'The winter arrived, and the decisive experiment was performed in the month of December 1761. From this experiment, it appeared that as much heat was taken up by the ice during its liquefaction as would have raised the water 140 degrees in its temperature; and, on the other hand, that exactly the same quantity of heat was given out during the congelation of the water. But this experiment, the result of which Dr. Black eagerly longed for, only informed him how much heat was absorbed by the ice during liquefaction, was retained by the water while it remained fluid, and was again emitted by it in the process of freezing. But his mind was deeply impressed with the truth of the doctrine, by reflecting on the observations that presented themselves when a frost or thaw happened to prevail. The hills are not at once cleared of snow during the sunshine of the brightest winter day, nor are the pools suddenly covered with ice during a single frosty night. Much heat is absorbed and fixed in the water during the melting of the snow, and, on the other hand, while the water is changed into ice, much heat is



extricated. During a thaw, the thermometer sinks when it is removed from the air and placed in the melting snow; during severe frost, it rises when plunged into freezing water. In the first case the snow receives heat, and in the last the water allows the heat to escape again. These were fair and unquestionable inferences, and now they appear obvious and easy. But although many ingenious and acute philosophers had been engaged in the same investigations, and had employed the same facts in their disquisitions, those obvious inferences were entirely overlooked. It was reserved for Dr. Black to remove the veil which hid this mystery of nature, and by this important discovery to establish an era in the progress of chemical science—one of the brightest, perhaps, which has yet occurred in its history.'

The theory of *latent heat*—as Dr. Black called it—was explained by him to the members of a literary society on the 23d of April 1762, and soon afterwards he laid before his students a detailed view of the extensive and beneficial effects of this habitude in the grand economy of nature. 'From observing the analogy between the cessation of expansion by the thermometer during the liquefaction of the ice, and during the conversion of water into steam, Dr. Black having explained the one, thought that the phenomena of boiling and evaporation would admit of a similar explanation. He was so convinced of the truth of this theory, that he taught it in his lectures in 1761, before he had made a single experiment on the subject. At this period, his prelections on the subject of evaporation were of great advantage to James Watt, afterwards so distinguished, who made use of them in his application of steam-power. Black's discovery, indeed, may be said to have laid the foundation of that great practical use of steam which has conferred so great a blessing upon the present age.'

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

Joseph Priestley, a Dissenting divine, but more justly eminent as a philosopher, was born on the 18th of March 1733, near Leeds.

At Warrington, where he occupied the post of tutor in an academy, he first began to acquire reputation as a writer in various branches of literature. In 1767, he gave to the world his *History of Electricity*. It is rather carelessly and hastily executed, but must have been of advantage to the science. Almost the whole of his historical facts are taken from the *Philosophical Transactions;* but at the end he gives a number of original experiments of his own. The most important of all his electrical discoveries was that charcoal is a conductor of electricity, and so good a conductor that it vies even with the metals themselves. This

publication went through several editions, was translated into foreign languages, and procured him the honour of being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, as one of his biographers says; but his election took place the year before, and about the same time the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

His attention was now turned to the properties of fixed air. He commenced his experiments on this subject in 1768, and the first of his publications appeared in 1772, in which he announced a method of impregnating water with fixed air. In the paper read to the Royal Society in 1772, which obtained the Copley medal, he gave an account of his discoveries; and at the same time announced the discovery of nitrous gas, and its application as a test of the purity and fitness for respiration of gases generally.

About this time also he showed the use of the burning lens in pneumatic experiments; he related the discovery and properties of muriatic acid gas; added much to what was known of the gas generated by putrefactive processes, and by vegetable fermentation; and he determined many facts relative to the diminution and deterioration of air, by the combustion of charcoal and the calcination of metal.

In 1774 he made a full discovery of dephlogisticated gas, which he produced from the oxides of silver and lead. This hitherto secret source of animal life and animal heat, of which Mayon had a faint glimpse, was unquestionably first exhibited by Dr. Priestley, though it was discovered about the same time by Scheele of Sweden.

In 1776, his observations on respiration were read before the Royal Society, in which he discovered that the common air inspired was diminished in quantity and deteriorated in quality by the action of the blood upon it, through the blood-vessels of the lungs; and that the florid red colour of arterial blood was communicated by the contact of air through the containing vessels.

But it is impossible to enumerate here all Dr. Priestley's discoveries; they are too numerous. 'How many invisible fluids,' says one writer, 'whose existence evaded the sagacity of foregoing ages, has he made known to us! The very air we breathe he has taught us to analyze and examine, and to improve a substance so little known that even the precise effect of respiration was an enigma until he explained it. He first made known to us the proper food of vegetables, and in what the difference between these and animal substances consists. To him pharmacy is indebted for the method of making artificial mineral waters, as well as for a shorter method of preparing other medicines; metallurgy for more powerful and cheap sol-



vents; and chemistry for such a variety of discoveries as it would be tedious to recite—discoveries which new-modelled that science, and drew to it and to this country the attention of Europe.'

Upon the life of Dr. Priestley, apart from science, we shall not touch. He died in America on the 6th of February 1804.

When the Council of the Royal Society honoured Dr. Priestley by the presentation to him of Sir Godfrey Copley's medal, on the 30th of November 1733, Sir John Pringle, who was then president, delivered on the occasion an elaborate discourse on the different kinds of air, in which, after expatiating upon the discoveries of his predecessors, he pointed out the particular merits of Priestley's investigations. In allusion to the purification of a tainted atmosphere by the growth of plants, the president thus eloquently and piously expressed himself:—

'From these discoveries we are assured that no vegetable grows in vain; but that, from the oak of the forest to the grass of the field, every individual plant is serviceable to mankind; if not always distinguished by some private virtue, yet making a part of the whole which cleans and purifies our atmosphere. In this the fragrant rose and deadly nightshade co-operate; nor is the herbage nor the woods that flourish in the most remote and unpeopled regions unprofitable to us, nor we to them, considering how constantly the winds convey to them our vitiated air, for our relief and for their nourishment. And if ever these salutary gales rise to storms and hurricanes, let us still trace and revere the ways of a beneficent Being, who, not fortuitously but with design, not in wrath but in mercy, shakes the water and the air together, to bury in the deep those putrid and pestilential effluvia which the vegetables on the face of the earth had been insufficient to consume.'

In perusing the works of Priestley, it is impossible to fail being struck with his intense love of truth. In his scientific note-books, he registered every fact as it appeared to his senses; in his political and theological writings, he fearlessly states his opinions as they are brought out by his cross-examination of his own thoughts and meditations, and that liberty of independent thought which he claims for himself he determinedly demands for others. In his scientific career, his object was uniformly to question Nature by every possible experimental investigation, and to state its results as he obtained them.

'Whether we view him,' says Professor Thomson, 'as a pneumatic chemist, a theologian, an electrician, a historian, a politician, his writings bear the impress of an original mind, uncontrolled by any tendency to follow in beaten tracts, but

constantly panting for new fields of investigation. It will ever remain a stain upon the name of England, that this noble-minded man, this honour to humanity, should have been compelled, by persecution on account of his religion and politics, to flee his native country.'

JAMES HARGREAVES.

About a century has elapsed, says a popular writer, since a native of Lancashire, of very humble origin, began to devote his attention to the application of machinery to the preparation and spinning of raw cotton for weft. In the year 1760, or soon after, a *carding engine*, not very different from that now in use, was contrived by James Hargreaves, an untaught weaver, living near Church, in Lancashire; and in 1767, the *spinning jenny* was invented by the same person. This machine, as at first formed, contained eight spindles, which were made to revolve by means of bands from a horizontal wheel. Subsequent improvements increased the power of the *spinning jenny* to eighty spindles; when the saving of labour which it thus occasioned, produced considerable alarm among those persons who had employed the old mode of spinning, and a party of them broke into Hargreaves' house and destroyed his machine. The great advantage of the invention was so apparent, however, that it was soon again brought into use, and nearly superseded the employment of the old spinning machine. A second rising then took place of the persons whose labour was thus superseded by it. They went through the country destroying, wherever they could find them, both carding and spinning machines, by which means the manufacture was for a time driven away from Lancashire to Nottingham.

According to Hargreaves' own account, he derived the idea of the jenny from the following incident:—Seeing a hand-wheel with a single spindle overturned, he remarked that the spindle, which was before horizontal, was then vertical; and as it continued to revolve, he drew the roving of wool towards him into a thread. It then seemed to Hargreaves plausible that, if something could be applied to hold the rovings as the finger and thumb did, and that contrivance to travel backwards on wheels, six or eight, or even twelve threads, from so many spindles, might be spun at once. This was done, and succeeded; but Hargreaves, driven by mobs, as we have described, to Nottingham, unable to bear up against such ill-treatment, there died in obscurity and distress. Before his death, he gave the property of his jenny to the Strutts, who thereupon laid the foundation of their industrial success and opulence.



JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

Few men have laboured with such success to elevate and refine their art as Josiah Wedgwood, 'the Father of the Potteries,' as he has been called, and the first of a long line of Staffordshire potters who have applied the highest science and the purest art to the improvement of their commercial enterprise.

Wedgwood was born on the 12th of July 1730, at Burslem, in Staffordshire, and was the younger son of a potter. He received a very limited education, for scarcely any person in Burslem learned more than mere reading and writing, until about 1750, when some benevolent persons endowed the free school for instructing youth to read the Bible, write a fair hand, and know the primary rules of arithmetic. On his father's death, his property, consisting chiefly of a small entailed estate, descended to the eldest son, and Josiah was left, at an early period of life, to lay the foundation of his own fortune. This he did most substantially by applying his attention to the pottery business, which it is not too much to say he brought to the highest perfection, and established a manufacture that has opened a new source of extensive commerce before unknown to this or any other country.

His many discoveries of new species of earthenwares and porcelains, his studied forms and chaste style of decoration, and the correctness and judgment with which all his works were executed under his own eye, and by artists for the most part of his own forming, turned the current in this branch of commerce. Before his time, England imported the finer earthenwares; but since Wedgwood's day, she has exported them to an enormous extent.

The first ware by which Wedgwood attained to great celebrity was the improved cream-coloured ware. Of this new article he presented some specimens to Queen Charlotte, who immediately ordered a complete table service; and was so pleased with its execution that she appointed Wedgwood her potter, and commanded that the ware should be called 'Queen's Ware.' It has a dense and durable substance covered with a brilliant glaze, and is capable of bearing uninjured sudden alternations of heat and cold. 'It was from the first,' says the late Mr. Timbs, 'sold at a cheap rate, and the addition of embellishments very little enhanced the cost; first, a coloured edge or painted border was added to the Queen's Ware, and lastly printed patterns, which covered the whole surface. Nor was this beautiful ware confined to England; for M. Faujas de Saint Ford shows how widely the fame of Wedgwood's pottery had spread before 1792, when 'in travelling from Paris to Petersburg, from

Amsterdam to the farthest part of Sweden, and from Dunkirk to the extremity of the south of France, one is served at every inn upon English ware. Spain, Portugal, and Italy are supplied with it; and vessels are loaded with it for the East Indies, the West Indies, and the continent of America.' England is mainly indebted to Wedgwood for the extraordinary improvement and rapid extension of this branch of industry. Before his time, our potteries produced only inferior fabrics, easily broken or injured, and totally devoid of taste as to form or ornament.

When the Portland or Barberini vase was offered for sale, Wedgwood, with the view of copying it, endeavoured to purchase it, and for some time continued to offer an advance upon each bidding of the Duchess of Portland; until at length, his motives being ascertained, he was offered the loan of the vase on condition of withdrawing his opposition. The consequence was, that the Duchess became the purchaser at the price of 1800 guineas. Wedgwood then made fifty copies of the vase, which he sold at fifty guineas each; he is said to have paid £400 for the model, and the entire cost of producing the copies is stated to have exceeded the sum received by him. Sir Joseph Banks and Sir Joshua Reynolds bore testimony to the excellent execution of these copies.

The fame of Wedgwood's operations was such, that his works at Burslem, and subsequently at Etruria, a village built by him near Newcastle-under-Lyne, and to which he removed in 1771, became a point of attraction to visitors from all parts of Europe.

The principal of the species of earthenware and porcelain invented by Wedgwood, according to Chalmers, are: 1. A terra cotta resembling porphyry, granite, Egyptian pebble, and other beautiful stones of the siliceous or crystalline order. 2. Basaltes or black ware, a black porcelain biscuit of nearly the same properties with the natural stone, receiving a high polish, resisting all the acids, and bearing without injury a very strong fire. 3. White porcelain biscuit, of a smooth wax-like appearance, of similar properties with the preceding. 4. Jasper, a white porcelain of exquisite beauty, possessing the general properties of basaltes, together with the singular one of receiving through its whole substance, from the admixture of metallic calces, the same colours which those calces give to glass or enamels in fusion; a property possessed by no porcelain of ancient or modern composition. 5. Bamboo, or cane-coloured biscuit porcelain, of the same nature as the white porcelain biscuit. And 6. A porcelain biscuit remarkable for great hardness, little inferior to that of agate; a property which,



together with its resistance to the strongest acids, and its impenetrability to every known liquid, renders it well adapted for the formation of mortars, and many different kinds of chemical vessels. The above six distinct species of ware, together with the 'Queen's Ware' first noticed, have increased by the industry and ingenuity of different manufacturers, and particularly by Wedgwood himself and his son, into an almost endless variety of forms for ornament and use.

Josiah Wedgwood closed a life of useful labour on January 3, 1795, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Having acquired a large fortune, his purse was always open to the calls of charity, and to the support of every institution for the public good. To the poor he was a benefactor in the most enlarged sense of the word, and by the learned he was highly respected for his original genius and persevering industry in plans of the greatest national importance.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

Richard Arkwright, says Dr. Robert Chambers in his *Book of Days*, was born in Preston on the 23d of December 1732, the youngest of thirteen children. His parents were poor, and little Dick was bred a barber. When a young man, he opened shop in Bolton, where 'in stropping of razors, in shaving of dirty beards, and the contradictions and confusions attendant thereon, the man had notions in that rough head of his! Spindles, shuttles, wheels, and contrivances, plying ideally within the same.' In 1760 he gave up the shop, and commenced travelling about the country, buying fine heads of hair from women willing to sell, which, when clipped, he prepared for the wig-makers. By this traffic, and a receipt for hair-dye, he managed to accumulate a little money.

There was much talk in Lancashire, in those days, about improvements in spinning and weaving. Employment was abundant and wages were high. Traders in linen and cotton cloths were anxious to have them produced more rapidly and cheaply, whilst, on the other hand, the makers were jealous of improvements, lest their craft should be endangered and their gains diminished. The trader's desire for cheapness, and the worker's interest in dearness, were the stimulus and the terror of inventors. Hargreaves, the Blackburn carpenter, who contrived the spinning jenny, by means of which 30 or 40 threads could be produced with the labour formerly requisite for one, was persecuted and ruined by the populace for his pains.

The yarn spun by the jenny of poor Hargreaves could only be used for *weft*, being destitute of the firmness required in the long threads or *warp*. It was at this point Arkwright came in.

One day, while watching some workmen elongating a red-hot bar of iron between rollers, the idea suddenly suggested itself that cotton might be treated in a similar manner. As he was no mechanic, he applied to Kay, a Warrington clockmaker, to help him, and with the aid of Kay's fingers he constructed a machine, in which, by means of a double set of rollers, one moving three times as fast as the other, cotton was spun into a fine firm thread, as fit for warp as though it had been linen.

Whilst pursuing his experiments, he gave out that he was in pursuit of perpetual motion—a ruse, Dr. Ure imagines, to avert popular animosity from his true design. His first machine was completed at Preston in 1768; and so close had he cut into his funds, that he was unable to vote as a burgess of Preston at a contested election, until the party who sought his support had given him a decent suit of clothes.

To be safe from Lancashire rioters, Arkwright removed to Nottingham, where he had the happy fortune to find a partner in Jedediah Strutt, the patentee and improver of the ribbed stocking-frame. Strutt was able to indicate several useful alterations in Arkwright's spinning-frame, for which a patent was secured in 1769. In the same year they opened a mill at Nottingham, which they worked by horses. Horse-power, however, was found too costly, and Arkwright thereon advised that they should move to Cromford in Derbyshire, and use the river to turn their mill. The suggestion was acted on; a factory was there built and opened in 1771, and through many discouragements, it grew into a great success. Cromford has been justly styled the nursing-place of the factory power and opulence of Great Britain.

Manufacturers, at the outset, refused to buy the water-twist, as the Cromford yarn was called. To meet this difficulty, the partners wove it into cloth; but here a new attempt was made to checkmate them. There was a duty of 6d. a yard levied on calicoes imported from India, and the excise was set on to claim 6d. on every yard of the Cromford cloth, for it was alleged to be of the same kind of fabric as the Hindu, and therefore liable to pay the same duty. Parliament, however, had the grace to pass an Act, in which it was obligingly conceded that the making of calicoes was 'not only a lawful but a laudable manufacture;' and fixed the duty at '3d. per square yard on cotton, printed, painted, or stained with colours;' thus placing the Cromford Company on a level with other manufacturers. Arkwright's patent was repeatedly infringed, and great sums were expended for its defence in Chancery, with varying results. Yet, in spite of all, large profits were realized, and Arkwright became

the dictator of the cotton market.

Arkwright died in his sixtieth year, in 1792, leaving behind him a fortune of about half a million sterling. He was succeeded by his son Richard, who inherited a full share of his father's tact.

Asthma plagued Arkwright nearly all his life, but nothing seemed to arrest his energy and devotion to work. He was a very early riser, a severe economist of time, and one who seemed to consider nothing impossible. His administrative skill was extraordinary, and would have done credit to a statesman; his plans of factory management were entirely his own, and the experience of a century has done little to improve them.

When Richard Arkwright went first to Manchester, he hired himself to a petty barber; but being remarkably frugal, he saved money out of a very scanty income. With these savings he took a cellar, and commenced business; at the cellar head he displayed this inscription: 'Subterranean shaving with keen razors, for one penny.' The novelty had a very successful effect, for he soon had plenty of customers; so much so, that several brother tonsors, who before had demanded twopence a piece for shaving, were obliged to reduce their terms. They also styled themselves subterranean shavers, although they all lived and worked above ground. Upon this, Arkwright determined on a still further reduction, and shaved for a halfpenny. There is a story told, which appears rather in contradiction to what we have already said, that a neighbouring cobbler one day descended the original subterranean tonsor's steps in order to be shaved. The fellow had a remarkably strong, rough beard. Arkwright beginning to lather him, said he hoped he would give him another halfpenny, for his beard was so strong it might spoil his razor. The cobbler declared he would not. Arkwright then shaved him for the halfpenny, and immediately gave him two pairs of shoes to mend. This was the basis of Arkwright's extraordinary fortune; for the cobbler, struck with this unexpected favour, introduced him to the inspection of a cotton machine invented by his particular friend. The plan of this Arkwright got possession of; and it gradually led him to the dignity of knighthood, and the accumulation of half a million of money.

JAMES WATT.

James Watt was one of the most illustrious men of his time, as a natural philosopher, chemist, and civil engineer. He was born at Greenock on the 19th of January 1736. His father, James Watt, was a block-maker and ship-chandler, and for some

time one of the magistrates of Greenock. Young James Watt was a boy of a delicate constitution, and his mental powers were precocious. He was distinguished from an early age by his candour and truthfulness; and his father, when there was a quarrel among his juveniles, used to say: 'Let James speak; from him I always hear truth.'

Though his attendance at school was by no means regular, he contrived, by assiduous application, to acquire great proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and by the perusal of books that came within his reach, he extended his knowledge beyond the limits of the elementary instruction of the public schools, and cherished that thirst for information which characterized him through life.

An anecdote of his boyish days has been preserved as showing the early drift of his mind, and how coming events cast their shadows before. His aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, was sitting with him one evening. 'James,' she exclaimed, 'I never saw such an idle boy! Take a book, or employ yourself usefully. For the last half hour you have not spoken a word, and done nothing but take off the lid of that kettle and put it on again.' With the aid alternately of a cup and a silver spoon, he was observing how the steam rose from the sprout and became condensed, and was counting the drops of water.

'It was,' says Beckmann, 'in repairing a working model of a steam-engine on Newcomen's principle, for the lectures of the Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Glasgow, that James Watt directed his mind to the prosecution of those inventions and beautiful contrivances, by which he gave to senseless matter an almost instinctive power of self-adjustment, with precision of action more than belongs to any animated being, and which have rendered his name celebrated over the world.'

At the time of which we speak, Newcomen's engine was of the last and most approved construction. The moving power was the weight of the air passing on the upper surface of a piston working in a cylinder; steam being employed at the termination of each downward stroke to raise the piston with its load of air up again, and then to form a vacuum by its condensation when cooled by a jet of cold water, which was thrown into the cylinder when the admission of steam was stopped.

Upon repairing the model, Watt was struck by the incapability of the boiler to produce a sufficient supply of steam, though it was larger in proportion to the cylinder than was usual in working engines. This arose from the nature of the cylinder, which—being made of brass, a better conductor of heat than cast iron, and presenting, in consequence of its small size,

a much larger surface in proportion to its solid content than the cylinders of working engines—necessarily cooled faster between the strokes, and therefore, at every fresh admission, consumed a greater proportionate quantity of steam. But being made aware of a much greater consumption of steam than he had imagined, he was not satisfied without a thorough inquiry into the cause.

With this view he made experiments upon the merits of boilers of different constructions; on the effect of substituting a less perfect conductor, as wood, for the material of the cylinder; on the quantity of coal required to evaporate a given quantity of water; and on the degree of expansion of water in the form of steam; and he constructed a boiler which showed the quantity of water evaporated in a given time, and thus enabled him to calculate the quantity of steam consumed at each stroke of the engine. This proved to be several times the content of the cylinder.

He soon discovered that, whatever the size and construction of the cylinder, an admission of hot steam into it must necessarily be attended with very great waste, if in condensing the steam previously admitted, that vessel had been cooled down sufficiently to produce a vacuum at all approaching to a perfect one. If, on the other hand, to prevent this waste, he cooled it less thoroughly, a considerable quantity of steam remained uncondensed within, and by its resistance weakened the power of the descending stroke. These considerations pointed out a vital defect in Newcomen's engine: involving either a loss of steam, and consequent waste of fuel; or a loss of power from the piston's descending at every stroke through an imperfect vacuum.

It soon occurred to Watt, that if the condensation were performed in a separate vessel, one great evil, the cooling of the cylinder, and the consequent waste of steam, would be avoided. The idea once started, he soon verified it by experiment. By means of an arrangement of cocks, a communication was opened between the cylinder and a distant vessel exhausted of its air, at the moment when the former was filled with steam. The vapour of course rushed to fill up the vacuum, and was there condensed by the application of external cold or by a jet of water; so that, fresh steam being continually drawn off from the cylinder to supply the vacuum continually created, the density of that which remained might be reduced within any assignable limits. This was the great and fundamental improvement.

Still, however, there was a radical defect in the atmospheric engine, inasmuch as the air being admitted into the cylinder at every stroke, a great deal of heat was abstracted, and a pro-

portionate quantity of steam wasted. To remedy this, Watt excluded the air from the cylinder altogether, and recurred to the original plan of making steam the moving power of the engine, not a mere agent to produce a vacuum.

In removing the difficulties of construction which thus beset his new plan, he exhibited great ingenuity and powers of resource. On the old plan, if the cylinder was not bored quite true, or the piston not accurately filled, a little water poured upon the top rendered it perfectly air-tight, and the leakage into the cylinder was of little consequence, so long as the injection-water was thrown into that vessel. But on the new plan, no water could possibly be admitted within the cylinder, and it was necessary not merely that the piston should be air-tight, but that it should work through an air-tight collar, that no portion of the steam admitted above it might escape. This he accomplished by packing the piston and the stuffing-box, as it is called, through which the piston-rod works, with hemp.

A further improvement consisted in equalizing the motion of the engine by admitting the steam alternately above and below the piston, by which the power is doubled in the same space, and with the same strength of material. The vacuum of the condenser was perfected by adding a powerful pump, which at once drew off the condensed and injected water, and with it any portion of air which might find admission, as this would interfere with the action of the engine if allowed to accumulate.

His last great change was to cut off the communication between the cylinder and the boiler, when a portion only, as one third or one half, of the stroke was performed; leaving it to the expansive power of the steam to complete it. By this, economy of steam was obtained, together with the power of varying the effort of the engine according to the work which it has to do, by admitting the steam through a greater or smaller portion of the stroke.

'To enumerate its present effects,' says a well-known writer on the steam-engine,[1] 'would be to count almost every comfort and every luxury of life. It has increased the sum of human happiness not only by calling new pleasures into existence, but by so cheapening former enjoyments as to render them attainable by those who before could never have hoped to share them: the surface of the land and the face of the waters are traversed with equal facility by its power; and by thus stimulating and facilitating the intercourse of nation with nation, and the commerce of people with people, it has knit together remote countries by bonds of amity not likely to be broken. Streams

[1] Dr. Lardner.

of knowledge and information are kept flowing between distant centres of population, those more advanced diffusing civilisation and improvement among those that are more backward. The press itself, to which mankind owes in so large a degree the rapidity of their improvement in modern times, has had its power and influence increased in a manifold ratio by its union with the steam-engine. It is thus that literature is cheapened, and by being cheapened, diffused; it is thus that reason has taken the place of force, and that the pen has superseded the sword; it is thus that war has almost ceased upon the earth, and that the differences which inevitably arise between people and people are for the most part adjusted by peaceful negotiation.'

It is worth while entering more fully than we have done in the preceding paragraphs into one or two points connected with Watt's improvements on the steam-engine. The idea of the double-acting engine occurred to him in 1767, but he kept it back in consequence of the difficulty 'he had encountered in teaching others the construction and use of the single engine, and in overcoming prejudices.' In the single engine, the force which drew up the piston was the counterpoise on the pump gear, which merely sufficed to put the piston in a position for the effective down-stroke. The working powers of the engine were therefore idle during half the time, or while the piston was ascending. By making the upper part of the cylinder as well as the lower communicate with the condenser, he alternately formed a vacuum above and below, and the piston in its ascending stroke, beyond the addition of its own weight, experienced no more resistance than it had previously done in the down-stroke. While the steam was condensing at the top of the cylinder, fresh steam was let in below, and drove the piston up. The process was then reversed. The steam at the bottom of the cylinder was then condensed, and fresh steam was let in at the top to drive the piston down. Thus every movement was one of working power, and time was no longer lost while the engine was employed, as it were, in gathering up its strength for the stroke.

The expansive principle, which effects an immense saving of steam, also occurred to Watt as early as 1767. It simply consists in shutting off the flow of steam from the boiler when the cylinder is partly filled, and allowing the rest of the stroke to be accomplished by the expansive power of the steam already supplied. As the elastic or moving force of the steam diminishes as it expands, a stroke of the piston is not so powerful as a stroke upon the old method; but the saving of steam is in a much greater proportion than the diminution of the power.

The circumstances connected with the Sun and Planet motion are illustrative of Watt's fertility of resource. The best method for securing continuous rotation which occurred to him was the crank—not, as he says, an original invention, for 'the true inventor of the crank rotative motion was the man, who unfortunately has not been deified, that first contrived the common foot-lathe.' The applying it to the engine was merely taking a knife to cut cheese which had been made to cut bread. Models of a plan for adapting it to the steam-engine were constructing at Soho, when one Saturday evening, a number of the workmen, according to custom, proceeded to drink their ale at the Waggon and Horses, a little low-browed, old-fashioned public-house in the village of Handsworth, close to Soho. As the beer began to tell, one Cartwright, a pattern-maker, who was afterwards hanged, talked of Watt's contrivance for producing rotatory motion, and to illustrate his meaning proceeded to make a sketch of the crank upon the kitchen-table with a bit of chalk. A person in the assumed garb of a workman, who sat in the kitchen-corner and greedily drank in the account, posted off to London, and forthwith secured a patent for the crank, which Watt, 'being much engaged with other business,' had neglected to do at the moment. He was exceedingly wroth at the piracy, averring that Wasbrough — as the man was called who had taken out the patent — had 'stolen the invention from him by the most infamous means;' but he was never at fault, and reviving an old notion he had conceived, he perfected in a few weeks his Sun and Planet motion. Eventually, however, when Wasbrough's patent had expired, Watt reverted to the employment of the simpler crank, because of its less liability to get out of order. Its mere adaptation to the steam-engine ought not to have been protected by a patent at all, any more than the knife which was made to cut bread should be capable of being patented for every new substance to which its edge is applied.

The mode by which Watt secured the accurate rectilinear motion of the ascending and descending piston-rod by means of the Parallel Motion, has been greatly and justly admired. 'My soul,' he says, 'abhors calculations, geometry, and all other abstract sciences;' but when an end was to be gained, he could apply the principles of geometry with exquisite skill. The object was to contrive that, whilst the end of the beam was moving alternately up and down in a circle, the end of the piston-rod connected with it should preserve a perfectly perpendicular direction. This was accomplished by means which can hardly be made intelligible in mere verbal description; but so beautiful is the movement, that

Watt said that when he saw his device in action, he received from it the same pleasure that usually accompanies the first view of the invention of another person. 'Though I am not over-anxious after fame,' he wrote in 1808, 'yet I am more proud of the Parallel Motion than of any other mechanical contrivance I have ever made.'

Watt's career as a mechanician, in connection with Mr. Bolton, at the Soho works, near Birmingham, was as brilliant as it was successful. It ended in raising him and his family to fortune. But it cannot be heard without regret that a sixth or seventh part of his time was diverted from his proper pursuits, and devoted to mere litigation, rendered necessary by the continual invasions of his patents. Such is one of the penalties the successful man has to pay for his triumphs.

In Westminster Abbey—in the Chapel of St. Paul, on the north side of the choir of the chapel of Edward the Confessor—is placed a marble sitting statue of James Watt, by Chantrey. It is a fine work, but badly placed—as classic sculpture in a Gothic edifice must always be. The pedestal bears an eloquent inscription from the pen of Lord Brougham, and is remarkable for not containing a word of flattery. It is as follows:

Not to perpetuate a name
Which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish,
But to show
That mankind have learned to honour those
Who best deserve their gratitude,
The King,
His Ministers, and many of the nobles
And commoners of the realm,
Raised this monument to

JAMES WATT,

Who, directing the force of an original genius,
Early exercised in philosophic research,
To the improvement of
The steam-engine,
Enlarged the resources of his country,
Increased the power of man,
And rose to an eminent place
Among the most illustrious followers of science
And the real benefactors of the world.
Born at Greenock, MDCCXXXVI. Died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, MDCCCXIX.

Jeffrey and Arago added more elaborate tributes to Watt's genius; and Wordsworth has declared that he looked upon him 'as perhaps the most extraordinary man that this country has ever produced.' But his noblest monument is his own work. Wherever the steam-engine is applied to manufactures

or arts, to travel and transport by sea or land, to agriculture, even to war, there is Watt's instrumentality. The steam power of Great Britain alone is a stupendous item to contemplate in this sense. It was estimated several years ago, by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, as *equivalent then to the manual labour of* 400,000,000 *men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.* Such *power* did Watt confer upon his nation, and in a still larger degree upon his species.

HENRY CORT.

In the manufacture of iron the first product of the blast-furnace is pig or cast iron—that is, iron in combination with carbon and silicon. To reduce this to a state of malleable iron two methods are employed. One, the older, consists in the exposure of the melted pig-iron in a finery or hearth to the highly oxidizing action of a blast of atmospheric air. The other, the modern practice, consists in stirring the melted pig-iron on the bed of a reverberatory furnace, so as to bring each portion of the whole mass successively up to the surface, and allow the oxygen of the air to seize upon and combine with the carbon and silicon, which become separated from the iron in the form of 'cinder,' leaving the product of the operation malleable or 'wrought iron.' This last process is termed 'puddling,' and the invention of it is usually ascribed to Henry Cort, as well as the method of producing bar iron, by means of grooved rolls instead of by the old process of beating it out by forge hammers.

As in the case of most inventions, Cort's claim has been disputed; and Dr. Percy, in his work on *Metallurgy*, shows that other inventors are at least entitled to share in the merit, more particularly the Craneges of Coalbrookdale, and Peter Onions of Merthyr-Tydvil, both of whose patents preceded Cort's. But it does not appear that the inventions of either the Craneges or Onions were adopted by iron-makers to any large extent, and the merit certainly belongs to Henry Cort of practically introducing the method of puddling and manufacturing iron now generally followed, and which may be said to have established quite a new era in the history of the iron manufacture. When Cort took out his patent, the quantity of pig-iron produced in England was about 90,000 tons a year; in 1866 it was above 4,000,000 tons. It was said in that year that there were no fewer than 8200 of Cort's furnaces in operation in Great Britain alone.

The story of Henry Cort is well and impartially told by Dr. Percy. Cort was so unfortunate or so unwise as to become connected as partner with one Samuel Jellicoe, son of the Deputy-Paymaster of Seamen's



Wages. To enable the firm to carry on their business, the elder Jellicoe advanced to them large sums out of the public moneys lodged in his hands; and when his accounts were investigated, it was found that the Cort partnership owed him, or rather the Treasury, upwards of £27,000. As Cort had assigned his patents to Jellicoe as security for the advances, they were at once taken possession of by the Crown; but although the processes which formed the subject of the patents were very shortly adopted to a large extent by the Welsh and other ironmasters, the Government never levied any royalty for their use, and the whole benefit of the inventions was thus made over to the public. Had Cort's estate been properly handled, there is every reason to believe that not only would the debts due by him to the Treasury have been paid, but that Cort himself would have realized a handsome fortune. As it was, the Government lost the money owing to the public treasury, while Cort was consigned to total ruin.

'This story,' says Dr. Percy, 'is one of the saddest in the annals of invention. Cort died in poverty, though he laid the foundation of the riches of many an ironmaster, and largely contributed to the development of the resources and wealth of Great Britain. It is true that the value of the process of puddling has been greatly enhanced by subsequent improvements, especially two, viz. the application of iron bottoms to the puddling furnaces, and the boiling process. But this has been the course with many inventions—perfection only being arrived at by slow degrees; and merit is not the less because others subsequently appear who improve the methods of their predecessors.'

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

William Herschel was born at Hanover in 1738, and was the second of four sons, all of whom were brought up to the musical profession, to which their father had devoted himself. And he little thought, when he was plying his vocation as a musician, what a world-wide reputation was in store for his family. He gave all his children a good education; but the family circumstances becoming reduced, at fourteen years of age William was placed in the band of the Hanoverian Guards. Towards the close of the Seven Years' War (when the French armies entered Hanover), young Herschel determined to visit England—and his father also came with him; but after a few months returned, leaving his son to push his fortune as he best could.

Young Herschel was not able to obtain employment in London, but he fortunately attracted the notice of the Earl of Darlington, who gave him an appointment in a military band for the

Durham militia. When the regiment went to Doncaster, Herschel formed an acquaintance with Dr. Millar, an eminent composer and organist of that town. It happened that, at this time, an organist was wanted at Halifax, and, by the advice of Dr. Millar, Herschel offered himself as a candidate for the place, and obtained it. In the year 1766 he taught music in several Yorkshire towns. His next step in life was to remove to Bath, where he obtained a situation in connection with the Pump-room band, and was also appointed organist to the Octagon Chapel. This opened up to him several valuable engagements; his leisure being all devoted to study. His attention was directed about this time to astronomy and optics by accident. Having, while at Bath, viewed the heavens through a two-feet Gregorian telescope, he felt so much pleasure that he became anxious to possess a complete set of astronomical instruments. His first object was to get a large telescope, and being ignorant of the price at which such instruments are usually charged, he desired a friend in London to buy one for him; but the price was too great for his limited means. Instead of discontinuing his pursuit, Herschel formed what many would have regarded as a most romantic resolution—that of making a telescope for himself. He did not content himself with a speculative idea, but from the scanty instructions he could gather out of a few treatises on optics, actually commenced this arduous undertaking. Disappointment succeeded disappointment, but this only acted as a stimulus to his ardent mind, and at length his perseverance was so far crowned with success, that in 1774 he enjoyed the exquisite satisfaction of beholding the heavens through a five-feet Newtonian reflector of his own workmanship! The modern Galileo did not rest at this attainment, great as it was; but, with a laudable ambition, set about making instruments of a greater magnitude than had hitherto been known. After constructing those of seven and even ten feet, he thought of forming one not less than double the latter size; and in this he succeeded, although he did not make less than two hundred specula before he obtained one that would bear any power that was applied to it.

About the year 1779, Herschel limited his musical engagements, and commenced a regular survey of the heavens; and in 1781 he added another to the catalogue of known stars.

It was on the 13th of March of that year (1781) that Herschel made this discovery—one to which he owes, perhaps, the greater part of his popular reputation. On the evening of this day he had turned his telescope (an excellent seven-foot reflector of his own construction) to a particular part of the sky;



suddenly he observed among the stars one which seemed to shine with a more steady radiance than those around it. He determined to observe it more carefully, and after some hours it had perceptibly changed its place—a fact which became still more indisputable when next day he renewed his observations.

According to the Astronomer-Royal, Dr. Markelyn, the luminary was nothing else than a new comet, but in a few days it became evident that it was in reality a hitherto undiscovered planet. This planet Herschel named the *Georgium Sidus*, or Georgian Star, in honour of the reigning sovereign; but it received the name of *Herschel* by the unanimous consent of all the continental astronomers. Since that time, however, it has been thought better to follow the old mythological system, and the planet is now called *Uranus*. The diameter of this new globe has been ascertained to be nearly four and a half times that of our earth; its year is as long as eighty-three of ours; its distance from the sun is nearly 1,800,000,000 of miles, or more than nineteen times that of our earth; its density, as compared with that of our earth, is nearly as 22 to 100; so that its entire weight is not far from eighteen times that of our planet. Herschel afterwards discovered no fewer than six satellites or moons belonging to his new planet.

Herschel's name now became universally known. The Copley Medal was awarded to him by the Royal Society. The King attached him to his Court as private astronomer, and gave him a salary of £400 a year. The astronomer, therefore, now relinquished his musical profession, and devoted himself exclusively to science.

In 1785, at the request of Sir William Herschel, and with the sanction of the Council of the Royal Society, the President, Sir Joseph Banks, laid before George III. the great astronomer's scheme for the construction of a Telescope of colossal dimensions. The King approved of the plan, and offered to defray the whole expense of it,—a noble act of liberality, as Mr. Timbs remarks, which has never been imitated by another British sovereign.

About the close of 1785, Herschel began the construction of his Telescope. It was to be 40 feet in length, and to have a speculum fully 4 feet in diameter. It was completed on the 27th of August 1789, and a very complete account of the progress of the work has been left us by Sir William:—

'I began,' he says, 'to construct the 40 feet telescope about the latter end of 1785. In the whole of the apparatus, none but common workmen were employed; for I made drawings of every part of it, by which it was easy to execute the work, as I constantly in-

spected and directed every person's labour; though sometimes there were no less than forty different workmen employed at the same time. While the stand of the telescope was preparing, I also began the construction of the great mirror, of which I inspected the casting, grinding, and polishing; and the work was in this manner carried on with no other interruption than what was occasioned by the removal of all the apparatus from Clay Hall, where I then lived, to my present situation at Slough. Here, soon after my arrival, I began to lay the foundation upon which, by degrees, the whole structure was raised as it now stands; and the speculum being highly polished and put into the tube, I had the first view through it on February 9th, 1787. I do not, however, date the completing of the instrument till much later; for the first speculum, by a mismanagement of the person who cast it, came out thinner on the back than was intended, and on account of its weakness would not permit a good figure to be given to it. A second mirror was cast, January 26th, 1788, but it cracked in cooling. February 16th, we recast it with particular attention to the shape of the back, and it proved to be of a proper degree of strength. October 24th, it was brought to a pretty good figure and polish, and I observed the planet Saturn with it. But not being satisfied, I continued to work upon it till August 27th, 1789, when it was tried upon the fixed stars, and I found it to give a pretty sharp image. Large stars were a little affected with scattered light, owing to many remaining scratches in the mirror. August 28th, 1789, having brought the telescope to the parallel of Saturn, I discovered a sixth satellite of that planet; and I also saw the spots upon Saturn better than I had ever seen them before; so that I may date the finishing of the 40-feet telescope from that time.'

The thickness of the speculum, which was uniform in every part, was $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and its weight nearly 2118 pounds, the metal being composed of 32 copper and 10·7 of tin. The speculum, when not in use, was preserved from damp by a tin cover, fitted upon a rim of close-grained cloth. The tube of the telescope was 39 feet 4 inches long, and its width 4 feet 10 inches: it was made of iron, and was 3000 pounds lighter than if it had been made of wood. The observer was seated in a suspended moveable seat, at the mouth of the tube, and viewed the image of the object with a magnificent lens or eye-piece. The focus of the speculum, or place of the image, was within four inches of the mouth of the lower side of the tube, and came forward into the air; so that there was a space for part of the head above the eye, to prevent it from interrupting many of the rays going from the

object to the mirror. The eye-piece moved in a tube carried by a slider directed to the centre of the speculum, and fixed on an adjustible foundation at the mouth of the tube.

In the discoveries that Herschel made, and in the intricate calculations to which they led, he was assiduously assisted by his sister, Caroline Lucretia Herschel. Like her brother, she was ardently attached to astronomical studies; and having joined him at Bath in 1771, she voluntarily became his assistant; not only acting as his amanuensis, but also executing the laborious calculations involved in some of his discoveries. Her own observations were both numerous and important. The Royal Society published them in one volume; and, for her *Zone Catalogue*, she was honoured with the gold medal of the Astronomical Society, of which she was elected an honorary member.

Her brother's discoveries were communicated, as they occurred, to the Royal Society, and comprise a catalogue of more than 5000 nebulæ and clusters of stars which he had discovered; and form an important part of the *Transactions* between 1782 and 1818. Oxford had previously given him an honorary degree, and in 1816 he was invested with the Guelphic order of knighthood. His death took place in 1822, at the age of eighty-three.

One morning, a countryman knocked at the door of Sir William, then Doctor, Herschel, and requested the favour of a few words with him. The Doctor went to the hall, when the countryman said, 'I ask pardon, Doctor, for disturbing you, but I am quite in a quandary, as the saying is, and so I made free to call and ask your advice. You must know, my meadows are a great deal too long for cutting; but before I begin, I should like to know whether you think the weather will soon take up?' 'First look round,' said the Doctor, 'and tell me what you see.' 'See,' repeated the countryman, 'why, hay that is not worth the saving. What dunderhead owns it, that lives so near you, and cuts it without asking your advice?' 'I am the dunderhead,' said the Doctor, 'and had it cut the very day before the rain came on.'

SAMUEL CROMPTON.

The history of Samuel Crompton and his famous invention of the mule spinning-machine is an extremely interesting one. Crompton was born on the 3d of December 1753, at Firwood, near Bolton. His father was a farmer, and the household, after the custom of Lancashire in those days, employed their leisure in carding, spinning, and weaving. Whilst Samuel was but a child, the family removed to a picturesque, old, rambling house, known as the Hall-in-

the-Wood, about a mile from Bolton. Shortly afterwards, the father died.

Widow Crompton was a strong-minded woman, and carried on her husband's business with energy and thrift. She was noted for her excellent butter, honey, and elderberry wine. When her son was about sixteen years old, she set him to earn his living by spinning at home, and exacted from him a certain amount of work daily. His youth at Hall-in-the-Wood was passed in comparative seclusion. All day he was alone at work, his mother doing the bargaining and fighting with the outer world.

It was with one of Hargreaves' jennies that Crompton span. The yarn was soft and was constantly breaking; and if the full quantity of allotted work was not done, Mrs. Crompton scolded, and the time spent in mending broken threads kept him from his books and music, for he was a great reader, and a skilful player on the violin. Much annoyance of this kind drove his ingenuity into the contrivance of some improvements.

Five years—from his twenty-first year in 1774 to his twenty-sixth in 1779—were spent in the construction of the mule. 'My mind,' he relates, 'was in a continual endeavour to realize a more perfect principle of spinning; and though often baffled, I as often renewed the attempt, and at length succeeded to my utmost desire, at the expense of every shilling I had in the world.' He was, of course, only able to work at the mule in the leisure left after each day's task of spinning, and often in hours stolen from sleep. The purchase of tools and materials absorbed all his spare cash, and when the Bolton Theatre was open, he was glad to earn eighteenpence a night by playing the violin in the orchestra. The first mule was made, for the most part, of wood, and to a small roadside smithy he used to resort, 'to file his bits o' things.'

Crompton proceeded very silently with his invention. Even the family at Hall-in-the-Wood knew little of what he was about, until his lights and noise, while at work in the night-time, excited their curiosity. Besides, inventors of machinery stood in great danger from popular indignation. The Blackburn spinners and weavers had driven Hargreaves from his home, and destroyed every jenny of more than twenty spindles for miles round.

When this storm was raging, Crompton took his mule to pieces, and hid the various parts in a loft or garret near the clock in the old Hall. Meanwhile, he excited much surprise in the market by the production of yarn, which, alike in fineness and firmness, surpassed any that had ever been seen. It immediately became the universal question in the trade, How does Crompton make that yarn?



It was at once perceived that the greatly-desired muslins, brought all the way from the East Indies, might be woven at home, if only such yarn could be had in abundance.

At this time Crompton married, and commenced housekeeping in a cottage near the Hall, but still retained his workroom in the old place. His wife was a first-rate spinner, and her expertness, it is said, first drew his attention to her. Orders for his fine yarn, at his own prices, poured in upon him; and though he and his young wife spun their hardest, they were quite unable to meet a hundredth part of the demand. Hall-in-the-Wood became besieged with manufacturers, praying for supplies of the precious yarn, and burning with desire to penetrate the secret of its production. All kinds of stratagems were practised to obtain admission to the house. Some climbed up the windows of the workroom and peeped in; Crompton set up a screen to hide himself, and even that was not sufficient. One inquisitive adventurer is said to have hid himself for some days in a loft, and to have watched Crompton at work through a gimlet hole in the ceiling.

If Crompton had only possessed a mere trifle of worldly experience, there is no reason why, at this juncture, he might not have made his fortune. Unhappily, his seclusion and soft disposition placed him as a babe at the mercy of sharp and crafty traders. He discovered he could not keep his secret. 'A man,' he wrote, 'has a very insecure tenure of a property which another can carry away with his eyes. A few months reduced me to the cruel necessity either of destroying my machine, or of giving it to the public. To destroy it, I could not think of; to give up that for which I had laboured so long, was cruel. I had no patent, nor the means of purchasing one. In preference to destroying, I gave it to the public.'

Many, perhaps the majority of inventors, have lacked the means to purchase a patent, but have, after due inquiry, usually found some capitalist willing to provide the requisite funds. There seems no doubt that, had Crompton had the sense to bestir himself, he could easily have found a friend to assist him in securing a patent for the mule, or the Hole-i'-th'-Wood-wheel, as the people at first called it.

He says he 'gave the mule to the public;' and virtually he did, but in such a way that he gained no credit for his generosity, and was put to inexpressible pain by the greed and meanness of those with whom he dealt. Persuaded to give up his secret, the following document was drawn up:—

'We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, have agreed to give, and do hereby promise to pay unto, Samuel Crompton, at

the Hole-in-the-Wood, near Bolton, the several sums opposite our names as a reward for his improvement in spinning. Several of the principal tradesmen in Manchester, Bolton, etc., having seen his new machine, approve of it, and are of opinion that it would be of the greatest public utility to make it generally known, to which end a contribution is desired from every well-wisher of trade.'

To this were appended fifty-five subscribers of a guinea each, twenty-seven of half-a-guinea, one of seven shillings and sixpence, and one of five shillings and sixpence; making, together, the munificent sum of £72, 11s. 6d., or less than the cost of the model mule which Crompton gave up to the subscribers. Never, certainly, was so much got for so little. The merciless transaction receives its last touch of infamy from the fact recorded by Crompton in these words:—'Many subscribers would not pay the sums they had set opposite their names. When I applied for them, I got nothing but abusive language to drive me from them, which was easily done; for I never till then could think it possible that any man could pretend one thing and act the direct opposite. I then found it was possible, having had proof positive.'

Deprived of his reward, Crompton devoted himself steadily to business. He removed to Oldhams, a retired place, two miles to the north of Bolton, where he farmed several acres, kept three or four cows, and span in the upper storey of his house. His yarn was still the best and finest in the market, and, as a consequence, he was plagued with visitors, who came prying about under the idea that he had effected some improvement in his invention. His servants were continually bribed away from him, in the hope that they might be able to reveal something that was worth knowing. Sir Robert Peel (the first baronet) visited him at Oldhams, and offered him a situation with a large salary, and the prospect of a partnership; but Crompton had a morbid dislike to Peel, and he declined the overtures which might have led to his lasting comfort and prosperity.

Aided by the mule, the cotton manufacture prodigiously developed itself; but thirty years elapsed ere any serious attempt was made to recompense the ingenuity and perseverance to which the increase was owing. At last, in 1812, it was resolved to bring Crompton's claim before Parliament. It was proved that 4,600,000 spindles were at work on his mules, using up 40,000,000 lbs. of cotton annually; that 70,000 persons were engaged in spinning; and 150,000 more in weaving the yarn so spun; and that a population of full half a million derived their daily bread from the machinery his skill had devised. The case was clear, and Mr.

Percival, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was ready to propose a handsome vote of money, when Crompton's usual ill-luck intervened in a most shocking manner.

It was the afternoon of the 11th of May 1812, and Crompton was standing in the lobby of the House of Commons, conversing with Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Blackburne, when one of them observed, 'Here comes Mr. Percival.' The group was instantly joined by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who addressed them with the remark, 'You will be glad to know that I mean to propose £20,000 for Crompton; do you think it will be satisfactory?' Hearing this, Crompton moved off from motives of delicacy, and did not hear the reply. He was scarcely out of sight, when the madman Bellingham came up and shot Percival dead. This frightful catastrophe lost Crompton £15,000. Six weeks intervened before his case could be brought before Parliament, and then, on the 24th June, Lord Stanley moved that he should be awarded £5000, which the House voted without opposition; £20,000 might have been had as easily, and no reason appears to have been given for the reduction of Mr. Percival's proposal. All conversant with Crompton's merits felt the grant to be inadequate, whether measured by the intrinsic value of his service, or by the rate of rewards accorded by Parliament to other inventors.

HENRY BELL.

Steam navigation was introduced on American waters in 1807, Fulton launching his steamboat on the Hudson on the 3d of October of that year. It was not, however, till 1812 that the first regular passenger steamer made its appearance in this country on the Clyde. This was the *Comet*, built for Mr. Henry Bell, the proprietor of the Helensburgh baths on the Clyde, and who had long been a most zealous advocate of steam propulsion.

Henry Bell was born in Linlithgowshire in 1767. Dr. Cleland, in his work on Glasgow, speaks of him as an 'ingenious, untutored engineer and citizen of Glasgow,' and states that it may be said, without the hazard of impropriety, that Mr. Bell 'invented' the steam-propelling system, 'for he knew nothing of the principles which had been so successfully followed out by Mr. Fulton.'

The construction of the *Comet* was begun in 1811, and the boat was so named in consequence of the appearance of a large comet that year. Mr. Bell was his own engineer, and in January 1812 the first trial took place on the Clyde.

The little vessel was forty feet long on the keel, and ten feet six inches beam, propelled by a steam-engine of three or

four horse-power, with a vertical cylinder, and working on the bell-crank principle—the engine being placed on one side of the vessel, and the boiler, of wrought-iron, on the other. She had two small paddle-wheels on each side, each wheel having four boards only.

For some time the *Comet* plied regularly between Glasgow and Greenock, at a speed of about five miles an hour. She was afterwards transferred to the Forth, where she ran for many years between the extremity of the Forth and Clyde Canal and Newhaven, near Edinburgh. The distance is 27 miles, and is stated by Mr. Bell to have been performed, on the average, in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, being at the rate of above $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour.

Mr. Bell's experiments did not realize to himself those pecuniary advantages which were due to his enterprise. From the city of Glasgow he received in his latter years a small annuity in acknowledgment of his services to commerce and civilisation. He died at Helensburgh, on the Clyde, in 1830. A monument was erected to his memory near Bowling.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

Bacon could say with truth, at the time when he wrote, that science could hardly boast of a single experiment which had served to increase the power, to diminish the suffering, or to augment the happiness of mankind. Were the great reformer of philosophy now to return to the earth, he would have the satisfaction to see how vast a change has been produced by that method of philosophizing from which he had anticipated such wonderful effects. In the powerful assistance which the navigator has derived from the united efforts of the mathematician and the astronomer, and in those helps which so many of the arts are continually receiving from mechanics and chemistry, he would perceive the strongest illustration of the maxims of his own philosophy, and the clearest proof that he who first recommended the experiment and induction, has a right to stand in the first rank of the benefactors of the human race. In contemplating the many fruits that had sprung from the reformed philosophy, we are not sure that he would have derived more satisfaction from any single object than from that of the Safety Lamp. We certainly know of none on which the admirer of science and the lover of mankind have greater reason to congratulate one another.

The effects of those explosions produced in coal mines by what is called the fire-damp have been long known; and for many years, by their frequency and extent, had been peculiarly terrible. By a single explosion in Felling Colliery, near Newcastle, no less than 101 persons were destroyed in an instant, and

nearly as many families plunged in the deepest distress. All the care taken to ventilate the mines on the most approved principles, appeared insufficient to prevent the recurrence of such catastrophes; the dangers seemed to increase as the works were continued to a greater depth, and many began to despair of finding a remedy.

To Sir Humphrey Davy was reserved the unrivalled honour of at last discovering a complete protection against this frightful enemy. Not even the enchanted lamp of Aladdin is more wonderful than the little lamp which, in gratitude to their great benefactor, the miners call their *Davy*. It makes the fire-damp itself give warning of the danger which it threatens. This formidable enemy has not only been conquered by science; it is forced to serve, it becomes a sure guide, a submissive slave.

'This is exactly such a case,' says an eloquent writer, 'as we should choose to place before Bacon, were he to revisit the earth, in order to give him, in a small compass, an idea of the advancement which philosophy has made since the time when he pointed out to her the route which she ought to pursue. The great use of an immediate and constant appeal to experiment cannot be better evinced than in this example. The result is as wonderful as it is important. An invisible and infallible barrier made effectual against a force the most violent and irresistible in its operations, and a power that in its tremendous effects seemed to emulate the lightning and the earthquake, confined within a narrow space, and shut up in a net of the most slender texture—are facts which must excite a degree of wonder and astonishment, from which neither ignorance nor wisdom can defend the beholder. When to this we add the beneficial consequences, and the saving of the lives of men, and consider that the effects are to remain as long as coal continues to be dug from the bowels of the earth, it may fairly be said that there is hardly in the whole compass of art and science a single invention of which one would rather wish to be the author. It is little that the highest praise, and that even the voice of national gratitude, when most strongly expressed, can add to the happiness of one who is conscious of having done such such a service to his fellow-men.'

Among the numerous other discoveries for which science is indebted to Sir Humphrey Davy, is one which, before these lucifer-match days, became of considerable practical importance. It was that a fine platina wire heated red hot, and held in the vapour of ether, would continue ignited for some time. This discovery was practically applied in the formation of an alcohol lamp, on the follow-

ing construction: A cylindrical coil of thin platina wire was placed, part of it round the cotton wick of a spirit-lamp, and part of it above the wick, and the lamp was lighted so as to heat the wire to redness; on the flame being blown out, the vapour of the alcohol kept the wire *red hot* for any length of time, according to the supply of alcohol, and with a very small expenditure thereof, so as to be in constant readiness to kindle German fungus, or paper prepared with nitre, and by this means to light anything at pleasure.

The proper size of the platina wire was the one-hundredth part of an inch, which might be readily known by wrapping ten turns of the wire round a cylinder; and if they measured the tenth part of an inch, it was right.

About twelve turns of the wire were sufficient, coiled round any cylindrical body, suited to the size of the wick of the lamp; and four or five coils were placed on the wick, and the remainder of the wire above it. A wick composed of twelve threads of ordinary-sized lamp-cotton yarn, with the platina wire coiled around it, required about half an ounce of alcohol to keep light for eight hours.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

In the whole history of science there is not, perhaps, any discovery of ancient or of modern date that promised so rich a reward to the inventor, and was so completely anticipated, as in the case of the kaleidoscope. The very announcement of the patent, by which the discovery was intended to be secured, was immediately followed by an infringement so extensive, as to leave all legal redress unattainable. But the piracy did not terminate here; for various attempts were made to deprive its author, Sir David Brewster, of the merits of the discovery, and to refer it to Baptista Porta, Harris, Wood, Bradley, etc. All these were very satisfactorily answered by Sir David Brewster, confirmed by Professor Playfair, Mr. Watt, and Professor Pictet, who attested the originality of the invention.

It was in the year 1814, when Sir David Brewster was engaged in experiments on the polarization of light by successive reflections between plates of glass, the reflectors being in some cases inclined to each other, that he had occasion to remark the circular arrangement of the images of a candle round a centre, or the multiplication of the sectors formed by the extremities of the glass plates. In repeating at a subsequent period the experiments of M. Biot on the action of fluids upon light, Brewster placed the fluids in a trough formed by two plates of glass cemented together at an angle. The eye being necessarily placed at one end, some of the cement which had

been pressed through between the plates appeared to be arranged into a regular figure. The symmetry of this figure being very remarkable, Sir David Brewster set himself to investigate the cause of the phenomenon, and in doing this he discovered the leading principles of the kaleidoscope.

Upon these principles, Sir David Brewster constructed an instrument, in which he fixed *permanently* across the ends of the reflectors pieces of coloured glass, and other irregular objects; but the great step towards the completion of the instrument remained yet to be made, and it was not till some time afterwards that the idea occurred to the inventor of *giving motion to objects*, such as pieces of coloured glass, etc., which were placed loosely in a cell at the end of the instrument. When this idea was carried into execution, the kaleidoscope in its simple form was completed.

The next, and by far the most important step of the invention, was to employ a draw tube and lens, by means of which beautiful forms could be created from objects of all sizes, and at all distances from the observer. In this way the power of the kaleidoscope was indefinitely extended, and every object in nature could be introduced into the picture, in the same manner as if these objects had been reduced in size, and actually placed at the end of the reflectors.

The kaleidoscope being now completed, Brewster was urged by his friends to secure the exclusive property of it. After the patent was signed, and the instruments in a state of forwardness, the gentleman who was employed to manufacture them under the patent, carried one to show to the principal London opticians, for the purpose of taking orders for them. These gentlemen naturally made one for their own use and the amusement of their friends; and the character of the instruments being thus made public, the manufacture extended to tinmen and glaziers; and kaleidoscopes were soon hawked about the streets of London at all prices, some even as low as a shilling. No proof of the originality of the kaleidoscope could be stronger than the sensation which it created in London and Paris. In the memory of man, no invention and no work, whether addressed to the imagination or the understanding, ever produced such an effect. A universal mania for the instrument seized all classes, from the lowest to the highest, from the most ignorant to the most learned; and every person not only felt, but expressed the feeling, that a new pleasure had been added to their existence.

The pirated instruments, of course, were only of the simple form, and necessarily of rude and unscientific construction. They, however, had the effect

of deeply injuring the property of the inventor; but the rage was soon over, and they were thrown aside as a pleasing but useless toy.

This, however, is not the case with the patent kaleidoscope, which is of great service in exhibiting an infinite variety of beautiful patterns, which are transferred to several of our manufactures. The system of endless changes is named as one of the most astonishing properties of the kaleidoscope. With a number of loose objects, —pieces of glass, for example,— it is impossible to reproduce any figure we have admired, when it is once lost; centuries may elapse before the same combination returns. If the objects, however, are placed in the cell so as to have very little motion, the same figure may be recalled; and, if absolutely fixed, the same pattern will return in every evolution of the object plate. A calculation of the number of forms is given upon the ordinary principles of combination, namely, that 24 pieces of glass may be combined

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times, an operation the performance of which would take hundreds of thousands of millions of years, even upon the supposition that twenty of them were performed every minute. This calculation, surprising as it appears, is false, not from being exaggerated, but from being far inferior to the reality. It proceeds upon the supposition that one piece of glass can exhibit only one figure, and that two pieces can exhibit only two figures; whereas it is obvious that two pieces, though they can only be combined in two ways on the same straight line, yet the one can be put above and below the other, as well as on its right side or its left side, and may be joined so that the line connecting those centres may have an infinite number of positions with respect to an horizontal line.

CHARLES BABBAGE.

The calculating machines of the late Mr. Babbage have at different times excited much interest on the part of the public and of scientific men.

'Mr. Babbage,' says a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 'was a fellow-student at Cambridge with Sir John Herschel and Dean Peacock, and along with them contributed by his writings and personal efforts to introduce into that university the improved Continental mathematics.

'A few years after leaving college, he originated the plan of a machine for calculating tables by means of successive orders of differences; and having received for it in 1822 and the following year the support of the Astronomical and Royal Societies, and a grant of money from Government, he proceeded to its execution. It is believed

that Mr. Babbage was the first who thought of employing mechanism for computing tables by means of differences: the machine was subsequently called the *difference machine.*

'In the course of his proceedings, Mr. Babbage invented a mechanical notation (described in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1826), intended to show the exact mutual relations of all the parts of any connected machine, however complex, at any given instant of time. He also made himself acquainted with the various machines used in the arts, with the tools used in constructing them, and with the details of the most improved workshops. Employing Mr. Clements, a skilful mechanist, a portion of the calculating machine, very beautifully constructed, was brought into working order, and its success so far answered the expectations of its projector. But, notwithstanding several additional grants from Government, the outlay on this most expensive kind of work soon exceeded them. The part actually constructed is now placed in the museum of King's College, London. It employs numbers of nineteen digits, and effects summations by means of three orders of differences. Though only constituting a small part of the intended engine, it involves the principles of the whole. The inventor proposed to connect it with a printing apparatus, so that the engine should not only tabulate the numbers, but also print them beyond almost the possibility of error.

'At this stage (1834), Mr. Babbage contrived a machine of a far more comprehensive character, which he called the Analytical Machine, extending the plan so as to develope algebraic quantities, and to tabulate the numerical value of complicated functions when one or more of the variables which they contain are made to alter their values. Had this machine been constructed, it would necessarily have superseded what had already been done. Government were not unnaturally startled by this new proposal; and as about the same time Mr. Babbage's relations to Mr. Clements were broken off, the difficulties of the affair became insurmountable.

'The opinions of men of science are not unanimous as to the great practical importance of calculating tables by machinery; but the improvements of mechanical contrivance, which the joint skill of Mr. Babbage and Mr. Clements introduced into engineering workshops, are unquestionably of great importance to the arts.'

Mr. Babbage was born in 1790, and died on the 18th of October 1871. He was the author of several valuable works. One, *On the Economy of Manufactures and Machinery*, published in 1832, has gone through several editions, and been translated into several languages. In it all mechanical processes are

classified from the most scientific point of view, and the most interesting examples of the more important kinds of manufactures are described. In addition to this work, we may mention his *Comparative View of the different Life Assurance Societies*, his *Differential and Integral Calculus*, his *Decline of Science*, *A Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, and *The Exposition of* 1851.

HENRY BESSEMER.

The invention of the Bessemer process of decarburizing pig-iron while in a molten state, by blowing atmospheric air through it, and thereby producing steel, is an interesting story. Mr. Bessemer's discovery was in some measure accidental, like so many other discoveries in the arts. The remarkable thing is, that, taking into consideration the attention paid to the chemistry of metallurgy of late years, the discovery was not made long ago; and that it should have been reserved for Mr. Bessemer to make it, who was neither a chemist nor an iron manufacturer.

About 1856, says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, the minds of inventors were running in the direction of improved guns. It was believed that these might be made much stronger if some better material than cast iron were used; and Mr. Bessemer, like many others, began a series of experiments to solve the problem if he could. He first tried a mixture of cast iron and cast steel, the result being a half decarbonized cast iron. Guns made of this metal were found to possess great strength; but as they were of comparatively small bore, 24-pounders, Mr. Bessemer resolved to make them on a larger scale, for the purpose of more conclusively testing the strength of the material.

In the course of his experiments, the idea occurred to him that if he could contrive to blow air through melted pig-iron, he would be enabled to purify it to an unusual extent. He thought that, by thus bringing oxygen into contact with the fluid metal, the carbon with which it was surcharged would be removed, as well as the silicon, phosphorus, and sulphur which it contained. This is exactly what is done, after another and very laborious method, in the process of puddling. He proposed to reverse this process, and so get rid of puddling altogether. Instead of bringing the particles of the iron in turn into contact with the oxygen of the air, his scheme was to force the air through the fluid mass into contact with the separated particles of the iron. Now that the thing is done, we see how simple, how natural the first idea was. But it needs the quick intuition of genius to detect even simple things in practical science.

The only way of determining the matter was by putting the idea to the test of experiment. Accordingly, early in 1856, Mr.

Bessemer ordered a stock of Blaenavon iron, and set up a blast-engine and cupola at Baxter House, St. Pancras, where he then resided.

The first apparatus which he used for conversion was a fixed cylindrical vessel three feet in diameter and four feet high, somewhat like an ordinary cupola furnace, lined with fire-bricks; and at some two inches from the bottom he inserted five twyer pipes, with orifices about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. About half-way up was a hole for running in the molten metal, and on the opposite side at the bottom was the tap-hole, by which the metal was to be run off at the end of the process.

The first experiment was not made without occasioning considerable alarm. It was a most unusual process, and it looked dangerous, as indeed it proved to be. When the charge of pig-iron was melted, the blast was turned on to prevent its running into the twyer holes, and then the fluid metal was poured in through the charging-hole by the attending stoker. A tremendous commotion immediately took place within the vessel: the molten iron bounded from side to side; a violent ebullition was heard going on within; while a vehement violet-coloured flame, accompanied with dazzling sparks, burst from the throat of the cupola, from which the slag was also ejected in large foam-like masses. A cast-iron plate, of the kind used to cover holes in the pavement, that had been suspended over the mouth of the vessel, dissolved in a gleaming mist, together with half a dozen yards of the chain by which it hung. The air-cock was so close to the vessel that no one durst go near to turn it and stop the process. The flames shot higher and higher, threatening the destruction of the building, and the fire-engines were sent for in hot haste. Before they arrived, however, the fury of decarbonization had expended itself, and the product was run off.

The result was not quite satisfactory: the product was for the most part 'burnt' iron; but the experiment was sufficiently encouraging to induce Mr. Bessemer to make a second trial, and the product was found to be malleable iron.

In the course of further experiments, it was found that, by interrupting the process before the decarburization of the iron was complete, the product was unmistakeable steel, which was tried and found of good quality.

Here was a discovery of immense importance. If malleable iron and steel could be thus made direct from pig-iron by a process so rapid and simple, it could not fail before long to effect an entire revolution in the iron trade.

The news of Mr. Bessemer's discovery soon flew abroad, and many distinguished metallurgists went to see the process. Among

others, Dr. Percy went, and thus describes what he saw:—

'Towards the end of 1856, I had the pleasure of seeing the process in operation at Baxter House, and I confess I never witnessed any metallurgic process more startling and impressive. After the blast was turned on, all proceeded quietly for a time, when a volcano-like eruption of flame and sparks suddenly occurred, and bright red-hot scoriæ or cinders were forcibly ejected, which would have inflicted serious injury on any unhappy bystanders whom they might perchance have struck. After a few minutes, all was again tranquil, and the molten, malleable iron was tapped off.'

Though the Doctor came away wondering, he was not convinced. He analyzed a portion of the iron which he had seen produced; and when he found it to contain 1 per cent. of phosphorus, he says his scepticism was rather confirmed than otherwise.

Among other visitors at Baxter House was George Rennie, the engineer, who, after witnessing the process, urged Mr. Bessemer to draw up an account of it for the meeting of the British Association at Cheltenham in the autumn of 1856. To this the inventor assented, and the result was his paper, *On the manufacture of iron and steel without fuel.*

On the morning of the day on which the paper was to be read, Mr. Bessemer was sitting at breakfast in his hotel, when an ironmaster (to whom he was unknown) said, laughing, to a friend within his hearing, 'Do you know there is some one come down from London to read a paper on making steel from cast iron without fuel! Did you ever hear such rubbish?' The ironmaster, however, was of a different opinion as to the new invention after he had heard the paper read. Its title was certainly a misnomer, but the correctness of the principles on which the pig-iron was converted into malleable iron, as explained by the inventor, was generally recognised, and there seemed to be good grounds for anticipating that the process would before long come into general use.

The *rationale* of the method of conversion was intelligible and simple. Mr. Bessemer held that, by forcing atmospheric air through the fluid metal, the oxygen was brought into contact with the several particles of the iron and carbon, combining with the latter to form carbonic acid gas, which passed off by the throat of the vessel, through which the slag was also ejected, leaving as the product, when the combustion was complete, a mass of malleable iron, which was run off by the tap, into the ingot moulds placed to receive it. 'Thus,' said he, 'by a single process, requiring no manipulation or particular skill, and with only one work-

man, from three to five tons of crude iron pass into the condition of several piles of malleable iron in from thirty to thirty-five minutes, with the expenditure of about one-third part of the blast now used in a fiery furnace with an equal charge of iron, and with the consumption of no other fuel than is contained in the crude iron.'

In the same paper the inventor called attention to an important feature of the new process in the following words: 'At the stage of the process immediately following the boil, the whole of the crude iron has passed into the condition of cast steel of ordinary quality. By the continuation of the process, the steel so produced gradually loses its small remaining portion of carbon, and passes successively from hard to soft steel, from softened steel to steely iron, and eventually to very soft iron; hence, at any certain point of the process, any quality may be obtained.'

It was, however, found in practice that this remarkable peculiarity of the Bessemer process constituted its principal defect. Thus it was extremely difficult, if not impracticable, to determine with certainty when the decarburization had proceeded to the desired extent, and to the exact point at which the blast was to be stopped. If arrested too soon, no dependence could be placed on the result, as the metal might be only one-half or three-fourths converted, according to chance; while, if continued till the iron was quite decarburized, it would be burnt and comparatively worthless. The workmen could only judge by the appearance of the flame—first violet, then orange, then white — issuing from the mouth of the vessel, when it was proper to interrupt the process. But the eyesight of the workmen was not to be depended on; and as the stoppage of the blast ten seconds before or ten seconds after the proper point had been attained would produce an altogether different result, it began to be feared that, on this account, the Bessemer process, however ingenious, could never come into general use. Indeed, the early samples of Bessemer steel were found to exhibit considerable irregularity: the first steel tyres made of the metal, tried on some railways, were found unsafe, and their use was abandoned; and the ironmasters generally, who were of course wedded to the established processes, declared the much-vaunted Bessemer process to be a total failure. It was regarded as a sort of meteor that had suddenly flitted across the scientific horizon, and gone out leaving the subject in more palpable darkness than before.

Mr. Bessemer himself was by no means satisfied with the result of his first experiments. He was satisfied that he had hit upon the right principle; the question was, could he cor-

rect those serious defects in the process which to practical men seemed to present an insuperable obstacle in the way of the adoption of his invention?

It was a case for persevering experiment, and experiment only. The inventor's patience and perseverance were found equal to the task. Assisted by Mr. Longsdon, he devoted himself for several years to the perfection of his process of conversion, in which he at last succeeded.

We can only briefly refer to the alterations and improvements in the mode of conducting it which he introduced. In the first place, he substituted for the fixed converting vessel, a moveable vessel, mounted on trunnions, supported on stout pedestals, so that a semi-rotatory motion might be communicated to it at pleasure. It was found both dangerous and difficult, while the converting vessel was fixed, to tap the cupola furnace; for the blast had to be continued during the whole time the charge was running out of the vessel, in order to prevent the remaining portion from entering the twyers. By the adoption of the moveable converting vessel, this source of difficulty was completely got rid of, while the charging of the vessel with the fluid metal, the interruption of the process at the precise moment, and the discharge of the metal when converted, were rendered comparatively easy. The position and action of the twyers were also improved, and the converting vessel was lined with 'ganister,' a silicious stone, capable of resisting the action of heat and slags, so as to last for nearly a hundred consecutive charges before becoming worn out, whereas the lining of fire-brick, originally used, was ordinarily burned out in two charges of twenty minutes each.

Another important modification in the process related to the kind of metal subjected to conversion, and its after treatment. In his earliest experiments, Mr. Bessemer had, by accident, made use of a pure Blaenavon iron; but in his subsequent trials, iron of an inferior quality had been subjected to conversion, and the results were much less satisfactory. It was found that the high temperature and copious supply of air blown through the metal had failed to remove the sulphur and phosphorus present in the original pig, and that the product was an inferior metal. After a long series of experiments, Mr. Bessemer at length found that the best results were obtained from Swedish, Whitehaven, Hæmatite, Nova Scotian, or any other comparatively pure iron, which was first melted in a reverberatory furnace, before subjecting it to conversion, in order to avoid contamination by the sulphur of the coal.

Finally, to avoid the risk of spoiling the metal while under conversion by the workmen stopping the blast at the wrong

time, Mr. Bessemer adopted the method of refining the whole contents of the vessel by burning off the carbon, and then introducing a quantity of fluid carburet of iron, containing the exact measure of carbon required for the iron or steel to be produced.

When Mr. Bessemer, after great labour and expense, had brought his experiments to a satisfactory issue, and ascertained that he could produce steel of a quantity and texture that could be relied on with as much certainty as any other kind of metal, he again brought the subject of his invention under the notice of the trade; but, strange to say, not the slightest interest was now manifested in it. The Bessemer process had been set down as a failure, and the iron and steel makers declined to have anything to do with it. The inventor accordingly found that either the invention must be abandoned, or he himself must become steel manufacturer. He adopted the latter alternative, and started his works in the very stronghold of steelmaking, at Sheffield, with a success which is matter of history.

The great value of this invention is unmistakeably shown by the fact that 500,000 tons of steel were, in 1874, being made annually by the Bessemer process in Great Britain, the total number of converting vessels in use being ninety-one, and their aggregate capacity 467 tons. Large quantities are also manufactured by it in Sweden, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and other European countries. In America it is likewise extensively employed.

A recent experimental trial is reported, which is said to have been quite fairly conducted: as the result, it was found that a Bessemer steel rail lasted fully longer than twenty iron ones.



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